Missing 411

NORTH AMERICA AND BEYOND

DAVID PAULIDES

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INTRODUCTION

This book was never planned; it evolved. After dozens of radio interviews and hundreds of e-mails, it became very obvious that there were many more cases of missing people than what were contained in the Western and Eastern "Missing 411" books. I should start this manuscript with a huge "thank you" to every person that sent me cases matching the profile I've written about. Each of the cases you sent was investigated and thoroughly researched, and many are included in this book.

As cases were investigated and thoroughly understood, they sometimes led to additional cases and even new clusters. We did realize early on that we couldn't have found every case matching our profile, and we knew that the public would assist us in our continued search. We also knew that there would be additional cases that occurred as we were in the field conducting research, and many of these recent cases are in this book.

Before we get too far into the book, it is important to understand a few abbreviations that you will see multiple times in the narrative:

FBI—Federal Bureau of Investigation
RCMP—Royal Canadian Mounted Police
FLIR—Forward-Looking Infrared Radar
NPS—National Park Service
FOIA—Freedom of Information Act

As a brief reminder of what the "Missing 411" books are about, I will include a short review. These books are about people who have disappeared in rural locations of the world—yes, the world. The past two books have focused on North America. We are going global now.

<u>The books included the following criteria for inclusion:</u>

- Missing are people with disabilities.
- Missing left with their canines.

- Missing are found in or near creeks, rivers, or other bodies of water.
- There is geographical clustering of missing persons.
- Bad weather was associated with the disappearance.
- Swamps and briar patches played a predominant role in many disappearances.
- The vast majority of disappearances occur in the late afternoon or early evening.
- When the missing is found, many cannot or will not remember what occurred while they were gone.
- When the missing is located, the majority are semiconscious or unconscious.
- When the missing is located, many are missing clothing or shoes or both.
- The missing is found in an area that was previously searched.
- Berries are inextricably related somehow with the disappearance.

New Clusters

With the publicity surrounding the first two books and the appearances I made, new information came to our attention, and soon four new clusters were discovered.

The news coverage of the National Parks' position on tracking missing-persons statistics brought significant attention to other national parks not listed in previous books. We were already researching Mount Rainier National Park when the first two "Missing 411" books were completed. We had filed a Freedom of Information Act Request on a case and were waiting for a response. Subsequent to the release of the books, new cases inside the park were exposed, which again showed a geographical cluster of missing people inside another national park. Refer to the chapter inside this book for details on Mount Rainier.

The other new cluster—and another national park cluster—is Sequoia National Park. Sequoia sits approximately fifty miles south of the largest cluster of disappearances anywhere in North America: Yosemite National Park. Sequoia sits in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, occupying its position just as Yosemite does further

north. The stories that emanate at Sequoia are just as baffling and perplexing as in any other cluster.

Another new cluster is the Three Sisters Wilderness in the Northern Cascades of Oregon. I documented the disappearance of Corwin Osborn in *Missing 411-Western United States.* This book brings forward additional cases directly from that wilderness and its surrounding area.

An East Coast cluster was added in the Adirondack region of New York. This region was brought to our attention in *Missing 411-Eastern United States* with the documentation of the Douglas Legg disappearance. The Green Berets were brought into the area and were supposedly used to search for the boy. We allocated more time to the Adirondacks and found a significant group of missing persons that was very disturbing.

Four new clusters:
Mount Rainier National Park, WA
Sequoia National Park, CA
Three Sisters Wilderness, OR
Adirondacks, NY

New Category—Coeds

During our research in various parts of the United States, I first came upon a student missing from a school that my son was attending, Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. I first heard about this case and then committed over two weeks to being on site and examining the facts behind the disappearance. You will find this event to be one of the most unusual and disturbing cases I have ever written about. The reality of finding this case led me to research the disappearance of other coeds across North America, and that led to a special section in this book devoted specifically to university and college students that disappeared. I did write about the disappearance of Paula Welden from Bennington, Vermont, in *Missing 411-Eastern United States.* Paula was a student at the college that took a daytime hike to a local mountain and disappeared under very unusual circumstances. This was really the first case I wrote about that relates to college students. There was also a case involving two

University of California, Berkeley students (Orvar Von Laas and Walter Gordon) that both disappeared within months of each other at Yosemite National Park. The disappearance of the UC students actually fits two different criteria in this book: multiple disappearances and coed disappearances.

You will find this new section chilling in that the disappearances fit many of the criteria found in the general section of this book, and you may come to some conclusions on your own about the disappearances of some of the brightest minds in our collegiate arena.

International Disappearances

We don't have the resources to put feet on the ground in other countries, but we do have the ability to review online sources and conduct follow-up research on recommendations on cases from readers. It was this added work that led to an international section. For the first time, you will be able to read about missing-person cases that match our profile from outside of North America.

There have been several cases added to the Alberta province cluster, and other cases added for many of the provinces in Canada. The following is a list of the countries added in the international section and what they represent:

Australia: Two cases of missing people are explained, and their relationship to North American cases is explored.

England: One case is examined, and the elements within the disappearance are explained and discussed.

Indonesia: A relationship is explored between missing people in a jungle setting and the wearing of bright-colored clothing.

Iceland: A story is shared about people and boulders/rocks.

Multiple Disappearances

This is another new section that evolved after looking at thousands of cases, and certain groupings started to make themselves

known. This section is related to multiple disappearances. To place cases in this section takes a certain amount of common sense and a certain amount of reality-checking. There are no hard and fast rules about the parameters of this section.

If two cases occur in the same geographical area in a relatively short time span, and there are no other cases found in that area from the previous years, they should probably be in this section. Groupings can be from the same school, disappearing from the same location, or even disappearing together.

Below is the list of locations where we have documented multiple disappearances:
Idaho: Lewiston
Wyoming: Alva and Bitterroot National Forest
Colorado: Evergreen
Maine: Lenox
New York: Schroon Lake, Indian Lake, and Lost Pond
British Columbia, Canada: Willow River and Bonnet Hill
California: Sequoia National Park and Point Reyes National Seashore
Alaska: Wasilla and Talkeetna

General Disappearances

The majority of the book is divided by western and eastern United States and into individual states within each section. This section is organized in a similar manner as the previous "Missing 411" books.

I ask the reader to absorb each of the disappearances and their facts. I guarantee that the facts in each case are true, as they came directly from news articles, Freedom of Information Act-acquired reports, magazines, and firsthand interviews. You will probably need to go back and re-read certain sections, as the stories will start to blend together and the facts behind the cases are so similar.

If you have children, think back to when your kids were the ages of the victims when they vanished. Apply a common-sense approach to these cases, and see if your children could've traveled the distances that many of these kids managed to cover. At the end

of the book will be my personal e-mail address where you can send feedback.

List of Missing

As in each of the past books, I have included a list of the missing by the date they disappeared. You will again find this section near the back of the book. In my previous books, I asked any statisticians or computer programmers to look at what is presented and determine if they could calculate the odds of the specific clustering or the specific clusters of missing children by years. I never did get a response.

National Park Service

The National Park Service has not changed its policy on missing people. They still do not track people missing inside their system and claim they have no lists of missing. Every senior law enforcement officer I know, in state or local government, does not believe that the NPS doesn't track this information. Because these books have not garnered national press attention, the pressure by the public on the NPS to change its policy hasn't yet occurred.

Tracking missing people isn't rocket science and doesn't cost money. Each park needs a clipboard, binder paper, and a numbering system. Each time someone vanishes, document the name, date, time, location, one sentence about the circumstances, and the report number of the incident. When someone is found anywhere in the park, rangers can go back to the clipboard and quickly reference who the person may be. Any ranger with a laptop and Excel spreadsheet could easily upgrade the tracking system. Each time another person disappears, the spreadsheet is updated and e-mailed to all rangers in the park; again, no additional funds needed. This is not time-consuming, not expensive, and yet can reveal problems inside their system that need to be addressed. Why wouldn't they be doing this?

The park service apparently sees no value on tracking missing people—doubtful. Hundreds of e-mails from readers have stated that the park service certainly sees the value in tracking—but they are afraid that this list would be leaked to the public, and

the vastness of the missing-person problem inside the park system would be known. If the park service is purposely concealing this issue, then we have a governmental agency that is so grossly corrupt it screams of a congressional investigation.

Let me state that the NPS has complied with the majority of my FOIA requests for documents. They have never supplied any list of missing people. They have referred me to other published books that are related to missing people, so I could paste together a partial list.

I have always wondered if my books ever made it into the hands of any of the relatives of people who have disappeared in a national park. It is those people that have the political power to orchestrate change. They would need to go to their congressman or senator, explain what is occurring, and demand a policy change.

Maps

We did include state maps in the first two Missing books. The feedback we received indicated they were hard to visualize. We understand that and apologize. It is very difficult to find a quality map that fits within the confines of a book and which we can license for a reasonable fee. We are going to recommend that readers use Google Maps to plot the missing, and we hope to place a larger map on the CanAmmissing.com website where you can get a wider picture of the issue. There will be no state maps in this book.

Review

The vast majority of the cases you will read about have been written about before, but the connections you see here have not been discussed. Many of the missing are not in any databases and will not be talked about in missing-person forums. The cases were found by thousands of hours of research, scouring older newspapers, referrals by readers, and pure luck. If you know of a case that needs to be reviewed and subsequently researched, please forward us the related information.

These *are not* normal missing-person cases. Thousands of cases have been researched and reviewed, and those eventually became what are found in the Missing 411 books. Specific criteria were applied to these cases for them to get to this section. Yes, cases were

heavily screened for facts and background to be applied to these books. I worked several cases as a police officer where we utilized FBI profiling reports to assist us in the investigation. According to TheFreeDictionary.com, profiling is "a formal summary of or analysis of data, often in the form of a graph or table, representing distinctive features or characteristics." While I am nowhere near an FBI profiler, I do recognize unusual facts and circumstances and view the presentation of those in correlation to missing people as a significant history lesson that needs additional public exposure and research.

Please read these cases with an open mind and apply common sense to the circumstances that are explained. You may want to stay close to a computer or iPad, as referring to online maps for location correlation may assist in the understanding of the locations and miles traveled.

CHAPTER ONE:
WESTERN UNITED STATES

Alaska

Name	Date/Time Missing•Time•Age•Sex•Location
Kevin Robert O'Keefe	10/08/85–Unk•36•M•GlacierBay National Park, AK
**Michael Palmer	06/04/99–4 a.m.•15•M•Wasilla, AK
**Charles Palmer V	04/10/10–7 p.m.•30•M•Talkeetna, AK
Gerald Deberry	10/10/11–6:45 p.m.•53•M•Fairbanks, AK
Paul Michael Lemaitre	07/04/12–7 p.m.•66•M•Seward, AK

**Refer to chapter on "Multiple Disappearances"

Kevin Robert O'Keefe
Missing 10/08/85, Wolf Point, Glacier Bay National Park, AK
Age at Disappearance: 36 years
**Freedom of Information Act

Glacier Bay National Park is approximately seventy miles northwest of Juneau. The park sits in an extremely wild and remote area where the Pacific Ocean forms a series of small to large inlets from a wide inlet going north from the region of Funter Bay State Marine Park.

Kevin O'Keefe traveled from his home in Sacramento, California, and arrived in Juneau on or near September 20, eventually flying on to the Glacier Park headquarters. He enrolled in and attended a class about living in the wilds of the park. On September 22, he was flown by floatplane into Muir Inlet, just north of Wolf Point, where he established camp. He was traveling alone.

On October 8, 1985, National Park Ranger David Nemeth and his partner were patrolling the region of Wolf Point by boat

when they stopped at Kevin's campsite. Rangers found a disturbing sight. Kevin's tent was near the high tide line, and this is where they also found a line of debris that appeared to be strewn by the high-water mark. The ranger made special mention in his report about the tent having one pole inside that had come down. They found his sleeping bag, foam pad, and other items outside the tent, lying on the ground. Rangers knew that Kevin was supposed to be picked up on October 10 and decided to leave his camp untouched.

From reviewing National Park Service (NPS) reports, which were obtained through a Freedom of Information Act request, it appeared there was concern. Rangers went back to the camp the next day, but this time four rangers went. They found the camp just as it had been the previous day, and it did not appear as though anyone had used it during the night. The NPS did not conduct any searches, but they did call for Kevin and didn't get any response.

On October 10, rangers again returned with the additional assistance of an airplane, a Cessna 206 on floats. Rangers conducted a two-hour flight over the area, looking for Kevin, but they could not locate him. On October 17, 1985, the *Anchorage Daily* published an article describing what NPS rangers found at Kevin's campsite: "Aided by search dogs, they found his boots and a hat half a mile away, down in a gully out of sight of the main camp. They found his food and caches too. But they never found any sign of the 36-year-old tourist." Later, in the same article, rangers speculated about what may have happened to Kevin: "What happened to Kevin O'Keefe may never be known. Rangers have rejected early speculation he was eaten by bears." The rangers stated there were no bear tracks anywhere in the area of Kevin's camp and even added, "almost no wildlife of any kind."

A review of the NPS report and itemization of Kevin's property indicates items were located at intervals of 60, 120, and 200-300 feet from his tent and that his boots and knit hat were found in a gully. It appears that everything that Kevin needed to survive was at his camp. He had survival books and pamphlets, film, food, a toothbrush, soap, cigarettes, vitamin C, a compass, a flashlight, and

other assorted items that you'd expect to find in a campsite where someone was staying for over one month.

Summary

NPS rangers did contact Kevin's family and found that he had planned to take a series of short hikes from his camp on a daily basis. He had not planned on any lengthy overnight treks or meeting other people. Rangers had found Kevin's daypack in an inventory search, indicating he had not left his camp.

Kevin's glove liner was found several hundred yards from his main camp. His boots and knit cap were found almost a half-mile from camp and found only with the aide of search dogs. If you have been a reader of cases I've outlined in past books, you'll understand how these clues start to look familiar. Patrick Whalen disappeared from Glacier National Park in Montana on November 2, 2000. His tent was found crumpled (same as Kevin's), and his boots were inside his tent. Patrick Whalen was thirty-three years old when he vanished, and he was never found (*Missing 411- Western United States*).

There are too many cases to quote where the victim vanishes, and their shoes somehow are found, or the victim is found without their shoes. Alaska is a location that is not forgiving; you must have shoes if you are to survive. Rangers never answered the obvious question of why Kevin's sleeping bag and other items were outside his tent. This makes no sense.

Rangers did not find any indications of an animal attack, and there was no blood located at the scene.

Knowing that Kevin's boots, daypack, primary pack, sleeping materials, and food were located at the site, one must deduct that Kevin was at his camp when something happened. It's apparent that there are no animals in this area, as Kevin's food was not disturbed. Why would Kevin take his boots off? Did Kevin voluntarily take the boots off?

It's amazing how someone disappears in a mountainous area somewhat near a population zone, and hundreds of searchers participate in the hunt. When you disappear in a remote region, hardly anyone looks for the victim. There was not a week-long sustained

ground search for Kevin O'Keefe. There were a few flyovers, boats cruising the coast, but not an extensive ground search; why? It appears obvious that Kevin was somewhere inland from the point where they found his boots—why not keep going deeper into the woods? If Kevin's boots and glove liner were found quite a distance from his camp, I would suggest a sustained effort to search in that direction; this effort was never made by NPS rangers. Why?

Michael Timothy Palmer
Charles Palmer V
**Refer to "Multiple Disappearances" chapter for details on these cases.

Gerald Deberry
Missing 10/10/11–6:45 p.m., Northeast of Fairbanks, AK
Age at Disappearance: 53 years

It's a very rare event when a search team finds its missing party, and then has to start searching for one of their own personnel. This is exactly what happened on October 10, 2011, along the Steese Highway at Mile 70 northeast of Fairbanks.

Gerald Deberry was a volunteer that responded to a call to search for Melinda "Mindy" Stratz of Utah. Deberry was a veteran of other searches and knew the area very, very well. He responded with his green Yamaha Kodiak four-wheeler and joined the efforts to find the woman.

This event started at approximately 2 a.m. when Mindy got separated from the other four wheelers in her group. Mindy's brother, Michael Stratz, contacted authorities and reported her as missing. Michael went to the Long Creek Lodge and told law enforcement that his sister was lost on a trail coming back from the wilderness. He reported that her red four-wheeler, trailer, and Jack Russell terrier had vanished. Alaska state troopers responded and started to gather troops for a comprehensive search. In the morning hours of October 10, a number of searchers had arrived to assist.

Late in the afternoon, Gerald had made a comment to others that he was starting to get cold. Other searchers built a fire, and someone gave Gerald another overcoat. After Gerald got warm, he again went out looking for Mindy.

As Gerald was out searching, another volunteer found Mindy alive and well near Frozen Foot Creek. There are few details available about Mindy's case other than what's been noted.

Searchers started to gather and head home when someone noticed that Gerald hadn't come back to his vehicle. Several of the original search teams went out to look for him. It was reported that Gerald was last seen four miles from the trailhead they had started searching. Searchers were told that Gerald had medical problems, but the medical condition was not released to the public.

Early in the morning of October 11, two different helicopters with forward-looking infrared radar (FLIR) started scanning the woods, looking for a heat signature. The Alaska state troopers sent their helicopter and Piper Supercub while the Alaska Air National Guard sent rescue teams to cover the ground.

Formal and informal searches for Gerald continued for a week with no evidence of him being found. The owner of the lodge where searchers were staging was Paul Potvin, an old friend of Deberry's. The *Alaska Dispatch* on October 14 printed a statement from Paul about the search for his friend: "It's a mystery, said Potvin. The four-wheeler is gone. Something had to have happened to him. He didn't get lost. Everybody agrees with that. He's been out there way too many times to get lost. That's the most baffling part." If Gerald didn't get lost, then where was his four-wheeler?

If the four-wheeler was in the area at the time the FLIR was in the sky, it should've indicated a heat signature. It didn't, or it wasn't there.

Almost one year after Gerald vanished, on Labor Day 2012, a miner was walking near the Faith Creek Mine at Mile 69 on Steese Highway and found Gerald's four-wheeler. It was on a slight incline, and the engine had been turned off. There was another massive search for Gerald in the region surrounding his vehicle, and nothing was found.

Summary

I pulled maps of the Faith Creek area to understand the location where Gerald's vehicle was found. It was located one small mountain range to the northwest of Steese Highway. There is actually a roadway that travels from the highway north toward the mine. There is a small valley that borders the north side of the small mountain that moves parallel to the highway. It is extremely hard to imagine how Gerald was unable to find his way back to search headquarters, even if the vehicle had failed. The man knew the area very well, and conditions were such that it was no more than a walk of three-quarters of a mile back from the vehicle to the roadway. Gerald would've known not to walk further north, because there was a larger mountain range in that direction.

I find it very peculiar that aircraft with FLIR never found Gerald's vehicle. The Alaska state troopers are experts at search and rescue and do this regularly. To look in a fairly confined area and still be unable to locate a vehicle with FLIR is odd.

In one last attempt to find anything the night that Gerald vanished, the Alaska Air National Guard sent a second FLIR-equipped aircraft and swept the region, finding nothing.

Gerald's sisters flew to Alaska to assist with their brother's affairs. One of Gerald's sisters, Cheryl Hart, made the following statement to WTAP on October 20: "We just have to keep the faith and hope, you know, that he either wanders in, or we find him."

Gerald Deberry has never been found.

Paul Michael Lemaitre
Missing 7/04/12–7 p.m., Seward, AK
Age at Disappearance: 66 years

As someone who has run in several 10K races during my years, I know that fatalities associated with road races are unfortunately a reality. Having a runner disappear, though, is not only unusual, but also almost unheard of. I will admit that the races I've run were along major city streets and not through forests or rural areas. The disappearance we are discussing here occurred at one of the oldest races in the world, at a location where they had never before had a fatality or a disappearance: the Mount Marathon in Seward, Alaska.

Seward is a port city just sixty miles south of Anchorage with its primary elevation at sea level. The Mount Marathon is described as follows on the Seward Chamber of Commerce website: "Launched in 1915, the three-mile Mount Marathon is a combination run, hike, and scramble up Seward's signature 3,022-foot peak." The race is limited to a certain number of runners that are chosen through a lottery and competitive activities. The race starts in downtown Seward and then heads up the mountain to the summit and then back down. The site states that minor injuries are common; major injuries and disappearances are not. The exact length of the course is 3.1 to 3.5 miles, depending on that year's layout. The average angle of the trail is thirty-eight degrees, the steepest slope is sixty degrees, and the start is at the corner of 4th Avenue and Adams Street in downtown Seward. The finish line is at 4th Avenue and Washington.

On July 4, 2012, Paul Michael Lemaitre had done all of the preparation possible for the race of a lifetime. At sixty-six years young, Paul was in very good shape for his age and was a civilian employee at Joint Base Elmendorf-Richardson. He was a counselor

who assisted people leaving the military in getting their résumés in order. He had registered for the Mount Marathon and was assigned bib number 548. Paul had family members at the start line (3 p.m.) when the gun went off to begin the race. Paul had decided that it was a feat to finish, not to race to the finish. He just wanted to make a respectable run and complete the course in a timely manner. Just as a barometer of how fast this race can be completed, Fred Moore (age seventy-two) completed this year's course in one hour, eleven minutes, and thirty-four seconds; this was Moore's forty-third consecutive race.

As the race was taking place, there were a few unusual events that were occurring. In two separate incidents, runners fell in a steep section of the course and were seriously injured. There were very few details about what exactly happened other than the injuries were listed as serious. This was a very unusual occurrence for the race, as the Chamber of Commerce was proud of its history of being a safe race.

Paul was wearing black running shorts and a black running shirt. He had poor eyesight and was not wearing glasses the day of the race.

From all accounts that were reviewed for this segment, Paul was the last racer on the mountain. A July 9, 2012, article on the KTUU.com website had this explanation from the last person to see Paul: "According to the chamber, a race-timing crew stationed at the top of the mountain began its descent about 5:45 p.m. The lead timer, who was not named in the statement, spoke with Lemaitre at about 6 p.m. when he was nearing the mountaintop. The timer had reported that Mr. Lemaitre verbally confirmed that he wanted to continue, chamber officials wrote Monday. He looked good and did not demonstrate any sign of distress or physical or emotional concern and was moving slowly and steadily up the mountain." The timer then continued down the trail.

At 6 p.m. a race official spoke to Paul's wife and explained that he had been seen and was fine. They explained that if he wasn't down the mountain in ninety minutes, she should contact the authorities, but they thought he was fine.

At 8.pm. Paul's wife contacted race officials and notified them that Paul had not come back from the run. Race officials contacted the Seward fire department, who in turn contacted the Alaska state troopers, and a search was started.

Searchers encountered treacherous conditions as they tried to cover every conceivable location where Paul may have wandered. The visibility was horrible at times, as fog had hit the mountain. Ground searchers confronted two black bears that ran away from the people; no grizzlies were sighted.

There was a dusting of snow near the summit of Mount Marathon the night that Paul vanished. Searchers carefully examined the area and found no tracks. Alaska state troopers "Helo Teams" responded and continually covered the mountain with FLIR and found no evidence of Paul. The Alaska Mountain Rescue Group covered the mountain on the ground and found nothing related to Paul.

To understand the scope of the search for Paul, *The Alaska Dispatch* ran an article on July 9, 2012, explaining who contributed to the effort to find the runner: "Hundreds of volunteers have been involved in the rescue operation, including the Alaska Mountain Rescue, Nordic Ski Patrol, Alaska Search and Rescue Dogs, Bear Creek Volunteer Fire Department, National Park Service, Seward Police and Fire Department, the Air National Guard, Alaska State Troopers and many Seward residents, as well as racers who returned to Seward to help with the search."

Several dog teams from the Alaska Search and Rescue Dogs did cover the mountain attempting to find Paul's scent. Nothing of value was found by the canine search teams.

Summary

Paul Michael Lemaitre disappeared in an area where there had been hundreds of runners: an area that had a very well-marked trail and an overlook near the summit where there can be no mistake in which direction Seward and the finish line is located. The summit area has very little foliage and lots of rock, dirt, and boulders.

An extremely comprehensive four-and-a-half-day search for Paul failed to find him or any evidence that he was on the mountain, yet we know for a fact that he was two hundred feet from the summit at approximately 5:45 to 6 p.m. on July 4. Paul actually saw the direction that the race official was walking down the mountain. He knew the correct path to take. He was less than two miles from his family and safety.

This case is another example in a long line of missing-persons cases where the last person in line disappears and is not found. I know that it seems as though there should be an easy explanation of what happened to Paul; there is not. Paul had some of the best and most-experienced searchers in the world looking for him, yet he couldn't be found. You had some of the most sophisticated FLIR technology in the sky looking for him; FLIR could not locate Paul. Searchers did not confine themselves to the race path or trails—they actually went to the backside of the mountain in the event Paul got completely disoriented and dropped over the other side. Searchers found nothing of value on the backside of Mount Marathon.

Paul was formally listed as "deceased" by exposure, and his family wrote an obituary for him in an Anchorage paper.

Searchers were confronted by bad weather, fog. Canines could not find a scent trail. Paul was confirmed to have poor eyesight. He was the last runner on the trail when he vanished. Helicopters and airplanes utilizing FLIR could not find Paul. At 6'2" and 215 pounds, Paul was not a small man.

Something unusual happened on Mount Marathon on our nation's anniversary in 2012. Paul Lemaitre was the victim of the unusual event. In the unfortunate event that another disappearance occurs in this area thirty years from now, the fact that someone disappeared on Mount Marathon will not be in any missing-persons database, because Paul Lemaitre is legally dead.

Washington

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Tommy Jenkins	05/04/50–Noon•2•M•Fort Lewis, WA
Gunnar Peterson	08/06/50–PM•65•M•Churchill Mountain, WA
Charles Warner	11/21/53–Unk•40•M•Pendleton, OR
Ann Marie Burr	08/31/61–5:30 a.m.•8•F•Tacoma, WA
Cody Sheehy	04/27/86–2:30 p.m.•6•M•Blue Mountains, OR
Richard R. Lee	09/11/04–Unk•47•M•Colchuck Lake, WA
Paige Wilson	08/20/10–4 p.m.•8•F•Colville, WA
Patty Krieger	10/21/10–1 p.m.•65•F•Rockport, WA

Tommy Jenkins
Missing 5/04/1950–Noon, Fort Lewis, WA
Age at Disappearance: 2 or 3 years (discrepancy in reports)

Fort Lewis is just two miles southwest of Tacoma but has very wild regions, specifically for the training of its soldiers. The 33,000-acre fort that housed six thousand soldiers in 1950 sits on the southeast side of American Lake with Interstate Highway 5 bisecting the property. The region of the fort that borders the lake is still quite wild and undeveloped.

Tommy Jenkins lived on Fort Lewis with his father and mother in a non-commissioned housing area about fifteen hundred feet from American Lake. Reports vary on Tommy's age, stating anywhere between two and three years old. On May 4, near noon, Tommy was outside playing with the neighbor's Irish setter named Lassie. One soldier reported he saw the boy and the dog playing at a gravel quarry not far from his residence; this was not confirmed. When Tommy didn't come home for lunch, authorities were called and a search initiated.

The commander of Fort Lewis pulled every available soldier to search for Tommy Jenkins. Over six thousand men and women covered every inch of the base looking for the small boy, focusing on the area near the gravel pit and the region near the beach and water; they found nothing. The commander put helicopters and planes into the air. They found nothing. Three different bloodhounds were

brought to the base and attempted to pick up Tommy's scent. The dogs found nothing.

On the third day of searching, and in an area previously searched numerous times, searchers heard sounds near the beach. The men fought their way through heavy brush to find Tommy and Lassie playing on the beach of American Lake, alive and well.

A May 8, 1950, article in the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix* had the following about Tommy being found: "Major Artie N. Heape, Fort Lewis provost marshal, said Saturday that three-year-old Tommy Jenkins, who has been missing two days, has been found alive and well. He apparently had been kidnapped, Major Heape said, and returned to the point which he was picked up." Later in the same article, there is another quote from the Army official: "'No three-year-old boy could have survived two nights in the open with weather as we have had in the last 48 hours,' said Major Heape." During the time that Tommy had been missing, temperatures were down to the low forties, and there was sporadic rainfall.

Sgt. William Jenkins attempted to question his son about his disappearance but didn't get clear answers. The boy did state he slept in areas where there were no homes. He stated that he had fallen in a creek with the dog, yet the boy and the dog were dry.

There were other statements made by Army officials confirming that they did not believe that Tommy had been in the area where he had been found for the previous forty-eight hours. They also confirmed that the boy was in too good of physical condition to be out in the elements for the entire time he was missing.

The *Independent Record* of Helena, Montana, ran an article on May 6 about Tommy being found. Reporters attempted to question Mrs. Jenkins about Tommy and how he could be found in such phenomenal condition, and she stated, "I can't understand it, I can't understand it."

Gunnar Peterson
Missing 08/06/50–PM, Churchill Mountain, Colville National Forest, WA Age at Disappearance: 65 years

The location of this disappearance is significant. Churchill Mountain is just twenty miles north of Colville and its Indian

reservation, a location of high strangeness that covers many, many years. The location where Gunnar disappeared is just two miles south of the Canadian border.

Gunnar Peterson was with family members picking huckleberries on the 4,800-foot-tall mountain. The region is lush with thick forests and hundreds of small bodies of water. Gunnar vanished while just feet away from family members. They searched and yelled for the man for hours but never received an answer. The Peterson family called the Stevens County sheriff.

Sheriff Beryl Warren led the search for Gunnar and enlisted the assistance of local residents, law enforcement officers, forest service personnel, and the local military. The family described Gunnar as being five feet, eight inches tall and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. He was wearing overalls.

Sheriff Warren summoned Bloodhounds from eastern Washington and Idaho and had them join the search the second and third day. The canines could never pick up Gunnar's scent and never seemed to figure out the direction he may have been traveling.

On the tenth day of the search, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Graves of Tacoma—the daughter of Gunnar and her husband—were searching five miles from Churchill Mountain when they found him. The discovery of Gunnar is described in the August 18, 1950, *Lewiston Morning News*: "Mrs. Graves said her father appeared in good health. She said he had lived on berries and had taken refuge in abandoned shacks during the nights. He could account only for eight of the ten days he had been missing and apparently had been knocked unconscious by a falling limb or rock."

Summary

The location of this disappearance immediately raised a flashing yellow light in my mind. The further I dug into Gunnar's disappearance, the stranger it got.

The people who disappear huckleberry picking are some of the most difficult cases, and I have no idea why. What could be the association of a man picking huckleberries in the woods and his subsequent disappearance?

In many of the disappearances I have chronicled over the years that fit our criteria, the people either cannot explain what happened or something occurred and they can't remember, as in Gunnar's case. Gunnar doesn't even remember how he might have been injured, that's how confused he was.

I think it's highly ironic that hundreds of people, forest service aircraft, Bloodhounds, and equestrians searched for Gunnar, and it was his daughter and her husband that found the lost man—is that coincidental?

Charles Warner
Missing 11/21/53, Umatilla National Forest, Tollgate, OR
Age at Disappearance: 40 years

This case is placed in the Washington chapter because it is approximately twenty miles south of the Washington border. Tollgate is located in the Blue Mountain Range, the same range where a series of missing elk hunters have disappeared, all chronicled in *Missing 411-Western United States.*

Charles Warner and a friend traveled to the Umatilla National Forest from his home in Sisters, Oregon, for elk hunting. The men went to a region five miles south of Tollgate and entered the wilderness off a rural road. His partner last saw Charles on Saturday, approximately one mile into the woods.

Charles didn't return to meet his friend, and officials were immediately notified. Weather conditions were hazardous, and there was snow falling. The two sons of Charles did respond to the search location and assisted in looking for their father. Airplanes, the US Forest Service, the county sheriff, and volunteers all scoured the wilderness looking for Charles; they found nothing. The organized search for Charles Warner was terminated on November 29, 1953.

Considering that Charles walked into the wilderness from his vehicle and was not camped in the woods makes this case unusual. Mr. Warner was limited in the distance from the roadway he could travel, based on the confirmed observation made by his hunting

partner. The search parameters were set in a region near the hunter's vehicle. He should have been found.

Ann Marie Burr
Missing 8/31/61–5:30 a.m., 3000 Block N. 14th St., Tacoma, WA
Age at Disappearance: 8 years

The Burr family lived in a three-story home in the 3000 block of 14th Street in North Tacoma. This was a fairly urban existence except for an overgrown creek region just north of the home that snaked its way to Commencement Bay. If it weren't for that overgrown creek, this case would not appear in this chapter.

The night of August 31, 1961, was like any other for the family of six. Ann Marie was sleeping upstairs with her sister, Mary (age three), and Julie (age seven) and Greg (age five) were sleeping downstairs in the basement. At 11 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Donald Burr retired to their ground-floor bedroom for a night of sleep.

The night of August 31–September 1 was anything but normal, and a night the family would never forget. The weather turned horrible with heavy rain and winds ripping the neighborhood throughout the night. The Burr neighborhood was in a state of construction; sewer lines up to thirty feet deep were open pits and penetrating all the nearby streets.

Sometime during the night Ann Marie brought her sister (Mary) to her parents' bedroom for comfort, because her sister was crying. Mary had recently broken her arm and was still suffering some pain. The parents weren't sure of the exact hour but quickly went back to sleep.

For some unexplained reason, at 5:30 a.m. Mrs. Burr became restless and got up. She admitted that this was an unusual time for her to rise, but she did and went into the living room. She found the front room window wide open and the front door latch undone—the door was unlocked and standing open. Mrs. Burr searched the house and found Ann Marie gone. Mr. Burr was awakened, and a formal search of the residence and yard was completed, and then the police were called.

Tacoma Police found that a small bench was leaning against the sidewall below the window. The police also found footprints but couldn't determine their size because of the heavy rain during the night.

In a very unusual part of this case, the Burrs had a family dog, a Cocker Spaniel, which the night of the disappearance was shut in a hallway between the kitchen and the basement entrance. The parents and the kids stated the dog never made a sound during the night. The police later made statements that they believed that someone might have taken Ann Marie who knew the family, and that's why the dog never made a sound.

Mr. Burr was a civilian employee at the National Guard Camp Murray. He was not wealthy, and a ransom demand was never made. Fort Lewis sent one hundred soldiers, helicopters, and Bloodhounds to assist in the search for the girl; nothing was ever found. The FBI was monitoring the case but officially never entered, because in their mind, abduction was never proven.

Tacoma Police theorized that either an abductor came into the residence and took Ann Marie, or she wandered away on her own, hmm. I sometimes have to seriously wonder what detectives were thinking when they made these statements. The front window of the residence was wide open, and a bench was leaning against an outside window—why? Does someone believe that Ann Marie just indiscriminately opened the front window of the residence during the night? Does someone believe that a family member walked out in the mud during the night? The puzzling part of the story is there is no mention in any articles of muddy shoe prints inside the residence, probably needed to prove a suspect entered the house during a rainstorm. It seems a strange coincidence that the neighborhood was going through major construction with the installation of sewer lines at the same time Ann Marie disappeared.

There have been dozens of articles about this case over the years. Some people theorize that Ted Bundy may have abducted Ann Marie, but he has been eliminated. This case has been classified as abduction by Washington law enforcement; she has never been found.

Summary

There is one other case that I've written about that has similarities to the Ann Marie Burr disappearance. In *Missing 411-Eastern United States*, I chronicled the disappearance of Kevin Jay Ayotte from Sugar Bush, Minnesota. Kevin was a three-year-old hearing-impaired boy staying with his family at their summer cabin in rural northern Minnesota. Kevin was in an upstairs bedroom with his brother when he vanished. Kevin was never found, and searchers found nothing during searches of the region.

Ann Marie's residence is approximately twenty miles northeast of Fort Lewis, the location where Tommy Jenkins disappeared.

Cody Sheehy

Missing 4/27/86–2:30 p.m., Blue Mountains outside Wallowa, OR
Age at Disappearance: 6 years

The city of Wallowa, Oregon, sits at the far northeastern section of the state, twenty-six miles from Washington and twenty miles from Idaho, in the Blue Mountains. The city sits at an elevation of 2,948 feet with mountain peaks on its perimeter exceeding five thousand feet.

On April 27, 1968, Cody Sheehy went on a family picnic into the Blue Mountains. Cody and his ten-year-old sister, Carrie, were playing a game in the forest called "Explorers," a game the kids made up where each person goes in a different direction. At approximately 12:30 p.m., the family couldn't find Cody. Marcie Sheehy, Cody's mom, was the lone adult in the group, as Cody's dad was in China on business. The group searched until 2:30 p.m. and then called law enforcement. The United States Forest Service, county sheriff, and state police all responded. Within two hours of the call for assistance, two helicopters were in the air looking for Cody, along with Bloodhounds on the ground. Several equestrian teams responded and were able to cover huge distances within short periods of time.

Throughout the first night, searchers stayed on the ground looking for the six-year-old boy, yelling and calling for him, without any responses. Searchers were challenged in their search for

the boy—almost immediately after he was reported missing, rain started to fall in the mountains and continued through the night. Searchers were told that Cody was three feet, ten inches tall and weighed forty pounds, not a large boy.

At 7:30 a.m., Cody emerged from the wilderness by arriving at the home of Beverly Hansen, a resident on the outskirts of Wallowa. The boy asked for directions to his grandfather's ranch, and the woman stated it was too far away and invited Cody in and called the sheriff. An April 30, 1986, article in the *Beaver Times* had the following: "A 6-year-old boy walked overnight at least 18 miles to safety through the wilderness of northeastern Oregon while searchers on horseback combed the rugged terrain after he got lost on a picnic." Later in the same article was the following: "Cody told his mother he climbed into a tree once during the night, afraid that he was being followed by coyotes." An April 29 article in the *Hutchinson News* had additional information about Cody's trip: "His mother said the boy told her he hid during the night from a motorcycle and a helicopter. There wasn't a helicopter out there at night, he must have been hallucinating, she said."

Cody was taken to the hospital for observation and was found to be in good health, considering his monstrous journey.

Summary

It's claimed that Cody walked eighteen miles through the rugged Blue Mountains in just fifteen hours. He stated that he stopped and climbed a tree because he felt coyotes were following him. He also stated that he hid for some period of time from a helicopter and motorcycle that were not there. It is evident that Cody didn't walk nonstop, because he was hiding for some period of time. Walking that distance for a six-year old boy under any conditions is a phenomenal feat, but to do it in the Blue Mountains and walk all the way to a residence is an unbelievable story. If you couple the story with what Cody claims he saw, it makes you question what really happened to this boy.

In my years of researching missing people, there is only one other story in the western United States that comes remotely close

to the distances Cody covered in fifteen hours, and that's the story of Keith Parkins. Keith disappeared in April 1952, coincidentally just ninety miles southwest of Wallowa in Ritter, Oregon. Keith was two years old and covered twelve miles of mountains in nineteen hours and was found collapsed in a creek bed. I wrote about Keith's story in *Missing 411-Western United States*. I think it is highly coincidental that two young boys disappeared in close proximity to each other and were able to cover distances that no other child anywhere in the western United States has ever accomplished.

Just to gauge the unusual nature of Cody's feat, in the book *Lost Person Behavior* by Robert Koester, on page 135 he outlines distances children typically travel and makes recommendations for search and rescue teams. Koester states that a four- to six-year-old child will be found 95 percent of the time in a mountainous region at a distance of 3.7 miles or less from the point they were last seen. Cody traveled more than four times the distance quoted in the book and accomplished this in just fifteen hours.

Richard R. Lee
Missing 9/11/04–Unk, Colchuck Lake, WA
Age at Disappearance: 47 years

Colchuck Lake sits in the middle of the Cascade Range approximately two miles northwest of Mount Stuart, fifteen miles south of Lake Wenatchee, and ten miles west of the town of Wenatchee. This area of the Cascades has more people that have disappeared and never been found than any other location in the region.

Colchuck Lake sits in a bowl that has no trees around its outside and is located at the 5,800-foot level. The region is extremely rough and rugged.

On September 9, 2004, Richard Lee traveled from his residence in Hobart to the area of Colchuck Lake for two days of hiking and camping. He completed a two-day camping permit, filed it, and walked into the lake. At one point during those two days, Richard contacted his brother while he was on a ridgeline and indicated all was fine and he just wanted to say hello. This was the last time

anyone has ever heard of Richard. On September 11 he didn't return to his residence.

Richard was an extremely experienced and a well-prepared camper. Even though he didn't arrive at his residence as planned, that didn't immediately strike a note of emergency. Mrs. Lee eventually believed that something was drastically wrong and reported Richard missing on September 15, the same day that searching started.

The first group into the area was the Chelan County mountain rescue team. They found Richard's vehicle parked at the trailhead and then were flown into the lake and started to search the area. Searchers decided to focus on Enchantment Lakes, Colchuck Lake, and Lake Stuart.

The searching for Richard didn't go smoothly or easily. Searchers were advised that Richard liked to hike off the trail and camp in areas where others would not. His campsite was not found immediately, and searchers had to trek cross-country much of the time in an effort to locate his camp, which they eventually found.

Richard's tent, rolled-out sleeping bag, and food in a bag pulled into a tree (so bears could not get to it) were eventually found five hundred feet off a trail near Colchuck Lake. Searchers stated the camp looked like Richard just walked away from it. Everything in the tent was neat as though he was ready to come back to it.

Rescuers searched for four days and never found any evidence of where Richard might have gone.

In a strange twist to this story, I was one of the speakers at the 2012 National Association of Search and Rescue (NASAR) Association conference at Harvey's Lake Tahoe in June 2012. I spoke about a variety of circumstances related to our study and then explained many of the incidents where people were found far outside normal search and rescue parameters.

Shortly after I returned from the NASAR conference, I received a very interesting series of e-mails from a search and rescue professional from Chelan County that was part of the search for Richard. He explained that this was one of the only incidents where he felt

uncomfortable to be in the area of Richard's tent, and he couldn't explain why. He stated that it was an extreme effort to find the tent, because it was obvious that he was traveling off-trail and they knew he wouldn't be in a standard campground.

The searchers stated that the campsite that Richard had chosen had an eerie feeling to it, and it appeared just like someone walked away from it minutes earlier. He said that he would normally never write to me about something like this. In his many years of experience, he had always heard of others having strange feelings in the woods, but he stated that this was the first time that he personally had felt that something was definitely wrong with this area.

Summary

Volunteers from Chelan, King, Yakima, and Kittias Counties all volunteered on the search for Richard. Helicopters and planes went into the air in an attempt to locate some trace of Richard. Nothing was ever found.

As I stated earlier, this area of the Cascades is treacherous if you are alone. I have no idea why when people are left alone, they disappear, and the majority are never found. I do understand why hikers and hunters are drawn to this region; it is gorgeous but unforgiving. I sincerely doubt that anyone visiting this area truly knows the dangers involved with traveling its backcountry.

One of the last items that the searcher wrote to me about was the feeling of the United States Forest Service (USFS) toward missing people. He stated that people disappear in the Cascades under very strange conditions, and the USFS probably doesn't want to talk about it. As in Richard's case, the searcher stated that the belongings that were left behind and the neatness of the tent and the fact that it almost appeared as he had left everything of value in the tent, just didn't make sense. He made it clear that there were no indicators that Richard committed suicide; it was just a very, very odd disappearance.

Paige Wilson
Missing 8/20/10–4 p.m., Floodelle Campground, 19 miles east of Colville, WA
Age at Disappearance: 8 years

Paige was camping with her grandfather and cousins in a campground nineteen miles east of Colville, Washington, in the Colville National Forest. The group was playing and having the normal fun that kids do in the wilderness. How Paige exactly vanished wasn't very clear, but she was noticed missing at 4 p.m. on August 20.

National Forest officials were notified, and they in turn called Fairchild Air Force Base for air support, the Spokane County Sheriff's office for searchers, and adjoining counties sent other assistance. Bloodhounds from different jurisdictions were brought to the scene of the disappearance, but none could track a scent to Paige.

On Sunday at approximately 8 a.m. and nearly four miles from the point Paige was last seen, the girl was found walking along a lonely gravel road. She had many scratches and bruises on her arm but was relatively in good shape. She had survived forty hours in the wild with temperatures as low as thirty degrees.

The television station KXLY had a short interview on September 12 with Paige and posted a statement on its website asking her to explain how she got lost: "She said she wasn't sure what happened, but she looked around and she was alone and lost." A later statement on August 24 by the TV station KTVB asked Paige's parents what she had said about her forty hours: "She hasn't said much to anyone about her experience."

Summary

The region around Colville has had many, many strange things happen over the years. Many of the unusual disappearances are documented in the western edition of my first "Missing 411" book. Paige Wilson's statement about how she disappeared may be one of the most revealing you will ever read—victims truly don't understand. Paige's statement about how she got lost almost sounds as though she was in one location one second and another location the next, which does

mimic the feelings and statements of many parents when they state their kids were right next to them one minute and then gone the next.

Patty Krieger
Missing 10/21/10–1 p.m., Sauk Mountain, Rockport, WA
Age at Disappearance: 65 years
**Hearing Impaired

The months prior to October 2010 had not been joyous for Patty and her live-in boyfriend, Larry Pressley. Larry's parents had passed away, and the two decided to take his parents' ashes into the Washington Cascades and distribute them in the mountains.

In the morning hours of October 21, 2010, Patty, Larry, and friends Nichole Gardner, Troy Robinson, Chrissy Baumgarner, and Matt Robinson and relative James Pressley all drove to the top of Sauk Mountain Road, parked, and started the climb to the summit of Sauk Mountain. The group also had the companionship of Patty's Rottweiler dog, Bear, who followed Patty as the group made the hike.

The road ends at an approximately 4,400-foot elevation, and then there is a steep trail that cuts back and forth until you reach 5,545 feet and the peak. This region has old-growth forests with some very thick and rugged mountains. Sauk Lake sits down in a bowl on the other side of the summit with an elevation of 4,025 feet.

Patty was not someone who knew the outdoors well, but she also was known as someone who was tough and could withstand unusual conditions. She was also known to be nearly deaf without the assistance of the hearing aids that she wore in both ears, which she was wearing on this day.

The group spread the ashes of Mr. and Mrs. Pressley and proceeded back down the mountain. As the group was walking downhill, they came to a fork in the trail where Patty stated that she was going to take the fork and intimated she would meet the group later at the car. The group got Patty's attention, and she looked at them, didn't say anything, and continued down the fork with Bear. Everyone felt that the trail Patty was on would eventually lead back to the car. It didn't.

The group arrived back at their vehicles and started to wait for Patty and Bear. They never arrived. The Skagit county sheriff was called and reported Patty as a missing person as of 1 p.m. on October 2. Volunteer searchers, military aircraft equipped with FLIR, sheriff's deputies, and family all combed Sauk Mountain looking for Patty Krieger; they didn't find anything.

Patty's son, Alan Patterson, was scouring the mountain on the second day of the search and thought he heard a dog growl and a bark. The bark and growl was heard in a very rugged and dangerous area. Follow-up searches around the mountain did not find Bear.

On October 5, after three days of nonstop search efforts, the Skagit County Sheriff's office formally called off the effort to find Patty. Alan continued to go to the mountain on weekends, but nothing of any evidentiary value came forward until late October.

Twenty-six days after Patty vanished, a resident of Rockport, Washington, found a Rottweiler walking the mountains—it was Bear. The dog was malnourished and underweight but alive. Bear was taken to a veterinarian and put on a special diet to quickly get his energy back. Family and SAR officials took Bear back to the spot where Patty disappeared, but he didn't track. Other SAR officials also brought tracking dogs to the scene, and they also failed to find a scent, or refused to track.

The discovery of Bear was important. It's extremely doubtful that any dog could survive twenty-six days without food; somewhere Bear was able to find something to eat. There is plenty of water in the area—that wouldn't be an issue. It is surprising that with the number of searchers covering the area where Patty disappeared that Bear didn't bark or run up to searchers if he was still in the immediate vicinity, especially if Patty was in distress.

The area around Sauk Mountain is rugged and difficult terrain. Patty was not a mountaineer and wasn't in terrific shape. The thought that this sixty-five-year-old woman could hike through mountain ranges and through rugged terrain doesn't make sense.

After someone dies, the body emits horrendous odors, odors that can be followed by canines and easily smelled by humans if in reasonable proximity to the body. These odors were never found.

Summary

The general area of the Northern Washington Cascades has a history of disappearances, many of which were highlighted in *Missing 411-Western United States.* Patty's disappearance matches many of the criteria for missing people highlighted in both "Missing 411" books: disability (hearing impaired), missing with a canine, tracking dogs unable to find a scent, and searchers are surprised they can't find any evidence of her being in the area. However, this Northern Cascade area has a history of missing boys, not older women. Other areas of North America do have regions were older people have disappeared—is this a paradigm shift for this area?

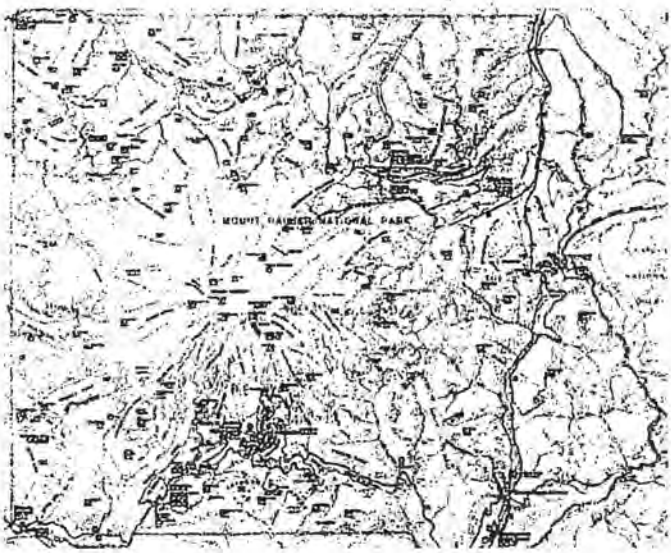
There was that one odd moment that was described by the group of people as they hiked down the mountain. The group stated that as Patty and Bear were separating from the group, Patty stared at them as they walked away on the trail. The group specifically used the word "stared": what was she thinking? She knew that she was walking away from the group and acknowledged this by the stare, but was she in a clear and conscious state? Many of the people that I have described in both previous books were found in a semiconscious or unconscious state. The question that continues to arise: are these same people in a clear mind and conscious of their actions when they walk into oblivion?

Mount Rainier National Park, Washington

Mount Rainier National Park was an area we (www.canam-missing.com) were studying just before the release of our last book. We have no doubt that there are additional disappearances that fit the criteria in the book that are not included in this chapter. We have tried to steer clear of the standard climbing accidents and only

present the cases that mimic our criteria. This is another cluster that is along the Cascade volcanic range of the western United States.

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Marcella Ramiskey	07/01/50–5 p.m.•4•F•Mount Rainier National Park
Lowell Linn	11/31/57–PM•23•M•Mount Rainier National Park
Eric Lewis	07/01/10•57•M•Gibraltar Ledge, Mount Rainier
Joseph Wood Jr.	07/08/99–2 p.m.•34•M•Mount Rainier National Park



Marcella Ramiskey
Missing 7/01/50–5 p.m., Mount Rainier National Park, WA
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

Mrs. Kay Ramiskey and her daughter, Marcella age four,, took a trip from their Fairfax, Washington, home to Chenuis Falls inside Mount Rainier National Park for a picnic. At approximately 5 p.m., Marcella vanished. Mrs. Ramiskey notified National Park authorities, and a search was immediately commenced.

The park service committed fifty rangers to the search for Marcella along with two Bloodhounds. The canines were given Marcella's scent, yet they could never track her. The location

where Marcella vanished is approximately two miles from the base of Mount Rainier and is located on the northwest side of the park.

The park service received volunteer assistance from many people in the area of Chenuis Falls. At 9 a.m. the day following Marcella's disappearance, Jack and Donald Noel were walking uphill from the falls looking for the girl when they happened to see a small bundle on the ground. A July 4, 1950, article in the *Kingsport News* had the following details: "A blonde four-year-old youngster was found sitting high on the slopes of Mount Rainier Monday morning after wandering 16 hours in the wilderness." Where the national park searchers and Bloodhounds failed, two volunteers find her on the slopes of the mountain—unreal. Later in the same article it describes the girl's condition: "The child's legs bore long scratches from crawling through underbrush." People who have read my other Missing 411 books will recognize that these types of scratches are routinely found on kids that go missing in mountain settings. A different article dated July 4, 1950, in the *Nevada Journal* tells an entirely different story: "A ranger said the girl, Marcella Ramiskey, was in good condition with no visible cuts or abrasions but was taken to a doctor's office in Buckley for observation." That is correct—an entirely different story was relayed to the public by a national park ranger. It sounds like they understand the importance and relevance of the cuts and abrasions and want to control the message.

Later in the *Kingsport News* article, there is a section about the girl's clothing and a statement from her mother: "Her mother said the tot had apparently gone through her regular nightly routine regardless of the discomforting circumstances. Her dress was on backward and the laces on her shoes were crossed every which way." People need to understand that on Mount Rainier during a July night, temperatures can easily get down into the high thirties and low forties; I doubt the girl is going to remove her clothes and then put them back on. Again, this is an attempt to explain the unexplainable.

Summary

Several aspects of this story may not seem outwardly unusual if you haven't read my other books. The girl walked over two miles

directly upward toward the top of Mount Rainier. The vast majority of missing children walk downhill when lost, not uphill. It's apparent from the description given by the mother that somehow, somewhere, the clothes and shoes came off Marcella, another common fact among many children who vanish. Children who go missing in the wilds of North America are often found with serious scratches, abrasions and gashes, but apparently the park service didn't want us to know this.

As Marcella walked further uphill away from her mother, the temperature dropped, the air became thinner, and survivability became more difficult. Mrs. Ramiskey was very lucky to get her daughter back alive.

Lowell Linn
Missing 11/31/57–PM, Mount Rainier National Park, WA
Age at Disappearance: 23 years

Lowell Linn had recently graduated from the University of Minnesota with a degree in engineering and wanted to work for one of the best aeronautic companies in the world. He interviewed with Boeing in Washington and was offered employment. In May 1957, Lowell moved to Seattle.

Lowell always enjoyed the outdoors and the mountains. Just outside of Boeing's headquarters and within an hour's drive were some of the biggest mountains in North America. The new engineer quickly made friends, and in late November 1957, he and Harry Holcomb discussed driving to Mount Rainier, snowshoeing up the side of the mountain, and then skiing down. Their plans slowly came to fruition, and on November 31, the journey started.

Lowell and Harry started their snowshoeing at 7 a.m. at the 5,500-foot elevation at the Paradise Inn. The men would utilize snowshoes and climb with the skis on their backs up to the 7,500-foot elevation, place the skis on their feet, and have a brisk journey back down on virgin snow.

The pair started together at the top, and Harry quickly made it to the halfway point. He stopped and waited for Linn at Panorama Point at the 6,500-foot level. When he didn't see Lowell, he started down again. When he reached the 5,500-foot elevation and arrived

at the Paradise Inn, Holcomb turned around and still couldn't see Lowell. The weather at this time was cloudy, but it had not precipitated until the point that he arrived at the inn. As Holcomb waited, the snow started to fall harder and harder, and still Lowell had not arrived. Harry made the decision to contact NPS officials.

The National Park Service faced a blistering snowstorm in the first days after Lowell vanished, and this was followed by heavy fog and mist. The search for Lowell lasted until December 2 and then was terminated. Searchers found nothing belonging to Lowell Linn; he had vanished and was never found.

Summary

I've read many articles on this event, and the majority appears to have the facts incorrect. Many of the articles indicate that Lowell disappeared in a heavy snowstorm, which is wrong. A December 6, 1957, article in the *Daily Chronicle* stated the following: "Linn disappeared shortly before a blizzard engulfed the mountain and all hope of finding him alive was given up by Chief Ranger Al Rose after the storm dumped 48 inches of snow in the search area." The fact is that Harry and Lowell didn't use bad judgment: they were skiing in weather that was appropriate. They should've been off the mountain in plenty of time before the winter storm hit.

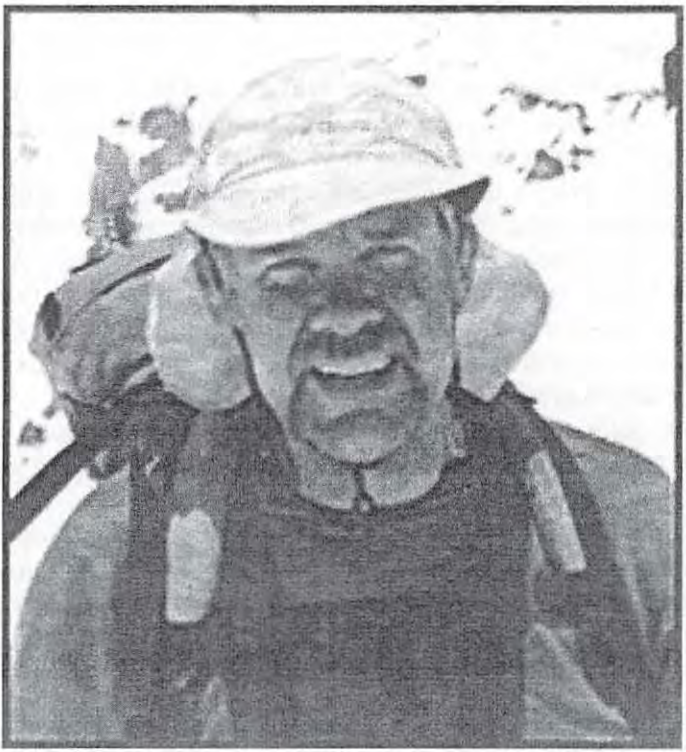
It seems highly unusual that searchers couldn't find Lowell's skis, boots, snowshoes, coat, etc., after the snow melted; that is, if he was there.

You are going to read about several cases inside of Mount Rainier National Park where visitors disappeared under inexplicable conditions, and nothing of them is ever found. The number of missing people that vanish without any trace seems illogical. Searchers should be finding *something* that belonged to the victim.

Eric Lewis
Missing 7/01/10, Gibraltar Ledge, Mount Rainier, WA
Age at Disappearance: 57 years

I usually don't write about climbers who vanish on a mountain, but the Eric Lewis case isn't your average climbing mishap.

Eric was a climbing junkie who enjoyed the travel and adventure of attempting to climb the world's peaks. Eric graduated from the University of Missouri at Columbia with a degree in fine arts with an emphasis in photography. He lived in Duvall, Washington, to be near the Cascade Mountains and the hiking in the area. He called his mom in Omaha every Saturday to summarize the week's events and continue to build the bond that had developed over his fifty-seven years.



Eric's climbing adventures had taken him to Nepal, New Zealand, Chile, and Argentina, and he had conquered Mount Rainier's summit ten times. This man knew the mountain and its challenges and was attempting a different route through the Gibraltar Ledge. Eric was climbing with experienced mountaineers

Don Storm Jr. and Trevor Lane. A mishap should never have happened.

Early in the morning of July 1, 2010, Eric Lewis and his friends started to climb Mount Rainier. The day appeared to have great weather, and the men were not loaded with heavy equipment or bulky clothing. Everything went fine with the climb as Don led the team and stopped near fourteen thousand feet. Don waited as Trevor then made his way up the route. The weather at this point was starting to turn bad. Winds were quickly picking up, and snow was starting to blow. Trevor made it to Don's position, and then Eric hooked onto the rope and started to ascend. Don could catch glimpses of Eric on the rope, and then, suddenly, the rope went limp. After a few minutes, Don started to pull on the rope. He pulled up a loop knot at the end but no climbing harness or carabiner. Don and Trevor were now in blustery weather where it was difficult to see five feet. The men believed that Eric must've unhooked, but couldn't understand why he did it and why he didn't stay with the group.

Eric and Don waited out the storm and then descended to the point where Eric would've removed himself from the rope. At 13,800 feet, the climbers found a snow cave that probably was used by Eric. At 13,600 feet, they found Eric's backpack, snow shovel, and climbing harness, meaning Eric must've taken off the harness and taken shelter in the cave. There was nobody in the area of Eric's gear, and the snowstorm had wiped out any footprints. Don and Trevor descended to ten thousand feet and contacted climbing rangers to report the disappearance.

Rangers immediately went to the where Eric was last seen and in fact got to the summit but didn't find him. The park service committed fifty searchers, two helicopters, and commercial guides in the search for Eric Lewis. After almost four grueling days of searching, the experienced climber was never found.

Summary

Eric Lewis was probably in the top 1 percent of the most experienced climbers to tackle mountains in North America. He was an internationally accomplished climber who had worked

under some of the best guides in the world. He had extensive experience on Rainier and knew how to survive complicated situations.

I find it almost unbelievable that Eric unhooked from a safety line and vanished. He knew the route, he definitely knew the mountain, and he probably had more experience than the vast majority of climbing rangers for the park service. Lewis knew to never leave his backpack and supplies, as that surely would compromise his ability to survive. Lewis was a photographer and surely had his camera with him. He is another photographer that vanished on Rainier under very, very unusual circumstances.

Joseph Wood Jr.
Missing 07/08/99–2 p.m., Mount Rainier National Park, WA
Age at Disappearance: 34 years
**FOIA files and reports from the National Park Service were received, and they assisted in the writing of this case.

Joseph Wood Jr. was born in a location that couldn't have been much further from Mount Rainier National Park and still be in the continental United States: New York. Joe was born to Joseph Wood Sr. and Elizabeth; he had one sister, Pamela. The boy was raised in a borough of New York called Baychester. Joe was a very good student and enjoyed nature, especially bird watching. His enjoyment of the outdoors caused him to enlist with the Boy Scouts, where he slowly elevated through the ranks until eventually he reached the highest scouting degree, Eagle Scout.

Joseph Wood was fortunate to be able to attend Riverdale Country School, from where he graduated and applied to two prestigious universities. He was accepted at Harvard and Yale, and eventually chose Yale. The young man was interested in journalism and started to migrate toward that path, eventually graduating from Yale with honors. He applied for a 1990 New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship, which he used to study his African heritage by traveling to Ghana, and he eventually wrote of those travels in *Blood Whispers and Color Lines*. He returned from Ghana and eventually received an editorial job with the newsweekly *Village*

Voice, where he wrote articles that appeared in some of the most prestigious papers in New York City. In 1996 Joe left the *Voice* and took another job as editor at the book publishing company The New Press. Joseph Wood Jr. was a brilliant writer and editor and was well known in publishing circles in New York.

On July 7, 1999, Joe traveled across the United States to Seattle to attend "Unity 99," a national conference of eight thousand minority journalists. Wood arrived at his hotel and had dinner with friends. He mentioned that he was traveling to Mount Rainier the following day to bird watch. He said he'd get up early to attend a news conference breakfast for presidential candidate Bill Bradley and then drive to the park.

Joe drove his rented Mercury Marquis and made the trip to Mount Rainier National Park. A receipt later found in the car shows that he paid for entry at the Nisqually entrance at 12:29 p.m. He drove to the Longmire parking area and started his trek for watching birds as he headed toward Mildred Point. Sometime near 2 p.m., Joe was walking the trail and came across fellow hiker Bruce Gaumond. Bruce stated that he met Joe on the Rampart Ridge Trail at an altitude nearing 4,800 feet. The two compared notes of what birds they had seen, and then Joe asked how much further the trail went. Bruce told him that it continued up for another five to ten minutes and then stopped because of snow and a questionable snow bridge. This was the last human contact that was ever reported regarding Joseph Wood Jr. Joe continued on up the trail, and Bruce went walking downhill.

The Longmire parking lot and the Ramparts Ridge Trail are at the southwestern side of the mountain with the trail crossing Pearl and Devil's Dream Creeks. The trail is just above the Cougar Rock campground. Once you crest at 4,800 feet, the trail travels to the west of four small lakes, one being Squaw Lake, and then straddles a small valley with dozens of bodies of water.

Back at the conference, Somini Sengupta, a *New York Times* reporter and former girlfriend of Joe's, was also attending. Two days after Joe drove to the mountain, Somini was extremely concerned that he hadn't returned to his room and wasn't answering his cell phone. She contacted authorities and filed a missing-persons

report. On Monday, park officials located Joe's car in the Longmire lot. NPS started to organize a search but also realized that two feet of snow that had existed at the time Joe was hiking had been melting and was now just a muddy trail. Any possible prints or clues that Joe may be still in the area were probably washed away.

The National Park Service had a difficult time understanding exactly where Joe may have been, as he hadn't told anyone where he was hiking. This area of the park does not have a lengthy history of disappearances and is probably one of the few areas where people rarely go missing. The higher elevations of the mountain can be treacherous, but this region was always considered one of the more safe places to hike.

The 1999 winter recorded the third-heaviest snowfall in park history, and this left behind large drifts of snow and ice throughout the mountain. Searchers were scoring a ten-square-mile area looking for Joe when they got their first break. It was on July 15 that Bruce Gaumond saw an article in the paper about Joe being missing and came forward, explaining where he saw Joe and describing the conversation they had had. This gave searchers a better understanding of where to center their efforts. On Friday, July 16, just as searchers were focusing their efforts, rain started to fall inside the primary search area. Rescuers were starting to back down their efforts and starting to believe that Joe couldn't have survived in the inclement conditions. They explained their feelings to family members.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood contacted the White House and Washington governor Gary Locke, asking for continued search efforts and more aerial support. On July 18, the National Park Service held a press conference indicating why they were scaling back efforts and stating it was their belief that Joe had suffered some type of catastrophic accident. A July 17 article in the *Village Voice* stated the following, just after the NPS stated they wanted to reduce search efforts: "Still alternative theories lingered: what if Wood had been abducted? Could it have been murder?"

The National Park Service reacted to the public pressure and put thirty-eight searchers, five search dogs, and multiple aircraft into the air. The dogs never picked up a scent, the

airplanes saw nothing of value, and the ground teams did not find tracks.

Many of the articles and authors addressing Joe's disappearance have stated that Joe Wood's case is one of the most puzzling, for many reasons. Joe is one of the very few black men that I have found that went missing and fit the criteria in the books, and Joe was the first black male to ever disappear in Mount Rainier National Park. Most people who do vanish in Mount Rainier have gone missing at higher elevations, but a few have seen their demise lower. People must remember that Joe was a very, very intelligent man and an Eagle Scout. Just prior to departing from his meeting with Bruce Gaumond, Bruce advised him of a dangerous snow bridge. The park service jumped on that as the cause of the disappearance, yet they never mentioned finding any evidence of a broken bridge or finding of Joe's clothing in any of the nearby creeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wood Sr. have publicly stated that they feel there is some type of foul play at work in Joe's disappearance. The park service never found any of Joe's remains.

Joe Wood Jr. disappeared on a clear day in a national public park while walking a known trail: where did he go? Joe is one of only a small handful of black Americans that I have discovered to disappear under the criteria of the project.

Summary

Joe's case bothers me a lot. The man was not doing any high-risk activity; he was walking a known trail. He had met a fellow hiker, had an upbeat conversation, and was bird watching.

Eagle Scouts go through significant training, which includes outdoor experiences. It is a major milestone in a person's life to receive this distinct honor. The experience and knowledge gained through this program stays with you a lifetime. The fact that someone as intelligent, knowledgeable, and healthy as Joe Wood could disappear under the conditions explained is truly mind-boggling.

Oregon

In reviewing *Missing 411-Western United States* and incorporating the disappearances chronicled in the Oregon chapter, a new cluster has emerged: the Three Sisters cluster. There is a minimum of three people who have vanished directly in that wilderness and more from the surrounding region. The disappearances in this cluster are highly unusual in that the victims are rarely ever found. As you read this chapter and start to understand the people involved, you'll start to appreciate the high intellect that most possessed.

The people that have disappeared directly in the Three Sisters have all been men, including the documented cases in the *Missing 411: Western* book. It's amazing to me how specific regions of the country, certain clusters, represent a certain type of person. In this incident it is men, other places it's women, while in still others, it's boys.

The search effort for these people has been phenomenal. In some instances a small amount of evidence that the person was in the area was recovered. In other cases, the person and all of their camping equipment seemed to vanish.

The entire stretch of the Cascades—from the California border and up through Canada—has had more disappearances than almost any other area in North America.

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Wilson Mann	05/31/66–Unk•3•M•Cave Junction, OR
Keith Zunke	10/24/81–Unk•21•M•Umatilla National Forest, OR
Daming Xu	11/04/07–PM•63•M•Three Sisters Wilderness, OR
Margaret Kohler	02/20/11–PM•53•F•Cummins Creek Wilderness, OR
Steve Litsey	10/29/11–PM•71•M•Umpqua National Forest, OR
James "Jake" Dutton	06/15/12–Unk•32•M•Three Sisters Wilderness, OR
Robert Perry Bissell	07/24/12–Unk•57•M•Roaring River Wilderness, OR
Ronald Ohm	08/09/12–PM•52•M•Mount Jefferson Wilderness, OR

Wilson Mann
Missing 5/31/66–Unk, South of Cave Junction, OR
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Cave Junction, Oregon, is located at the far southern end of the state, just on the eastern side of the coastal mountains. This is a small town, just ten miles from the California border, accessed by using Highway 199. The city sits in Josephine County at the far southeastern edge of the Rogue River National Forest with an elevation of 1,400 feet.

On May 31, 1966, Wilson Mann was visiting his uncle's (Otha Russell) residence just south of Cave Junction. The boy somehow had wandered away from the garden, and Otha was unable to find him. After Otha and Mrs. Lillian Mann had continuously yelled for the boy in the nearby woods with no success, the Josephine County sheriff was called.

The Mann family had moved to their cabin from Sunland, California, two months previously. Sunland is a small city just outside Sacramento. The family had four children, including Wilson and his twin brother.

Tracking dogs brought to the Russell residence appeared to find the boy's scent and followed it to an old logging road that led into dense timber but then lost it. Sheriff Dean Snyder called for everyone in the community to stop working and assist in the search effort. Airplanes, helicopters, one thousand searchers, Bloodhounds, and residents from California arrived to assist. A June 6 article in the *Daily Chronicle* made the following statement about the search effort: "Snyder said that the area within a 10-mile radius of the uncle's home had been searched, and all streams and ditches had been dragged or drained."

On June 6, 1966, the Josephine County sheriff terminated the official search for Wilson Mann. It had been seven days of intensive effort by nearly the entire Cave Junction community.

Summary

I personally know this area of Oregon very well. I have spent many days backpacking and hiking just a few miles south in California's Preston Peak and Raspberry Lake areas. Just a little further east from my camping location is Devil's Peak.

Throughout my research into missing people, I am constantly made aware of odd consistencies in locations and dates, and this case is no different. As I was discovering the articles on Wilson, I came across a June 2, 1966, article in the *St. Joseph Gazette* with the following headline: "2 Boys Lost in Remote Areas; 3 Others Found." The article described how Larry Jeffery disappeared on Mount Charleston in Nevada on May 28, 1966 (see the Nevada chapter for Larry's story). Only Larry and Wilson's names were mentioned in the article, but it's unusual because of the proximity of dates and the fact neither boy was ever found. It is a very unusual event when children are not located, but to have two disappear within three days of each other and both not found—is that coincidence?

An extensive archival search failed to find one article describing that Wilson was ever found. He is not listed as missing in any regional or national database.

Keith Zunke
Missing 10/24/81–Unk, Umatilla National Forest, OR
Age at Disappearance: 21 years
**Disability

The Umatilla National Forest is located east of the Cascade Range in the northeastern section of the state. In *Missing 411-Western United States*, I documented other disappearances from this region of Oregon. The area can be rugged and thick with woods.

News reports indicate that when Keith Zunke was a young boy, he suffered an injury that was debilitating. This injury inhibited his maturity, and as he got older, he was forced to live in a group home. At the age of twenty-one, Keith was living in a home in Walla Walla, Washington.

On October 24, 1981, Keith was living in the Stonecreek Lodge group home when the administrators decided to take a group of

residents on a mountain hike to Oregon. The group drove to the Umatilla National Forest. News articles at the time indicate that Keith and another resident didn't want to go on the hike. They did go down a trail an unspecified distance and eventually were sent back to the vehicle by the counselors on the scene. The two men were not supervised (allegedly) during the walk back to the vehicles.

Once the main group had completed the hike, they returned to the car and found Keith's hiking partner but not Keith. The United States Forest Service and the local sheriff started a massive search. Mrs. Rebecca Carroll, Keith's mother, advised that Keith had the mental age of a five-year-old at the point when he disappeared.

Almost five hundred searchers—military, law enforcement, and volunteers—scoured the ground and flew the skies, looking for Keith. At the end of ten days, the search was eventually called off. Searchers never found a clue of where Keith was located.

There was no update on Keith's location for almost thirty years. In the summer of 2011, someone found Keith's remains in the Umatilla National Forest. There were no details of where they were found in relationship to where he disappeared. There was an article on June 21, 2012, in the *Huffington Post* that did explain some of the facts surrounding the recovery: "Although Zunke's remains were found last year, officials first did a thorough investigation to ensure the area was not a Native American burial site. " The other issue was that Keith wasn't listed on any national database as a missing person, and thus his DNA was not on file. Keith had somehow been declared legally dead in 1983, so all efforts to classify him as a missing person were thwarted. Later in that same article was this statement: "Because Zunke's remains were incomplete, a cause of death cannot be determined."

Whatever the circumstances of how Keith was located, it must've been a needle-in-the-haystack scenario. The minimal remains were sent to a forensic anthropologist and the Oregon state medical examiner for identification. There were not any notations in any news article about the condition of the remains or how many pieces of the remains were recovered.

Summary

This case is in this chapter for a couple of key reasons. This incident represents another disappearance of a disabled person. The person Keith was with was at the proper location; Keith was not at the vehicle. A massive ten-day search finds zero evidence of where the twenty-one-year-old went.

The other key point was that Keith was not classified as a missing person. I spoke about this classification in the book *Missing 411-Western United States.* By classifying someone as "legally dead," you are taking his or her name off any missing-persons roster; it's as though the incident never occurred. It really makes me ponder how many missing cases have disappeared off the books of law enforcement, the National Park Service, and the United States Forest Service by merely claiming someone was "legally dead."

Daming Xu
Missing 11/04/07–PM, French Pete Creek, Three Sisters Wilderness, OR
Age at Disappearance: 63 years

Daming and Shixiu Xu emigrated from China to the United States in the late 1980s. The married couple wanted to settle on the western side of the United States and eventually chose Eugene, Oregon. Both were energetic people, and Daming had an advanced education in mathematics and soon landed a job teaching mathematic statistics at the University of Oregon. He held his professor job since 1990. Shixiu most recently was working in a large electronics company that made memory chips and working twelve-hour days.

Shixiu and Daming enjoyed the outdoors and regularly went for wilderness hikes when their days off were compatible. Shixiu enjoyed going to Terwilliger Hot Springs near Cougar Reservoir and resting in the water. She had a painful medical condition, which the hot springs aided in reducing the pain. Daming was an all-around athletic and healthy man for sixty-three years old, and he rode his bike to work every day. His family stated that he did not have any medical issues they knew about.

On November 4, 2007, Shixiu got up early for her 7 a.m. shift and arrived on time. Daming had the day to himself and told his wife he was going for a day hike near Cougar Reservoir, a thirty-mile ride directly east of Eugene on Highway 126, and then a short one-mile ride south to the reservoir. That area of the lake gets very remote and desolate quickly, and it is just fifty miles north of Crater Lake National Park in the middle of the Cascades.

Daming drove to Forest Service Road NF-19, which travels south from Cougar Reservoir. He stopped in a small parking area. Professor Xu (pronounced "shoo") was smart and athletic and knew he'd need a hiking map if he traveled deep into the forest. He chose *100 Hikes in Northwest Oregon and Southwest Washington* written by William Sullivan. He took the portion of the book he needed and started the hike. Nobody knows exactly where he was at the beginning of the hike, but in the early afternoon, two hikers saw Daming at the summit of Olallie Mountain, approximately seven miles from his automobile and at an elevation of 5,500 feet. His car was parked at approximately two thousand feet. The couple spoke with Daming, and he seemed to be in good spirits as they watched him start down the mountain toward the area of French Pete Creek; the couple followed shortly after.

It was 7:15 p.m. that Shixiu left her electronics firm and made the fifteen- minute ride back to her home in Eugene. She arrived to find that Daming wasn't there, and his car was also missing. She called his cell phone, but it had been left in his car. She then started to call her daughter in Portland. Shixiu was extremely nervous, and it is at this point that the media told two different stories. One stated that she called the Eugene police department and reported her husband missing that night; another states that she waited until the next day to report him missing. In any event, he was reported as a missing person, and searchers started to look in the area for his vehicle. It wasn't long before they found it parked on Forest Service Road 19, just south of Cougar Reservoir. They found half the map book and Daming's leather coat inside.

Xin Xu, the daughter of Daming and Shixiu, immediately came to Eugene from Portland. She told the press that her father was in

very good condition for his age, hiked regularly, and if he was not injured, should survive well.

The Lane County sheriff was the primary law enforcement agency that was leading the search for Daming in the Willamette National Forest inside of the Three Sisters Wilderness. The area is extremely rugged, with steep cliffs and very thick and lush woods. The area where he disappeared appears to never have been logged and is even more thick with vegetation than other surrounding areas.

The Lane County sheriff's office was assisted by the United States Forest Service, Eugene police, Benton and Deschutes Sheriff search and rescue, two National Guard helicopters, Civil Air Patrol, and the Smith County rescue team. There were equestrians, hikers, and planes in the sky, all looking for Daming. There was plenty of water in creeks and rivers in the area for him to stay hydrated and much foliage to eat if he knew the right variety to harvest. There were one hundred square miles of wilderness closed to all hikers while the search was going on. Bloodhounds were brought to the location where Daming was last seen, and they couldn't pick up a scent.

The weather changed dramatically during the search. There was very thick fog coupled with rain and wind that changed to snow at higher elevations. The fog grounded all air support, and strong winds compromised the canines' efforts.

On Tuesday, three days after Daming had vanished, searchers thought they might have been following his tracks downhill. They followed these tracks until 3 a.m. Wednesday and lost them in an area called "Bear Flats." Late in the afternoon Wednesday, two searchers were very deep in the French Pete Creek drainage and found the remaining half of the trail guidebook that Daming was carrying. This was the only clue of where he might have been. Searchers scoured the French Pete area for him and never found another clue. This region is extremely thick with vegetation, and a very small creek was running at the time.

After nine days of exhaustive searching, the Lane County sheriff advised the public that the efforts to find Daming Xu had been terminated. Searchers had combed mountainsides, creeks, gullies, and roads; they found nothing substantial but his hiking guide.

Summary

Daming disappeared in the middle of the Cascade Mountain Range and in the middle of one of the largest clusters of missing people on the West Coast of the United States. He fits into a special classification of older males that have vanished under very odd circumstances. Refer to *Missing 411-Western United States* for details on missing people in the Cascades.

Daming was an experienced hiker, a brilliant individual who did not have medical problems. He came prepared for the hike by taking a map. The couple he met at the summit on Olallie Mountain stated they thought he was carrying a small backpack, probably with supplies and a coat (just a guess). He told someone where he was traveling and when he'd be back. It does seem extremely odd that his map would be found in the French Pete area. He knew it was his lifeline back to his automobile; you'd think he would have been able to safely travel with it. French Pete Creek is one of the most lush, thick, and toughest areas to walk in the entire area; odd he would go there. How or what detoured Daming, we will never know.

Margaret Mary Kohler
Missing 2/20/11–PM, Cummins Creek Wilderness, Siuslaw National Forest, OR
Age at Disappearance: 53 years

Fifty-three-year-old Margaret Kohler left her seaside city of residence (Waldport) and made the short drive south on Highway 101 to a favorite location. She liked to hike with her five-year-old Labrador-Collie mix, Roscoe. She drove her 2003 Toyota Sienna minivan south through Yachats, continuing an additional four and a half miles, where she made a left-hand turn onto Cummins Ridge Road. Margaret drove for almost five minutes, near the end of the road, and parked. She took her dog out of the van, and Margaret vanished.

Ms. Kohler had told a close friend where she was heading for her walk, and the friend had thought she was headed to hike and possibly pick mushrooms. The ridge road was a location that Margaret went regularly to walk with Roscoe. Margaret was last seen at her home at noon on February 19 and was reported missing on February 20.

Margaret's friend reported to the sheriff's department that Margaret had taken her dog on a trip to the Cape Perpetua area.

Lane and Lincoln County sheriffs, United States Forest Service, and Oregon State Police all searched for Margaret. Local search and rescue teams worked the area where she was supposedly heading and found nothing. On March 3, a United States Forest Service law enforcement officer found Margaret's van on Forest Service Road 1051 in the Cummins Ridge Trail area. The vehicle was unoccupied, and a massive search of the immediate area failed to find Margaret or Roscoe.

Bloodhounds were brought to Margaret's vehicle and failed to find a scent they could track. Yachats fire district personnel and Marion County sheriffs joined forces already looking for Margaret along the trail.

On March 5, just 2.2 air miles south of Margaret's vehicle, searchers found Roscoe walking in the area of Ten Mile Creek. The dog was in good health and was taken by Lincoln County animal control. Deputies attempted to get Roscoe to lead them to Margaret, but it didn't work. Margaret Kohler has not been found.

Summary

The area where Margaret disappeared is in the Cummins Creek Wilderness in the Siuslaw National Forest. This area has steep mountains with extremely thick vegetation. This region of the Oregon coast can get anywhere from forty to one hundred inches of rain annually. Parts of the forest in this area can almost appear like a rain forest.

The road where Margaret's vehicle was found is just south of Neptune State scenic viewpoint and a coastal area called "Devil's Churn." This isn't an area that gets significant vehicular traffic, and it would take a local to know where the road led that Margaret was taking.

Friends of Ms. Kohler indicated she knew the region well and went to pick truffles and walk her dog there regularly. It would seem unusual that she would get lost, and it would be equally odd that she would voluntarily allow her dog to run free. The location where Roscoe was found is 2.2 miles south of the van, but it is a very rough 2.2 miles over a mountain range and into very desolate areas.

I have documented several other cases where a subject disappears with their dog, and the dog returns but the person is still missing.

Steve Litsey
Missing 10/29/11–PM, Umpqua National Forest, 56 miles east of Roseburg, OR
Age at Disappearance: 71 years

Steve Litsey was a successful real estate agent for Coldwell Banker Realtors in Paradise, California. Steve and his wife, Suzanne Snyder, lived in a suburb of Paradise but also owned a residence in Elkton, Oregon, which is between Roseburg and Eugene.

In early November 2011, Steve went with a friend to the Twin Lakes area of the Umpqua National Forest for a week of hunting. The week didn't go well, and the men decided to make their last day October 29. The men rose early, grabbed their rifles, and Steve snagged a daypack and placed water and energy bars inside. The men started down toward the trailhead. Both men agreed to hunt on their own and then to meet back at their vehicle later in the day. Steve was last seen one-eighth of a mile down the trail in a small culvert; he was never seen again.

The Douglas County sheriff was notified on October 29 that Steve was missing. The sheriff called the United States Forest Service, National Guard, and a variety of search and rescue teams. On October 31, eight different Bloodhounds were brought into the area to attempt to track Steve; none could find his scent. Helicopters and all-terrain vehicles crisscrossed the trails and roads; nothing could be found that could be confirmed as belonging to Steve. Just days after the search started, snow hit the area and made the search effort extremely difficult. The snow covered any possible tracks and brought the aerial search to a complete halt.

After a massive one-week search effort, the attempt to locate Steve Litsey was abandoned.

Summary

Steve was an experienced hunter that went into his day prepared. He had supplies, was dressed correctly, told someone where he was going, and knew the area well. Steve had a firearm and knew that if he was in danger to fire off three rounds. Nobody ever heard any calls for help.

The local sheriff, forest service, and National Guard all supplied the normal amount of resources that they dedicate to locating missing people.

The location where Steve disappeared has a troubling past. I have written about this area extensively in *Missing 411-Western United States*. This north-south corridor through the Cascades has a history of people disappearing and sometimes killing them. Crater Lake National Park is just sixteen miles southeast from the Twin Lakes—the park and its surrounding area have a long history of people vanishing and the majority never being found. I encourage people to go to a computer and Google Earth the area where Steve disappeared. Look at the area that Daming Xu vanished and then, if you can, get a copy of *Missing 411-Western United States* and start connecting the dots; it won't be difficult.

This area of the Oregon Cascades is not as steep, as high, or as rugged as mountains in Colorado, Idaho, or Montana, yet there appears to be more missing people that are never found here than makes logical sense.

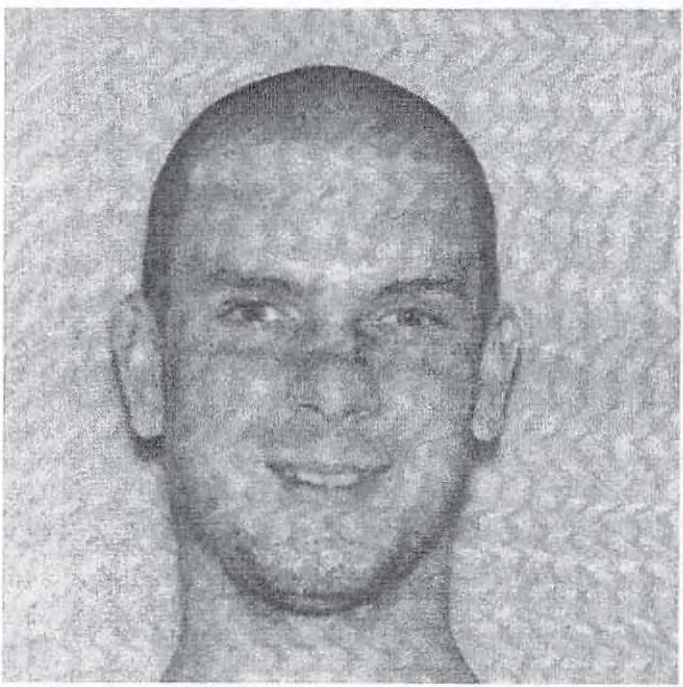
James "Jake" Dutton
Missing 6/18/12–Unk, Three Sisters Wilderness, OR
Age at Disappearance: 32 years

As you read the case of Jake Dutton, remember the case of Daming Xu. The location and facts surrounding the cases are eerily close.

Jake was a veteran of the United States Coast Guard. He attended a local community college in Eugene and had recently graduated. He was suffering from a long-term disability from a back injury. He

was a caring son and uncle, and in fact had a planned trip with his nephew just before he disappeared.

On June 15, 2012, Jake drove his 1998 blue Nissan pickup to the French Pete Trailhead in the Three Sisters Wilderness east of Eugene. This area is extremely rugged with a long history of hikers that have vanished and never been found (see *Missing 411-Western United States*). Jake was a competent and diligent hiker. He completed a trail permit and left the paperwork in the United Forest Service box at the trailhead. His permit stated that he would be back to his truck and out of the wilderness by June 18.



On June 28, Jake had a long-planned trip with his nephew. He had agreed to pick him up at Portland International Airport. When Jake didn't arrive at the airport, this triggered a series of family events that caused his brother, Chris, to travel to Jake's apartment to check on his welfare.

Chris did arrive at Jake's apartment and found that he had camping gear and supplies stored and waiting for the trip with his nephew. He found Jake's calendar that showed he had a series of events lined up that he was to accomplish. But Jake was nowhere in sight, nor was his truck.

On July 9, Jake's family filed a missing-persons report. The family had no idea that Jake had traveled to the wilderness and had no idea where he might be. They knew he was a very responsible man, and it was completely unlike him not to meet his nephew.

There was no information on Jake until July 30. The missing-persons report filed on Jake made its way to the United States Forest Service (USFS) who happened to see his abandoned truck in the McKenzie Pass area near the French Pete Trailhead. The USFS contacted Eugene Police, and on July 31 thru August 5, searches were conducted in the wilderness. Canine search teams, hikers, and volunteers from throughout the area looked for Jake. Hikers in the region were questioned to see if they had seen the man; nobody had any information.

In an embarrassing twist for the USFS, Jake's wilderness permit, stating the time he was supposed to be out of the wilderness, was ignored. In an article in the August 17, 2012, *Register Guard*, a USFS spokesperson stated that the permits are just used to monitor the amount of hikers in the wilderness and not to determine if someone was overdue on a trip. They further stated that they did not regularly pick up wilderness permits.

Eugene police detective Jeff Donaga now has Jake's missing-persons case. Detective Donaga has stated that he does not believe that Jake voluntarily disappeared.

Summary

The history of people disappearing in this region of the Cascades is horrible. I do not believe that a Eugene police detective would understand the number of individuals who have simply vanished and have never been found. Nothing from these people—equipment, clothing—has been found (Daming's map was the only item).

I always believed that when I completed a wilderness permit that someone at the USFS was monitoring who was in the wilderness, who was out, and who was overdue. You'd think they would at least contact a family member to ensure that she or he was not alarmed by the length of your trip. If the USFS is just using the permits to monitor the load on the wilderness, they should state this on the permit and specifically indicate that if you are overdue on the permit, the USFS will not trigger a search based solely upon that information.

Jake is another of a long line of individuals that have disappeared in the Cascades and never been found.

Robert Perry Bissell
Missing 7/24/12, Roaring River Wilderness, OR
Age at Disappearance: 57 years

The Roaring River Wilderness Area is located on the western end of the Mount Hood National Forest. The wilderness is located approximately fifteen miles from downtown Portland and an equal number of miles south of the Washington state border. The "wilderness" designation means that no motor vehicle of any type is allowed inside the region, and there is no logging of any old-growth trees. When you observe the area by air, you'll notice much logging in the surrounding area, but significant old growth in the designated area.

On July 12, 2010, Robert Bissell left his residence on 30th Avenue in Portland and drove his 1989 white Nissan Sentra with distinctive chrome wheel fenders to the trailhead for Shell Rock Lake and the Rock Lakes Basin just on the outer fringe of the wilderness. Robert took his backpack and his assorted supplies and hiked into an area at Middle Rock Lake. This lake is located between Upper and Lower Rock Lake all at elevation points between 4,200 and 4,400 feet. The South Fork of the Roaring River actually starts between Lower and Middle Rock Lakes. Middle Rock Lake is the largest of the three lakes at approximately fifteen hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide at its widest point.

Robert placed his tent in a grove of large trees, a very peaceful location. He left the tent, carrying his fishing pole and tackle box and leaving everything else behind.

On July 19, Robert's brother, Michael, hiked into the area to meet with him and couldn't locate him. He left a note on Robert's Nissan at the trailhead parking lot, asking him to contact the family. When Robert didn't call, Michael went back into the wilderness and again found Robert's tent just as he had seen it five days earlier. It appeared to have not been touched. The note at the car was still there, so Michael contacted the United States Forest Service and the Clackamas County Sheriff and reported Robert Bissell as a missing person.

On July 25, the Clackamas County sheriff sent a team into the Middle Rock Lake area. They found Robert's tent and took a photo of it. They found everything in the tent that you'd figure to find for someone spending time in the woods, except for Robert's fishing pole and tackle box. This first day established eleven nonstop days of intense search efforts for Robert.

The Clackamas sheriff was the lead law enforcement agency conducting the search effort and asked the Oregon National Guard to send its helicopter to scout the lakes region by air. The helicopter spent several hours scanning the region and saw nothing unusual. Several teams of Bloodhounds searched each of the three lakes and again had no luck in picking up any scent. A total of twenty organizations pounded the lakes area without finding one trace of Robert. The search commander did make a statement about the ruggedness of the terrain—three to four of the horses used in the search had thrown shoes and had to be removed from the area. Other members of the mounted posse replaced the horses that were removed. The final total was over two hundred people who committed countless hours walking the rocky terrain looking for Robert and finding nothing. Searchers did find one set of campers in the area that did confirm they saw and spoke to Robert, but it had been very early in his trip. No sightings were made later during the fishing excursion.

Robert did file a wilderness use permit with the United States Forest Service that indicated that he would be out of the area by July 16. On August 2, 2010, the following article and statement was

published on the OregonLive.com website about the search effort: "Sgt James Rhodes of the Clackamas County Search and Rescue Unit said Bissell remains listed in the national missing-persons database. He said fliers are still being circulated and that the Clackamas County Sheriff will continue to accept tips on his whereabouts."

Summary

The region where Robert disappeared is some of the densest forests in the Pacific Northwest. The man was an experienced backpacker who enjoyed going solo into the woods, and he had done so many times. He wasn't going to travel across the wilderness on an overnight journey; he was going fishing at one of the nearby lakes, and this should've been a fairly easy search. Several teams of Bloodhounds were brought into the area and couldn't find a scent, which seems highly unusual since they had located Robert's campsite with his tent still in place.

We know that a wild animal didn't attack Robert, because there would be a scene of carnage and an overpowering smell of rotten flesh. At the very least, searchers would've found his fishing pole and tackle box, neither of which was ever located. Helicopters couldn't find a heat signature, planes could not spot anything unusual in the sky, and ground troops could not locate any footprints in the area.

I have written about other unusual disappearances just ten miles north of Robert's tent in an area named "Larch Mountain" (*Missing 411-Western United States*). The Cascade Mountain Range, starting just north of Medford and traveling north into Washington, has some of the most unusual and troublesome disappearances that we've documented.

Ronald Ohm
Missing 8/09/12–PM, Russell Lake, Jefferson Wilderness
Age at Disappearance: 52 years

Mount Jefferson, at 10,497 feet in elevation, is the centerpiece of the Mount Jefferson Wilderness area. The Jefferson Wilderness area is almost exactly twenty miles north of the Three Sisters Wilderness, and it is almost exactly north in the same string of mountains.

Ronald Ohm was hiking with two friends from the Portland area, and they had hiked up to a ridge above Russell Lake near Mount Jefferson. Ronald was a very experienced hiker and had a tent, sleeping bag, photography equipment, and supplies with him. Ronald's two friends stated that they were going to hike down to the lake and put their camp together, while Ronald stated he wanted to stay on the ridge and take more photos. An August 15, 2012, article on KATU.com had the following statement about Ronald's location: "52-year-old Ronald Ohm was separated from his party near Russell Lake, about one mile north of Mount Jefferson, deputies said."

It started to get dark, and Ronald did not arrive at the camp at the lake with his friends. The friends did look for him that night, but he could not be located. The following day, the United States Forest Service and the Marion County Sheriff's department were notified and started a formal search.

The sheriff was notified that Ohm had a medical condition that required daily medication. The path from the ridge where Ronald was taking photos to the point where the camp was at the lake was unmistakable. The lake was in clear view during the walk, and the hike was easily made from the point on the ridge.

The Marion County sheriff contacted the Oregon National Guard, and they put helicopters into the air, along with planes from the Civil Air Patrol. There were over two hundred ground searchers that worked a grid pattern looking for Ronald.

Ronald's family members came to the search headquarters and were present during the six days that teams covered the area. At the end of the sixth day, an agreement with the family members was made, and the formal search for Ronald was terminated. Teams did not find any of Ronald's equipment, backpack, hat, camera, sleeping bag, nothing.¡Searchers stated that they covered three hundred square miles and utilized 3,500 search hours.

Summary

Ronald was a lone hiker, photographer, and an individual taking medication. He was formally missing near dark of the day he was last seen. He went missing in an area where there are dozens of small lakes in a high-altitude setting with exposed boulders and rocks. A formal six-day search by National Guard helicopters and Civil Air Patrol produced nothing. Where are these people going? Look at the landscape around Russell Lake; there isn't a lot of vegetation, and it's difficult to get lost from the ridge to the lake.

The number of people that have disappeared in this corridor of the Cascades is disturbing. There has been one person to vanish for each of the summer months in 2012, and the last two were over fifty years old and missing approximately twenty-five miles from each other, both while alone in a wilderness area.

I would implore all of you to read *Missing 411-Western United States* to get an adequate understanding of all the people that have vanished in the Cascades in the Oregon and Washington areas. I try to steer clear of words that exaggerate a situation, but the Cascades are a dangerous place, for whatever reason. Nobody will ever

convince me that the single hikers and hunters I have written about just happened to vanish on their own will. Something unusual is happening.

People have written to me to explain that the Cascades are a series of volcanoes, both active and inactive, and then ask if the volcanoes could possibly play some role in the disappearances. I don't know. I will admit that the landscape in the Cascades can be rough, but it isn't as extreme as these disappearances imply. Much of the area where the people have vanished is above the timberline where there isn't that much cover. I have had others write to me to ask if the boulders play some role in the disappearances. I would refer readers to the international chapter on Iceland and read what the folklore states about large rocks and boulders. I would also refer readers back to the other "Missing 411" books where I draw parallels between people who have vanished and their vicinity to large rocks and boulders and exposed granite; it can't be ignored.

I can personally guarantee two things about me. I would never hike or hunt the Cascades alone. Even if I was in those mountains, I would be heavily armed and carry a personal transponder. While some of you may claim that I am trying to hype this situation, I don't need to. Anyone with any degree of common sense can read the numbers of people I have documented, the strange conditions under which they vanished, and stranger conditions under which some have been found and realize something quite unusual is happening. Everyone involved in the CanAm Missing Project has deep compassion for the missing and their families, and we understand that the vast majority has never been exposed to what we are explaining in our books. We hope that the exposure given to the Ronald Ohm case and others listed in this book somehow reveals what is happening and brings closure to the families.

California–Northern

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Dennis Wurschmidt	01/25/58–Unk•12•M•Mendocino National Forest, CA
Lee Littlejohn	12/23/77–1 p.m.•18 mos•M•Redding, CA
John Doe	10/1/10–6:30 p.m.•3•M•Mount Shasta, CA
Patrick Amen	06/15/12–PM•40•M•Manton, CA

Dennis Wurschmidt
Missing 1/25/58, 40 miles west of Willows, CA, Mendocino National Forest
Age at Disappearance: 12 years

On Saturday morning, January 25, 1958, Mr. and Mrs. Gervin Wurschmidt from Willows got their son Dennis ready to leave for the Mendocino National Forest for a weekend of Boy Scouting and camping with his troop. Dennis, his troop master, and eleven other boys headed into a rugged section of the forest and established a camp at four thousand feet feet near Grindstone Canyon. This was Dennis's first outing with the troop, and he was excited.

After the boys arrived, they unloaded their vehicles and decided to play "Capture the Flag." It was late in the afternoon when one of the boys realized that Dennis had disappeared. Yes, the boys were playing in a confined area of the campsite, and the twelve-year-old had vanished. The boys and the adults all scoured the area, yelling Dennis's name, but found and heard nothing. After an hour of searching the region, local law enforcement was notified and asked for assistance.

The Glenn County Sheriff's office was the primary law enforcement authority that organized the search. From almost the onset of the search, rescuers were compromised by hazardous weather that inundated the mountains; heavy snow and rain was falling and temperatures were plummeting. By the third day that Dennis was missing, the weather lightened a little. There was now three feet of snow on the ground.

A January 27, 1958, article in the *Ukiah News* had an interesting statement about the area where Dennis had vanished: "Temperatures were hovering around the thirty-degree mark. Sheriff Sale said the boy would be all right if he managed to find shelter in the boulder-strewn gorge." For people who haven't read my two other "Missing 411" books, there seems to be some relationship between fields of large boulders and missing people; something that can't quite be explained.

During the nine-day search for Dennis, rescuers utilized Bloodhounds, two helicopters, airplanes, equestrians, and hikers. One of the one thousand volunteer searchers was the head football coach from Chico State College. While the coach was looking for Dennis, he collapsed and died of a heart attack, a very unfortunate side story to this disappearance but an example of the extremes that people will go to find a lost young boy.

On February 2, searchers were just over two miles from the Boy Scouts' campsite when they found Dennis's frozen body lying in a grove of fir trees. A massive search for additional details on Dennis's body failed to find one description of the body or how and where exactly he was found.

Summary

Many of the children that I've written about over the years have disappeared while playing some type of game with other kids. The other children never believe anything unusual was happening; the child just vanishes. It seems unusual that a twelve-year-old boy would get lost so quickly, when all he had to do was yell for assistance. Nobody ever heard any calls for help.

Fields of boulders seem to have some relationship to the disappearance of people. I wrote about this extensively in *Missing 411-Western United States* and how certain individuals have gone missing in areas that seem to lack places to hide.

Yosemite National Park is the number-one location for massive rocks and boulders, and also the number-one location for the number of missing people in any cluster in North America.

Lee Littlejohn
Missing 12/23/77–1 p.m., Redding, CA
Age at Disappearance: 18 months

This incident occurred on the outskirts of Redding, California, outside the city limits in Shasta County. Redding is located at the far northern end of San Joaquin County and is the starting location for the range of mountains that extends north to British Columbia. The Sacramento River flows from Shasta Dam through the center of town and is a popular recreational spot for waterskiing and fishing. The area surrounding Redding can become very desolate quickly.

On December 23, 1977, eighteen-month-old Lee Littlejohn was being babysat by his aunt, Mildred Frye, at her home, seven miles west of Redding near the Whiskeytown National Recreation Area. Lee was playing with his cousin, Loy Frye, in the home during a heavy rainstorm when his aunt went to a different area of the home to do laundry. When Mildred came back to the central area of the home, she could not find either child, or their pet dogs. A quick search was made of the home and the yard, and then the Shasta County sheriff was called.

The Shasta County Sheriff's office responded in force to look for the children. The heavy rain made search conditions extremely difficult, as they could not find any tracks, and the rain made the ground search treacherous. Fifty-five minutes after the sheriff arrived, luck would strike once. Searchers found Loy Frye, two years, near the house with her dog, but she could not say where Lee was located. Loy was cold but in good condition and returned to her residence.

The effort to find Lee continued through the night as temperatures were plummeting. In the early morning hours, a new search team of two hundred arrived at the Frye home, and the search started to expand. At approximately noon, searchers made a discovery as is described in a December 24 article in the *Long Beach Independent*: "The body of a missing 1½ year old boy was found on a wooded ridge three quarters of a mile from his home 23 hours after he wandered outside his home in a driving rainstorm." Lee was found wearing light trousers and a T-shirt, no shoes or socks.

You can hear the concern in the deputy's speech, as later in the same article, he explains what they found: " 'You wouldn't think he could have wandered that far, and it was up a steep hill too,' said Sgt Dave Zebo, Shasta County Sheriff's Office."

Summary

Loy and Lee disappeared during a heavy rainstorm, and both took their dogs with them. Loy and her dog were found in less than one hour after they vanished. Lee's dog did return six hours before he was found. Remember, Mildred was in the laundry room for just ten minutes and during that time, the children opened the door and walked into harm's way. One question I always have had regarding this case: how far can an eighteen-month-old boy walk in ten minutes, probably much less? It's hard to believe that Mildred left the room, and the kids darted out the door. There must've been some time before they left, or something else happened. You can hear the wheels of Sgt. Zebo's mind churning as he explained where they found Lee's body. Yes, the body was found up a "steep hill," and too far away for the sergeant to think it was completely normal. How did little Lee Littlejohn manage to climb a steep hill during a heavy rainstorm?

The sheriff's department stated that they believed that Lee died of exposure, and they were sending the body to the coroner for confirmation. I could not find any article stating what the coroner's findings were.

This isn't the first time that a young boy has disappeared in this area of California. I wrote about the disappearance of Austin Sparks from Montgomery Creek, fifteen miles northeast of Redding. Austin disappeared under highly unusual conditions on January 4, 2004, another wintertime occurrence when conditions were brutally cold. There is also the disappearance of Billy Coleman on January 1, 1940, from Viola, just twenty miles east of Redding. Littlejohn disappeared on December 23; Coleman, January 1; and Sparks, January 4, a twelve-day calendar spread separated by sixty-four years. It would seem statistically significant that all three of these highly unusual disappearances occurred within that twelve-day zone. Information on the Sparks and Coleman disappearances can be found in *Missing 411-Western United States*. It would make much more sense for

small children to walk outside their homes during a warm summer night, not a cold winter night during a heavy rainstorm.

John Doe
Missing 10/1/10–6:30 p.m., Mount Shasta, CA
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

This is one of the most unusual stories you will ever read in any of my books. The name, date, and location of this incident have been changed to protect the victim and his family.

The location of this incident was near Mount Shasta and happened sometime around October 2010. John was camping with his family on the banks of a large creek. At approximately 6:30 p.m., John disappeared from the campsite. The parents were searching the bordering forest and creek and could not locate the boy. The call was made to the local sheriff and the United States Forest Service for assistance.

The area where this occurred has a long history of high strangeness. It is very thick with big trees, great fishing, and lots of wildlife. This is a place where I have fished dozens of times. The location is in the shadow of Mount Shasta, and with that comes a history of many strange things occurring over the years.

Local search and rescue crews and the sheriff responded to the scene and immediately set out looking for John. Approximately five hours after the search started, John was found lying in a thicket, directly next to one of the primary trails that searchers had used. He was found in good condition and returned to his parents at approximately 11:30 p.m.

It is at this point I usually write about the unusual aspects of the case and how it relates to other disappearances. This case is different. I have always believed that children return home and tell their parents what happened to them. These stories are never heard by the media, or they are filtered by the parents because of their believability. In this case, John's parents heard my interview on Whitley Strieber's show and immediately made the connection of John's disappearance and other children that have vanished across North America. They contacted Whitley and asked how they could

contact me. Whitley gave them my e-mail, and you will read John's story below.

I was advised that John is a very, very intelligent boy that acts much older than his three years. When John returned home, he was initially quiet about the disappearance until he saw his grandmother. Once Grandma was seen, John told her that he had seen her twin while he was missing. He explained that he doesn't remember how he got lost, but his first memory is waking up in a cave or dungeon (he used both words to describe it). He says that he saw his grandma with him in the dark room. He stated that there was a ladder up the sidewall that led to a bright light. The woman spoke to him in a very nice and polite way. He stated that she was interested in his tummy. He explained that he thought that he was talking with his grandma the entire time until he saw sparks come from her head. He then started to believe she was a robot. He says he saw guns and purses that had lots of dust on them on the walls of the cave and also saw other robots in the cave that never moved.

John explained that near the end of the time with the lady, she placed a piece of sticky paper on the ground and told him that she wanted him to poop on the paper. He said that he didn't have to. It was sometime after this point that she took him from the room and placed him under the bush and told him to stay there. He never explained how he got from the room but does remember being found.

In conversations with John's family, his story has stayed consistent, and he has continually stated that he was never afraid.

I had an opportunity to question the grandmother. She is very sharp and aware of her surroundings. She explained that she had actually been at the exact spot where John disappeared. She was there several months prior to the boy disappearing. She stated that she and a companion spent the night on the banks of the creek, and her partner slept in their truck. She said that she awoke in the morning with a stinging pain in the base of her neck. Her partner looked and found a small red dot, nothing else. The woman doesn't know if this is related to John's disappearance but wanted to explain that it's coincidental that she was at the exact location months earlier.

Summary

I'm not one to question the honesty of people when it comes to sensitive information such as this. I was able to confirm that John was lost and reported missing along the banks of the creek, and there was a five-hour search that resulted in him being found. The fact that the boy talked about the incident to a trusted relative isn't surprising. When children are in comfortable surroundings with people that are trusted, they say things that they would not normally state to strangers.

If other parents have heard stories from their lost children, I'd like to hear from them. I have heard that John is healthy and happy and maturing rapidly.

Patrick Amen
Missing 6/15/12–PM, Manton, CA
Age at Disappearance: 40 years

On June 15, 2012, Patrick Amen was hiking with friends Damon Baker and Danny Finch in the foothills looking for arrowheads just below Mount Lassen National Park at approximately the 3,200-foot elevation. The area has thick vegetation with some large trees. It was late in the afternoon when the trio of hikers separated, and Patrick went off on his own. The group agreed to meet back at their cars. Patrick never arrived back at their vehicles, and the Forest Service was called.

The Tehama County Sheriff's department was the lead search organization. Deputies combed the area where Patrick was lost Friday night, Saturday, and Sunday. The *Redding Record Searchlight* ran an article on June 18 that stated the following: "Searchers found no evidence of violence, but the lack of evidence has cast suspicions on the circumstances of Amen's disappearance." There are scattered homes in the area with paved roads that crisscross the region. Deputies used a variety of resources that included the California Highway Patrol's helicopters, canines, and volunteers, and they failed to find anything but a few footprints.

On June 23, 2012, Amen's family hired a private helicopter (Air Shasta) to fly the area where Patrick disappeared. During the flight, the pilot saw a location with bird activity and sent ground searchers into the region. Patrick Amen was found. His body was located

in heavy brush in an area two hundred yards from the roadway off Ponderosa Way and Forward Road. Deputies stated that there were no obvious indications of violence to the body. A June 26 article in the *Corning Observer* had this: "'It looks like he crawled into the area where his body was found,' Greer said. 'It is hard for me to believe if he was conscious when the search was being conducted that he wouldn't have called out for help.'" In the same article was this: "'A complete and thorough search was conducted,' Greer said. 'Why we weren't able to find him remains a mystery.'" Lieutenant David Greer was the on-scene commander for the Tehama County Sheriff's office in the search for Patrick.

Patrick was found just one hundred yards from the area where he was last seen. The *Redding Searchlight* on June 25 ran a story explaining how Patrick was found and the facts surrounding his discovery: "We walked by him a hundred times." How searchers missed Patrick is the real story. Deputies confirmed that he had a wallet filled with cash, and he didn't appear injured. Later in the same June 25 article was this: "Daugherty, disappointed by the tragic end to the search, was at a loss to explain why search teams didn't find Amen sooner."

Summary

Dozens of searchers walked by Patrick's body during several days of informal and formal searches. The California Highway Patrol (CHP) helicopter did not see his body one hundred yards from where he was last seen, and the CHP FLIR unit also didn't see it. Canine teams came into the search area and apparently also walked by the body and didn't react.

Eight days after Patrick disappears, he is found when birds were probably feeding on the decomposing body. He is found under circumstances that mimic many disappearances identified in my books. He is also found in very close proximity to the only six small bodies of water anywhere in the region—coincidence?

Searchers stated that it almost appeared that Patrick could have crawled into the thicket, and most were surprised he never called out to searchers who were calling his name.

Patrick disappeared in an area that is now evolving into its own cluster. This is just east of Redding and just west of Lassen National Park.

As of the date of publication, there has been no indication from the coroner on the cause of death.

California–Southern

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Anna Maria Woodruff	04/17/53–6 p.m.•3•F•Phelan, CA
Kenneth Edwards	04/04/64–2 p.m.•2•M•Rosamond, CA
James Beveridge	02/07/81–Unk•9•Mount Palomar, CA

Anna Maria Woodruff
Missing 4/17/53–6 p.m., Phelan, CA
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Phelan, California, is approximately ten miles southeast of Victorville and just one mile east of the Angeles National Forest, located in a series of large mountains. Phelan has a series of small- to medium-size ranches and farms. In 1953, the region was sparsely populated. The desert in the lower elevations is very flat with little vegetation.

On April 17, 1953, Anna Woodruff was staying with her grandparents at their ranch seven miles east of Phelan. Anna's parents were on a vacation to Utah, and Anna was spending special time with grandma and grandpa. At approximately 6 p.m., the grandmother, Mrs. O. B. Woodruff, looked in the yard and could not locate Anna. She got neighbors to assist in the search and soon called the sheriff. Within hours there were several hundred people searching the area around the Woodruff Ranch for Anna.

A local Air Force base placed five airplanes and helicopters into the sky to look for Anna. The topography in the area of the search is absolutely flat, with few buildings. Anna was last seen wearing overalls and a light jacket, and temperatures got into the low forties the night she was missing. Anna was not responding to calls of her name, and this was a concern to searchers.

The search for Anna went nonstop through the night with hundreds of ground searchers covering the area of the ranch and the surrounding region.

On April 18 at approximately 10 a.m., Air Force Third-Class Airmen Richard Jaquez and Harold Frazier made a fascinating find as is explained in the April 19, 1953, edition of the *Ogden Standard*: "Two airmen found the toddler, Anna Maria Woodruff, in a clearing about six miles from her grandparents' ranch home." The find by the airmen shocked searchers but everyone was pleasantly surprised. Anna was taken to a local hospital and was reported to be in fair condition. There were never any reports of her condition except to say she had suffered bruises and cuts on her body and legs.

Summary

Anna's disappearance is in this book because of a few key points indicated in the story. Anna was three years old and found six miles from her grandparents' home, a distance far outside the bounds of any search manual's recommendations for looking for a toddler that age. The other troubling aspect is the topography of the area in which she was lost: flat desert. This isn't an area with many tall trees and shrubs; it is very flat with few large bushes. There are roads that crisscross the desert in this area, but in 1953, there were relatively few residences.

Approximately ten miles west of the grandparents' ranch is the Angeles National Forest and an area known well by searchers: Devil's Punchbowl. Many people have vanished in this area of the forest, and I find it ironic that Anna disappeared in an area so close to the mountains, yet a very flat region.

Kenneth Dale Edwards
Missing 04/04/64–2 p.m., Rosamond, CA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

When I first read of this event, my initial reaction was to ignore it as it didn't appear relevant to the study. As I continued to read about how the search progressed and what was found, I was stunned.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Edwards traveled with their young son, Kenneth, and his two sisters to an area eighteen miles west of Rosamond in a region just five miles north of the Angeles National Forest and five miles south of another mountain range. The valley is a desert that comes to a "V" just miles west of the family's location. The area has abandoned mines and low, small rolling hills with scrub brush. This valley gets extremely hot during the summer, but in April it can get very cold.

Just after lunch, the family took a hike through the area. The Edwardses were near the only water source for dozens of miles in any direction, the Los Angeles Aqueduct near the West Antelope Station. Somehow and unexplained in articles, Kenneth disappeared. Some articles stated that two-year-old Kenneth was chasing a rabbit, but it didn't explain why Mr. or Mrs. Edwards couldn't keep up with a two-year-old child. After Kenneth wandered off (about 2 p.m.), the family searched for the boy and eventually left to call for assistance.

The Kern County sheriff immediately called for additional assistance from the National Guard, other deputies from surrounding jurisdictions, highway patrol, and volunteers. In total, over six hundred searchers were in the desert looking for the boy. Several teams of Bloodhounds responded and couldn't find the boy's scent. The sheriff also sent out helicopters, four-wheel-drive vehicles, airplanes, and equestrians. Newspapers stated that this was the largest search in the history of Kern County.

The sheriff stated that they were combing a two-mile radius, which was later expanded to five miles. The thought that six hundred professional searchers were combing a relatively flat environment without large trees and not finding the boy didn't sound realistic. There was one lead that developed on Monday. Searchers found Kenneth's jacket and hooded sweatshirt that he was wearing. The clothing was found approximately one mile from his campsite. Indian trackers were brought to this location and attempted to track the boy in the loose dirt, wind, and dry environment. The Native Americans were not successful.

Kenneth disappeared at 2 p.m. on a Sunday. At 8:50 a.m. on Tuesday the boy's body was found. An April 8, 1964, article in the *Schenectady Gazette* had the following article describing what

searchers found: "Sheriff officers stated that Kenneth Edwards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Edwards, must have wandered around for seven miles after he disappeared chasing a rabbit Sunday afternoon. Yesterday they found his jacket and sweatshirt about two miles east of the family's campsite, but the cliff the boy climbed at the end of his trek is two miles west of the campsite." Yes, you read that correctly. His clothing is found on one side of the valley in conjunction to his campsite, and he is found in the opposite direction up a cliff!

Kenneth was found lying on a ridge at the top of a cliff. Coroners stated that Kenneth died of exposure within fourteen hours after he disappeared. An April 8, 1964, article in the *Bakersfield Californian* explained the scenario where Kenneth's body was found: "The body was discovered on the side of a brush-studded slope about 1000 yards from where the sheriff's department had relocated its base camp during search operations Monday night." Later in the same article was this: "The tot was lying face down in a nap-like sprawl near the top of a sand and rock covered slope."

Summary

If we are to believe the coroner and search experts, two-year-old Kenneth Edwards disappeared from his parents' presence chasing a rabbit and got away so quickly that his parents lost him around 2:30 p.m. Kenneth then walked seven miles, removed his coat and his sweatshirt during the twenty-degree (per articles) desert night. He placed his clothing on one side of his parents' campsite and then circled to the other side. Kenneth then climbed a cliff and died one thousand yards from the sheriff's substation. Six hundred searchers, planes, National Guardsmen, and a huge contingent of professional searchers couldn't find the boy until Tuesday morning. The search headquarters would've looked like a movie set with lights, searchers and equipment. Kenneth could not have missed the location during his circular walk.

Readers who remember the chapter in *Missing 411-Western United States* will find this area of California familiar as there have been other disappearances within twenty miles of where Kenneth vanished—disappearances that have many of the elements that are found in Kenneth's case.

The reflection on the facts of this event in no way imply that Mr. and Mrs. Edwards did anything improper; they are only meant to explain the swiftness and stealthy manner with which Kenneth vanished and then circled the campsite without responding to searchers' calls for assistance.

James "Jim" Beveridge
Missing 2/07/81–Unk, Mount Palomar, CA
Age at Disappearance: 9 years

Mount Palomar is part of Mount Palomar State Park just southeast of Temecula, California. The mountain became famous in 1949 for housing a 200-inch telescope, the world's largest until 1992. This region is just south of the Los Angeles basin and north of San Diego. This is a rugged area with the summit of Palomar being 6,140 feet. Water is usually hard to find in this area of southern California, but on the southern base of Mount Palomar are several small lakes and ponds. There are a series of small Native American colonies and villages surrounding the area around the base of the mountain.

On February 7, 1981, Jim Beveridge (age nine) was hiking a trail on the side of Mount Palomar with his brothers, Rob (age seventeen) and Jeff (age seven). Jim was at the back of the group and somehow disappeared. The brothers looked for Jim and couldn't find him. The boys went back to their car and notified their parents that Jim had vanished. It was at this point that the Beveridges called for assistance.

The weather at the time of Jim's disappearance was cool but not horrible. He was last seen wearing a down coat, tennis shoes, and long pants. Hours after Jim vanished, the skies over Mount Palomar literally opened up and started to pour heavy rain. Searchers converged on the mountain and spent two days struggling to survive and search through cold temperatures and extreme rain.

Jim disappeared on a Sunday. On Tuesday the *Ironwood Daily Globe* ran an article about the search: "Searchers braving heavy rains Monday discovered some tracks left by James Beveridge but by nightfall the child had not been found. The mountain, 100 miles

southeast of Los Angeles, got 3½ inches of rain." The closest town to Mount Palomar is Temecula, and according to www.weathrcurrents.com, the average annual rainfall for the city is 13.79 inches—meaning, that in just twenty-four hours, Mount Palomar got 25 percent of its annual rainfall, quite a horrible coincidence.

On Tuesday, searchers found Jim's down coat and one of his tennis shoes in an area that was higher than where he was last seen and near the summit, three miles from the family's car. The search contingent for Jim included United States Forest Service officers, sheriff's deputies, canines, equestrians, and helicopters, all covering the area of the mountain. It was only after two days of torrential rains that aircraft were allowed near the mountain.

On Wednesday, an individual that was not part of the official search contingent made a grim discovery as is described in a February 12, 1981, article in *The Telegraph*: "A hiker who was not part of the official search team found Jim Beveridge's body Wednesday afternoon on a steep hillside—described as being almost straight up and down—that was covered with thick brush. The boy was only clad in a T-shirt, pants and socks and apparently died of exposure." Two hundred professional searchers, aircraft, and their support crews could not find Jim; a hiker not officially part of the search team found the boy.

Summary

There were other oddities associated with the search for Jim. His godfather, a retired police officer, also disappeared looking for the boy. After five days, he was found barely alive, wet, and hungry.

You will notice under the description of how Jim was dressed when he was found, he didn't have shoes, quite unusual. The boy was found on a near-vertical slope in an elevation higher than where he disappeared, and he was near the summit. He was missing clothing, even though he had vanished in horrific weather. The coroner stated that he died of exposure.

In *Missing 411-Western United States* I wrote about the disappearance of seven-year-old Jill Hatch from Camp Scheideck near Santa Barbara, California. Jill went missing near a creek where her dad was fishing. She was eventually found under extremely similar

conditions as Jim—up a very steep mountain, in horrific weather, not wearing needed clothing, and losing her life to exposure.

Jim and Jill had to know that safety wasn't at the summit of the mountain, but at the base of the mountain, where their parents were located. How did both of these young people inexplicably lose their lives on the steep slopes of a Southern California mountain?

California–Central Coast

Name	Date/Time Missing • Age • Sex • Location
Edith Irene Wolfskill	07/14/59–Unk•57•F•Fairfield, CA
Douglas John May	07/16/09–5:30 p.m.•55•M•Woodside, CA

Edith Irene Wolfskill
Missing 7/14/59–Unk, Fairfield, CA
Age at Disappearance: 57 years

Edith, Matthew, and Ney Wolfskill were the siblings of John Wolfskill from Escondido. John Wolfskill was a wealthy landowner and former California state senator. When he died, he had a net worth of 1.6 million dollars, a sizeable sum for 1913. Edith Wolfskill, his daughter, somehow received over $800,000 of her father's inheritance, and this did cause friction with her brothers.

Edith lived in a rural ranch in the mountains near Fairfield, California, with her brother Matthew and their housekeeper. The ranch was located near what is now Lake Berryessa and eighteen miles from Putah Creek. It was claimed in the community that Edith was mentally unstable. A July 22, 1959, article in the *Berkeley Daily Gazette* had the following information: "Edith Irene Wolfskill, insane self-styled Empress of the World, was still missing today." This statement in the newspaper clearly indicated that even Ms. Wolfskill made outrageous claims about herself.

Ms. Wolfskill was last seen in the afternoon hours of July 14 when she told her housekeeper that she was going to go for a walk at her rural Solano County ranch. She never returned. In the same *Berkeley Daily Gazette* article was the following about her disappearance: "It was rumored that Sheriff Thornton, who had

steadfastly maintained that the woman was kidnapped, would go to Los Angeles to quiz a former nurse." The contact with the nurse was made after a comprehensive ten-day search for Edith didn't find anything. The sheriff had a series of police dogs search the ranch for a viable scent, but they also couldn't find her.

This case had all sorts of intrigue. There were articles that stated that Edith's brothers were fighting over her estate and arguing about who would manage the money. There were other rumors that she committed suicide, and still others that an angry ex-employee had killed her while she was on her walk. Since Edith was a prominent and wealthy community figure, this case brought lots of press and a committed effort by law enforcement to solve the case. The family posted a $5,000 reward through a Los Angeles bank for the return of Edith, alive or dead.

Nearly three months after Edith vanished, eighteen-year-old Donald Glashoff, a son of a local rancher, was traveling down a remote dry creek bed in Wooden Valley and found a body approximately one and a half miles from the Wolfskill residence. The female body was dressed in men's overalls and laying facedown with the legs dangling over a slight hill. Donald contacted his father, who called the sheriff, who then identified the body as Edith Wolfskill.

A September 20 article in the *Woodland Democrat* had the following information about the finding of Edith's body: "The dry creek in which the body was found, said C. S. Perry, deputy sheriff today, was thoroughly searched at least fifty times. It was never the same posse that did the search, either. It is puzzling to Sheriff Jack Thornton and myself how the body could have been there throughout the intensive search without someone stumbling onto it. Instead of solving the disappearance of July 14, the discovery deepens the mystery. For there were indications that she had been murdered." Articles all clarified that Edith's clothes had been changed from the time she had last been seen at her ranch. It was clear that the men's overalls that Edith was wearing were not hers. The sheriff searched the area around the body and found a pair of low-heeled shoes that she had been wearing at the time she vanished. The shoes were found in a small creek/hollow one hundred yards from the body.

Edith's body was sent to the coroner's office for an autopsy. It was the opinion of pathologists that Edith had been alive for one week after she vanished. *The Meriden Daily Journal* had information about the cause of death: "Dr. Berger and Moody performed an autopsy yesterday and both admitted they found no sign that death had come by violence." The doctors' finding is highly unusual since the sheriff had stated that he felt there were signs of a homicide.

After Edith was found, Sheriff John R. Thornton came forward, stating that he had a report from rancher Charles Stewart that in the vicinity of where the body was found, "he saw a woman picking blackberries in the underbrush two weeks after the heiress vanished from her ranch. When he ran to the spot, he said she had vanished" (*Meriden Daily Journal*, September 23, 1929).

Summary

The case of the disappearance of Edith Wolfskill was technically never solved. Nobody ever determined where Edith went after she vanished, or how she was able to evade hundreds of searchers and canines that combed the area of her ranch and surrounding land. The idea that searchers looked over the creek where she was found and searched it over fifty times is an impressive statement. It makes zero sense that searchers missed the body after going over the area that many times with different teams.

Why Edith would have changed her clothes and draped herself in men's overalls is another great question. It's obvious from newspaper articles and statements from locals that Edith suffered a disability; she was mentally unstable. There was one witness who claimed he saw a woman that matched Edith's description picking blackberries in an area where Edith was eventually found. If that was Edith picking berries, where was she living during the time she was missing?

Edith's shoes were found one hundred yards down the creek from where she was eventually found; how did they get there? Where were the clothes she was wearing when she initially disappeared?

The last and most perplexing question: what killed Edith Wolfskill?

Douglas John May
Missing 7/16/09–5:30 p.m., Skeggs Point, Woodside, CA
Age at Disappearance: 55 years

Douglas lived with his mom and dad in San Carlos. He would regularly make the twenty-minute ride to the ridgeline that divided the San Francisco Bay Area and the Pacific Ocean and eventually led to Half Moon Bay. He did this for over fifteen years. He would drive south on Highway 35 and quickly leave the masses of humanity behind and be in a very different environment of big trees, cool weather, and sometimes heavy fog. Douglas would make a left turn and park his vehicle in the turnout facing east and the southern edge of the water source for the City and County of San Francisco, Upper Crystal Springs Reservoir. There are three different open-space areas in this remote area. What a majority of the public does not realize is that one of the most remote and wild areas in all of California sat just below Douglas's perch, the San Francisco State Fish and Game Refuge. The refuge completely engulfs Crystal Springs Reservoir, which prohibits any public access except for the very rare guided walk. The reservoir has giant trout, and the hills surrounding the water contain significant wildlife, land never walked in recent times by members of the public.

Douglas left his home at 5:30 p.m. on July 16, 2009, and made the journey to the open-space parking lot. He parked his car where he had hundreds of times before. Park rangers specifically told reporters at the time that Douglas had been here many times. He usually stayed in his car and read books and rarely left for a short walk. Apparently he walked on July 16. Douglas never came home the night of July 16, and his parents called law enforcement. A San Mateo County sheriff's deputy patrolling Highway 35 found his car parked exactly where his parents thought it would be. The deputy searched the grounds surrounding the parking lot and found nothing unusual.

On July 17 in the early-morning hours, sheriff's deputies, open-space rangers, and search and rescue personnel combed the surrounding hillsides for evidence of Douglas's whereabouts. Bloodhounds came to the area, and a scent trail could not be found. Equestrians, hikers, and the California Highway Patrol helicopter searched the open regions looking for Douglas and had no luck. After nearly a week of intensive search efforts, the sheriff's office terminated the effort to find Douglas May.

On December 27, 2009, an individual was in a creek in an extremely rugged and wild section of the El Corte De Madera Creek Open Space District west of Skyline Boulevard near Woodside and Portola Valley when they found what appeared to be human remains. The specific location was down an almost vertical hillside off of Star Hill Road west of the open-space park. When deputies finally arrived, it was dark, and they determined it was much too dangerous to attempt retrieval at that time.

On December 28, a specifically equipped cliff rescue team rappelled into the valley and found bones and clothing. Some of the remains were inside a pair of pants along with Douglas's wallet. All of the remains were sent to the San Mateo County coroner for analysis.

On January 26, 2010, the *Contra Costa Times* ran an article describing the findings of the coroner in the May case: "Authorities have confirmed that human bones found in a remote nature preserve belong to a missing San Carlos hiker, but they are unsure how

the man died, an official said Monday." San Mateo County Coroner Robert Foucrault conducted DNA tests on the remains and determined it was Douglas. Immediately after the bones were found, the San Mateo County sheriff's department found the location and circumstances so suspicious that it opened a criminal investigation. Later in the same cited *Contra Costa Times* article, there is further clarity on the cause of death: "The cause of May's death remains a mystery, Foucrault said. Authorities said previously they thought May, an experienced hiker, could have slipped and fallen into one of the steep ravines in the preserve. But coroner's office officials have not been able to determine how the man died and have classified it 'undetermined,' he added."

Summary

The location of Douglas's death is important. He was found just six miles southeast of Half Moon Bay and just fifteen miles south of San Francisco. Douglas was just three miles from San Francisco's Game Refuge.

I have been in this area several times. It is hard to believe how rugged and wild this area is while still being so close to a population zone. The times I've been in this park I never saw anyone. For a person to get down into one of the valleys, either an extremely long walk from another part of the park or a rappel down into the gorge was required. The coroner essentially stated that Douglas didn't die from falling (no broken bones or fractured skull), but he couldn't determine how the man met his demise.

On December 29, 2009, the *Half Moon Bay Review* had a story that described what rescuers found at Douglas's remains: "The skeleton had been picked clean and no other identifiable items besides clothes." Well, we know from another article they found his wallet, but what ate his remains? This area does not have bears, and rarely does a mountain lion wander through, but the coroner never made a public statement about animals eating Douglas.

There is something very creepy and unusual about this area. I never felt completely safe when I was hiking there.

California–Central Sierra

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Larry Lewis	06/09/40–10 a.m.•5•M•S. Fork Mokelumne River
Clarence Murphy Jr.	07/14/41–AM•4•M•Camp Sacramento, CA
Roger Shaddinger	05/27/51–Noon•9•M•Truckee, CA
James Dwyer Bordenkircher	06/12/65–PM•2•M•Kings Beach, CA

Larry Lewis
Missing 06/09/40–10 a.m., South Fork Mokelumne River, Calaveras County, CA
Age at Disappearance: 5 years

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lewis had traveled from their home in Lodi, California, to take their four children to the Sherman Campground in Calaveras County, California. The family had planned a trout fishing trip to the South Fork of the Mokelumne River.

On June 9, 1940, in the early morning hours, the Lewises traveled to the river, and Mr. Lewis took the kids fishing upstream. After a short time, he told the children to walk downstream to their camp, and he would meet them there. Mr. Lewis walked downriver back to his family's camp and found only three kids—Larry was missing. A search was made of the surrounding campground and river area, and Larry could not be located. The United States Forest Service and the Calaveras County Sheriff's office were notified and started a search.

By early afternoon on June 9, there were over one hundred searchers looking for Larry Lewis. Sheriff Joe Zwinge managed the search for Larry and found nothing of the young boy by the end of the first night of searching. Starting the following morning, the sheriff put more searchers on the line and worked thru the day, utilizing help from almost every community in the area. At 4 p.m. on June 10, searchers made a startling discovery. A June 11 article in the *Lodi News Sentinel* explained what Calaveras County searchers found: "According to Sheriff Joe Zwinge, who reported the finding of the child, the boy had climbed up a mountain from the riverbed

for about 11,000 feet and had traveled approximately three miles in his wanderings. The place where he was found was about three-fourths of a mile from a camp situated on the South Fork of the Mokelumne River near a bridge. It was near the highway, which runs from Railroad Flat to Westpoint. The boy had crawled in the thicket to sleep, the sheriff said. He was carried out by Kerns and restored to his family."

Summary

The distance that Larry traveled is truly unbelievable. Eleven thousand feet is almost two miles of walking uphill. The idea that Larry had to travel uphill for a phenomenal distance is understandable once you look at the river in this area; many of the riverbanks are almost straight up and down.

One last item that needs to be addressed is the location and condition that Larry was found in. He was found sleeping in a thicket, a condition and location that continues to replicate itself time after time in the missing-persons cases that we present. I will never believe that small children will purposely cause injury to themselves by entering a thicket. The act of entering the thicket means that kids are getting scratched—it does not make sense.

Clarence Murphy Jr.
Missing 07/14/41–AM, Camp Sacramento, CA
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

The disappearance of Clarence Murphy Jr. ranks in the top twenty of the most unusual cases I have ever investigated. The incident occurred in an area I know well as it's along Highway 50, a highway I've traveled hundreds of times.

Clarence Murphy Jr. was the older son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Murphy of Sacramento. The Murphys made the eighty-six mile drive east along Highway 50, one of two major California highways that cut through the central Sierras. The Murphys were headed for Camp Sacramento, a recreational area owned and

managed by the City of Sacramento's park and recreation department, which featured cabins, dining halls, play areas, hiking trails, campfire pits, and volleyball courts. The camp was established in 1920 and sits idyllically along the southern banks of the south fork of the American River. The camp is just east of Twin Bridges, which is just east of Strawberry. The camp sits just south of the Desolation Wilderness Area and a region with miles and miles of exposed granite and hundreds of small lakes and creeks at an elevation of 6,100 feet.

The Murphys arrived at the camp on Sunday, July 13. On Monday morning, Clarence and his mother, Carrie, went to the playground, and Clarence was playing in the sand. Carrie had to do the family's laundry. She gave Clarence directions to stay in the sand, and she'd be back in just a few minutes. Carrie arrived back at the sand pit and couldn't find Clarence. Mrs. Murphy immediately asked for camp assistance, and within a short period of time, the entire counseling staff was looking for the four-year-old. After an intensive hour-long search, the El Dorado County sheriff was called to assist. By mid-afternoon on July 14, the El Dorado sheriff had summoned further assistance from the California Highway Patrol and the United States Forest Service. It wasn't long before a massive call-up for assistance was made. Then the clouds opened up, and a major storm hit the Camp Sacramento area. Rain poured for several hours in the Echo Summit; Strawberry, and Twin Bridges areas. The water in the surrounding creeks and rivers rose, and the temperature was dropping.

Searchers continued nonstop for three days without finding a clue of Clarence's whereabouts. There were reports that a woman saw a young boy standing on Highway 50, but this was never confirmed. Bloodhounds tracked Clarence's scent to the banks of the American River and to an adjacent roadway; neither led to anything. There was a small pond on the camp's property that was searched no less than five times, nothing found. The concern for Clarence was clearly expressed in a July 17 article in the *Oakland Tribune*: "Elmer Congdon, Sacramento recreation superintendent, expressed belief the child is still alive and had been picked up by motorists or been kidnapped. His theory was supported by the

boy's father and by deputy sheriff Bodie Martin of El Dorado County." Searchers had no leads and were basing their beliefs on hope. Also on July 17, searchers stated that they had "combed the rugged country for miles around the camp" (*Nevada State Journal*, July 17, 1941.) This last statement by searchers is interesting in that they were looking in all areas. The region behind the camp to the south is very rugged and gets remote quickly. There are no roads behind the camp for many miles, just open and wild forest.

The search for Clarence continued formally for two weeks and informally for two more. The disappearance was the first major incident in the twenty-one-year history of Camp Sacramento.

There were no leads in the disappearance of Clarence Murphy Jr. for thirteen months. On September 22, 1942, deer hunter Clarence Larson had just killed his first deer of the season and was riding on his horse carrying his buck when he saw a small white shoe on the ground. Larson knew of the Murphy disappearance. He dismounted, picked up the shoe, and contacted the El Dorado County sheriff. On Thursday, September 24, a team of sheriff's deputies, Clarence's father, and California Highway Patrol set off on foot into the rugged area behind Camp Sacramento. Larson led the group to an area two miles south and two thousand feet up in elevation. He took them to an area he felt the shoe was found where the group spread out and started to search. The team eventually found a location away from the shoe where they located small, scattered bone fragments and very small remnants of clothing: it was the remains of Clarence Murphy. An October 1, 1942, article in the *Mountain Democrat* described the find: "The area is described by Undersheriff Enell Gray as fairly rough country and the ridge in which the little skeleton was found ends at Lovers Leap near Strawberry." The article states that the boy died of exposure and exhaustion. Later in the same article, it states, "The conclusion is based on the reports of the posse which found the remains of the child as described being on top of a ridge a mile south and two thousand feet higher than Sacramento's municipal camp." A September 24, 1942, article in the *Oakland Tribune* states this about Clarence's shoe: "The shoe, found two miles south of

the camp by a deer hunter, was not definitely identified by either of the child's parents." The article later states that the sheriff was sure the shoe belonged to Clarence.

The area where Clarence's body was found is very, very rugged; I guarantee it. If you have the opportunity, go to Google maps, look at "Twin Bridges," and follow the river east to Camp Sacramento. You will see Lovers Leap—a giant piece of granite that reminds me of something you'd see in Yosemite; it is huge. Going south from the leap, you will see a ridgeline that summits at 8,100 feet. The east side of the ridge is nearly vertical unless you travel further south, thus making the walk for Clarence many more miles, an unbelievable feat for the four-year-old. I have been in this area, and it is rough with many miles of exposed granite, making for treacherous hiking with dangerous drop-offs. Mr. Larson was smart to bring a horse, as that would be the only way I'd make the climb that quickly in that elevation.

Summary

The cause of Clarence's death is a mere guess. The bones were described as "fragments" with small remnants of clothing. There was no positive way to determine the cause of death. This case closely resembles the disappearance of David Allen Scott on July 17, 1953, in Mono Village just outside the eastern edge of Yosemite National Park. Two-year-old David disappeared from his family's camping site and was eventually found three thousand feet up an extremely steep mountain, dead (see *Missing 411-Western United States.*)

I wish I could interview one of the searchers who found Clarence. It doesn't take the smartest investigator to realize that a four-year-old boy doesn't voluntarily make the journey Clarence Murphy made, if he even could have made it. Remember, searchers had earlier made a statement just after Clarence vanished that they had searched the mountain area in the range where a boy that age could've reached—here is their exact statement from the *Mountain Democrat* of July 17, 1941: "Since Monday the hillsides in the vicinity have been searched for such distance from the camp as it might

be expected a child of his age would wander and on Tuesday there was a search of the river."

Searchers and law enforcement officials had publicly stated that they had concerns that Clarence was kidnapped. Could their hunch have been correct? Why would a young boy leave the fun of a sandbox and start walking straight uphill for many miles, and continue walking for many miles while the weather was horrible? The distance that Clarence traveled indicated that if he had hiked the distance, he must've continued through the storm and walked for at least two to three days.

This is another example of canines tracking the boys scent to water (river) and the boy had walked in the exact opposite direction.

Roger Shaddinger
Missing 5/27/51–Noon, Truckee, CA
Age at disappearance: 9 years

Truckee is approximately nine miles northeast of Lake Tahoe and is famous for being the town adjacent to where the Donner Party spent its horrific winter from 1847 to 1848. The town of Truckee has an elevation of 5,817 feet, but as you move west and out of the city, the elevation quickly rises. In 2010, the population in Truckee was 19,151, with many more people in the surrounding mountains. The area is a year-round outdoor sports mecca. Snow skiing is a very popular winter sport with Squaw Valley and Alpine Meadows in close proximity, while the summer offers excellent trout fishing in the surrounding creeks, and people can float the Truckee River on tubes.

On May 27, 1951, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shaddinger and their son Roger had traveled to Truckee from their residence just outside San Diego for a holiday of fishing and enjoying the Sierras. At approximately noon, Harry and Roger were fishing the small and easily accessible Adler Creek just on the northwestern edge of Truckee. The location they were fishing has an elevation of 6,600 feet and sits just on the edge of a vast wilderness to their northwest. The region they were fishing had a large meadow and several tall and

large pine and Douglas fir trees. Harry soon realized that he hadn't seen Roger and started calling his name and searching for him.

Adler Creek is a small, long creek that slowly meanders toward Truckee as it travels downstream. Just as Harry was realizing he couldn't find his boy, he started to call for assistance. Placer County sheriffs and Truckee police responded to assist in looking for Roger.

Hundreds of community members, deputies, police officers, and firefighters were all looking for the boy. They had searched the area where the Shaddingers were fishing and were positive that Roger was nowhere in the area. The continued yells and screams for the boy didn't produce any results.

Twenty-eight hours after Roger disappeared and one thousand feet higher in elevation, a special Indian tracker had been brought in by the sheriff. Archie Hicks from Stillwater, Nevada, was hot on the heels of Roger. Archie was in an area where search criteria indicated that Roger probably would not be, higher in elevation and five miles from the point he was last seen. Archie found Roger alive and in a bush at an elevation of 7,600 feet, one thousand feet higher in elevation than where he was last seen.

Hicks had a short conversation with Roger and asked him why he was in that location. A May 29, 1951, article in the *Nevada State Journal* had the following statement: "He told them he had been hiding from 'The People.'" On the same day there was an article in the *San Mateo Times* where Roger had stated "he thought they meant to do him harm." It was never made clear who "the people" he was hiding from were. Some articles made the implication Roger was hiding from searchers, but that made zero sense. Just as a side note, Roger was found barefoot.

Summary

Roger was found just nine miles east of the location where Dana Cooper (thirteen years old and disabled) disappeared in August 1971. Dana's story was in *Missing 411-Western United States.* Roger's location was also just nine miles from where two-year-old James Bordenkircher disappeared on the north shore of Lake Tahoe in June 1965. He was never found. The region just west of where

Roger was found has hundreds of small lakes, very similar to the area where Dana vanished.

I've heard stories of small boys stating they were hiding from people who were following them. There is never clarity in the newspaper articles about what the boys were hiding from, possibly purposefully.

James "Jamie" Dwyer Bordenkircher
Missing 6/12/65, Beaver St., Kings Beach, CA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Kings Beach, California, sits at the far northern end of Lake Tahoe just one mile west of the Nevada border. The Bordenkircher residence was located on Beaver Street, one and a half miles from the shore of Lake Tahoe (*Reno Evening Gazette*, June 26, 1965). The area behind the residence (in 1965) was thick forest for fifteen miles north until you reached US Highway 80. The elevation of Lake Tahoe is 6, 224 feet, and the approximate elevation of the Bordenkircher residence was seven thousand feet.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bordenkircher and their five children lived in Yuba City, California, approximately one hundred and forty miles west of Lake Tahoe. The family left their residence and drove east on Highway 80, then took the turn southeast toward Lake Tahoe. They drove partially around the lake until they reached the intersection of Beaver Street and Highway 28, where they made a left turn and started to climb toward their cabin. The family drove uphill and climbed nearly eight hundred feet before turning into the driveway of their cabin. The family was eager to get into the cabin, unload their supplies, and start enjoying the weekend.

According to an interview that was completed with the Bordenkircher family and documented on June 17, 2007, in the *North Lake Tahoe Bonanza*, "After the three boys and one girl piled out of the family car, 2-year-old, blonde haired Jamie Bordenkircher walked to the wooden-seated swing in the front yard. Jamie's brother Mike, 18 at the time, ducked inside the cabin for just a moment. When he came back outside, the swing was empty, still swaying gently in the wind. Jamie Bordenkircher had vanished."

The Bordenkircher family immediately started to search for the two-year-old, knowing he couldn't have wandered far in a matter of seconds. The family yelled for him, ran down hills, up the road, all in a frantic attempt to find the boy. The family searched for one hour before they called the Placer County Sheriff's office. Placer County in turn called the Washoe County sheriff in Nevada just one mile to the east. Both jurisdictions were starting to mount one of the largest searches the Lake Tahoe area has ever seen.

Deputies initially re-searched the area around the Bordenkircher cabin. They questioned Mike about what he had seen and how long he had been in the cabin. He confirmed that the swing was still swinging when he came back outside, indicating that James had not been gone very long. In the following days, the Coast Guard, which patrols Lake Tahoe, was patrolling the banks of the lake in case Jamie had gone into the water. Divers were put into the lake and searched the underwater banks. Three different sets of Bloodhounds were brought to the cabin, and on each occasion they walked downhill and across busy Highway 28 to a beachfront cabin.

Searchers had a tough time believing that Jamie had walked downhill across the highway that quickly without Mike seeing him on the downhill slope. The one and a half mile walk to the lake was long, steep, and not easy to maneuver for someone Jamie's age. The other option was that Jamie walked uphill.

Just to the east of the Bordenkircher property was a ridgeline that essentially was the California-Nevada border, probably less than 1,500 feet from their cabin. The ridgeline led further back into thick and deep wilderness, another option that didn't seem likely at the time.

While the search for Jamie was being conducted, rain hit the North Lake Tahoe basin and interrupted search operations. Over the course of four days, hundreds of searchers combed the area and re-searched areas up to six times. Searchers went far uphill and north into the wilderness, they went downhill toward the lake, and they kept a constant presence in the Kings Beach area.

After the second day of the search, the Federal Bureau of Investigation placed an agent at search headquarters. He told the media that there was no evidence of any foul play, and he was just there to monitor activity. This statement from the FBI will sound extremely familiar to readers of my other books. It almost seems as though the FBI knows that the disappearance fits a profile they are familiar with, and they are there to gather further intelligence about these disappearances.

Searchers were concerned because of what the boy was wearing: blue jeans, blue T-shirt, and red sneakers—not warm clothing for temperatures that dipped down to the thirties at night.

Searchers stayed on scene for five days, until the effort to find Jamie was scaled back. Unofficially, the search for Jamie lasted almost ten days; officially, the search was five days. The effort to find Jamie produced nothing of evidentiary value.

Mrs. Helen Bordenkircher was interviewed in 2007 when she was 81 years old. She stated that the time of the disappearance she felt Jamie might have drowned. As the years have passed and perspective has taken hold, she believes that Jamie didn't drown in the lake, but is alive. She says it's hard to believe that he was able to walk the distance downhill, cross a busy highway, and get to the lake.

Summary

I believe that the important factor in this case was the speed with which Jamie disappeared, nothing that a two-year-old could accomplish on his own. Mike clearly stated that the front yard swing was still swinging when he came back outside, and Jamie was nowhere in sight. I do not believe that a two-year-old boy could manipulate himself out of his brother's view and yelling distance in the time that Mike stated he was in the house.

The family told law enforcement that they didn't see anyone loitering around their cabin when they arrived, and there was no damage to their cabin when they entered. Their cabin was in a fairly isolated area in 1965, and it would be highly, highly doubtful that a pedophile just happened to be waiting around the back of the house when the Bordenkirchers drove up.

If you've read both of my "Missing 411" books and read about children in the Sierras, you realize how many times kids have vanished and are later found far uphill from where they disappeared. Even the story in this chapter about the May 27, 1951, disappearance of Roger Shaddinger and the 1941 disappearance of Clarence Murphy has applicability here. Roger Shaddinger disappeared just north of Lake Tahoe and was eventually found one thousand feet higher in elevation than where he disappeared. That location surprised searchers, because Roger disappeared in a location that had a vastly different landscape than the Frog Lake location where he was found.

In *Missing 411-Western United States*, I told the story of two-year-old David Allen Scott, who disappeared on July 13, 1957, from Mono Village in Bridgeport, California. Searchers scoured the area around his campground and the adjacent lake. It wasn't until searchers climbed an extremely steep mountain adjacent to the camping area and continued to climb over three thousand feet that they found David's body. I truly don't know how David got to that location, but this is an example of the extreme distances children can somehow travel when they vanish. There are many, many more of these stories

I believe that the searchers did absolutely everything they could at the time, and I'm sure they were crushed that Jamie was never

found. The disappearance of Jamie Bordenkircher is another example of how quickly children can disappear.

Yosemite

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Ottorina "Trina" Bonaventura	07/30/07•80•F•Yosemite National Park

Ottorina "Trina" Bonaventura
Missing 07/30/07, Vogelsang High Sierra Camp, Yosemite National Park
Age at Disappearance: 80 years
**Add to Yosemite National Park Missing Cluster
**Information gleaned from reports obtained via FOIA.

Don't let the age fool you. Ottorina "Trina" Bonaventura was a very active woman for eighty years young. She had traveled from her home in Indiana to Yosemite and joined a group that hiked into Vogelsang High Sierra Camp. The camp is a series of very small cabins with wood heaters at the base of a very rocky mountain. The cabins are set among a small outcropping of trees at an elevation of 10,100 feet. The camp sits adjacent to Fletcher Lake and has great views of the entire area of exposed granite. There are dozens of small lakes and ponds in the general region.

On July 30, Trina was with her group of hikers away from the primary camp when she decided to head back to check on food they had left behind. Hikers and campers are always concerned about their food storage at Yosemite because of the proliferation of black bears. When the group returned to the camp, they could not find Trina. A search of the route back and of the general area of the camp could not produce any evidence she was in the area. The National Park Service was contacted and advised of Trina's disappearance.

On July 31, there were one hundred and fifty searchers working a grid pattern near the camp looking for Trina. There were several canine teams that were searching over the following three days; none of the teams found any scent. On August 5 through August 7, weather conditions turned bad for the searchers. Thunderstorms, heavy rain, and wind hammered the area of Vogelsang Camp and hindered all search attempts. In documents I reviewed for the story via a Freedon of Information Act request, National Park Service representatives stated that they were searching a one-hundred-square-mile area for Trina and were not having any luck of finding anything. They also stated that Trina was an experienced backpacker that sometimes had memory lapses. An August 15 article on the NWITimes.com website stated the following: "The retired computer programmer worked out every morning at Omni 41 Fitness in Schererville (Indiana). This woman was in very good shape and was able to withstand harsh climates."

The formal search for Trina ended in seven days. On August 14, the Associated Press ran an article stating the following: "A Ranger on routine patrol found Bonaventura's body around 5 pm Monday in a vegetated area beside a dry creek bed near Echo Creek. This area was just three miles from Trina's camp by air but unreachable via established trails, said park spokeswoman Adrienne Freeman." The previously mentioned NWITimes.com article also had the following on Trina's body: "Rangers do not suspect homicide, and they did not find any clear evidence of how she died."

Summary

The statement in the Associated Press article about the ranger being on "routine patrol" in a dry creek bed miles from any trail—they are claiming he was on "routine patrol," really? This ranger just happened to be patrolling an area with no people around and happened to stumble onto Trina's body, is that the insinuation? With the small staff that the National Park Service (NPS) claims to have, maybe they should stick a little closer to humanity and known trails. I doubt the story is correct; that ranger was in that area for some reason. The real question is why Trina's body was there. It seems unusual that an article would state that there doesn't "appear" to be a homicide in relation to Trina's body; it doesn't sound too sure. They also seem a bit unsure on how she died. I did an extensive search and cannot find any documents indicating if the coroner released the cause of death. The reports that were forwarded to us did not contain any cause of death. You would think that would be an important concluding fact to include in the reports when you find a body.

A review of relevant issues in this case: canines cannot find a scent, weather turns bad, and rain and thunderstorms hit the area. Searchers can find no evidence of her being in the area. She is found in a creek bed; normal for disappearances we have covered in the "Missing 411" books.

Something the searchers for Trina surely didn't know was that Stacy Arras (14 years) disappeared approximately three miles southwest from where Trina was camped. Stacy was staying at Sunrise High Sierra Camp and vanished on July 17, 1981, twenty-six years and just thirteen days before Trina. Stacy's case was highlighted in *Missing 411-Western United States* and is a file that the National Park Service will not allow us to view. If you drew a straight line between Trina and Stacy's camps, it would cross the Echo Creek drainage and the location where Trina was found—coincidence? The drainage is also the approximate midpoint between both camps.

The National Park service has told the CanAm Project that they do not track missing people, and they do not have lists of missing people. I think it would've been helpful for the searchers looking

for Trina to know that at least one other person had vanished inside the grid area where they were looking. Another interesting question is how many other people have vanished in this same area as Stacy and Trina? Again, the park service will not tell us who, what, where, why, and how many people have vanished in Yosemite. Until the public outcry starts, and we demand accountability from the park service to ensure they are as accountable about people missing inside their system as they are about a roll of toilet paper, this secrecy will continue.

California-Sequoia National Park

Sequoia National Park is a new cluster. Located just south of Yosemite and in the same Sierra Nevada Mountain range, it contains some of the highest mountains in the western United States. Evolution Valley is located inside the park and has a series of names associated with the evolution of life, a very beautiful and pristine region without significant hiking pressure. The park employs a series of outback rangers that live in remote regions of the park during the summer months and monitor these distant areas.

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Andrew Thackerson	08/17/53–AM•5•M•Sequoia National Park
Amy Jackson	08/13/66–PM•18 mos•F•Sequoia National Park
Irene Hofke	07/03/69–1 p.m.•9•F•Sequoia National Park
David Holtz	07/13/71–9 a.m.•9•M•Sequoia National Park

Andrew Thackerson
Missing 8/17/53–AM, Sequoia National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 5 years

On August 17, 1953, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thackerson from Norwalk, California, took their three boys (Talmadge, age nine; Roger, age seven; and Andrew, age five) and their daughter (Mudy, age two) on a three-day camping trip to Sequoia National Park. One of the family's first stops was at one of the oldest living things

in the world, the General Sherman Giant Sequoia, which is two thousand years old. The family parked its vehicle and exited. They were admiring the giant trees when they noticed that as rapidly as they had exited the car, Andrew had vanished. The family quickly searched the parking lot and could not find the boy. Not long after Andrew went missing, authorities were notified.

The parking lot where the Thackersons were parked sits just to the west of an extremely remote region of dozens of old lakes and miles of exposed granite. Sequoia National Park is very famous for being the location of one of the largest searches in the history of the National Park Service: the search for lost ranger Randy Morgenson. Morgenson was a longtime backcountry ranger that disappeared under highly unusual circumstances. The park service pulled out all resources to find him. Randy was eventually found in a very unusual location under extremely odd circumstances. Author Eric Blehm wrote an amazing story about Randy, his life, and the NPS search, *The Last Season*. Rather than recount the peculiarities of Randy's disappearance and how he was found, I'll advise you to pick up Eric's book. The circumstances of where Randy was found are just as unusual as any disappearance I have described in my three "Missing 411" books. The details we found in the park service reports related to Randy's disappearance are baffling.

National Park Officials pulled one hundred men to scour the immediate area where Andrew Thackerson was lost. California Highway Patrol raced to the Thackerson home and retrieved clothing to bring to the scene so Bloodhounds could have scent to track the boy.

According to *Lost Person Behavior* by Robert Koester, a five-year-old boy will be found 95 percent of the time in a distance of five miles or less from the point they were last seen. Almost all children will walk downhill from the point they were lost, but, as you will see in many of these stories, this may not be as common as search manuals state.

Almost twenty-four hours after Andrew disappeared, three teams of Bloodhounds were scattered throughout the region, all supplied with Andrew's scent. Ranger Carl Kromberg was alone and six miles from the parking lot when he came across a horrible

scene. Andrew was lying facedown and motionless on a mountain trail far from all other searchers. Carl picked the boy up and did get some reaction. An August 19, 1953, article in the *Long Beach Press Telegram* had the following statement about the discovery of Andrew: "The boy was found about six miles from where he had disappeared. Rangers said that he apparently had walked some 12-18 miles through the woods." These are very rugged mountains, not hills and not meadows, *mountains.* I don't think most adults could travel twelve to eighteen miles in a twenty-four-hour period, yet we are led to believe that a five-year-old boy who has never been to this location can? I do not believe I could hike eighteen miles in those mountains in twenty-four hours.

Andrew Thackerson was transported to the hospital and found to be in satisfactory condition. He was later released. I could not find any articles or reports that had a statement from Andrew.

Amy Jackson
Missing 08/13/66–PM, Deer Creek Campgrounds, Sequoia National Park
Age at Disappearance: 18 months

Amy Jackson and her parents traveled from their residence in Upland, California, to the Deer Creek campgrounds in Sequoia National Park for a weekend of camping. The family arrived on Saturday, August 13, and quickly established camp. After the family had eaten and relaxed, they entered their tent and went to sleep.

Sometime during the night, little Amy left her parents' tent without being heard and somehow walked into the darkness. Her parents didn't hear her leave the tent, and they had no explanation how she could've done this. The National Park police were called, and they quickly sent out Bloodhounds and aerial support to look for Amy.

I'm sure that the searchers were thinking what I was when I researched this case: how far could an eighteen-month-old really walk in the mountains? At the end of the first day of searching, commanders were so disturbed by not finding any evidence of where the girl was located and the Bloodhounds' inability to pick up a scent,

that the National Park Service didn't call their own special agents, they called the FBI for assistance.

The FBI summoned additional helicopters, ground searchers, equestrians, and volunteers, all looking for the young girl. The search and rescue was occurring approximately twenty-five miles east of Porterville at the 7,000-foot elevation. The Tulare County sheriff had also asked the FBI for assistance as they couldn't find a trace of the girl, and the story the parents continued to tell seemed implausible at the time. (Three years later, almost the same scenario played out again in the same park.)

Imagine almost four hundred searchers scouring the campsite and surrounding area and not finding any trace of an eighteen-month-old girl. Couple the lack of evidence with Bloodhounds scouring the scene and failing to pick up a scent. Law enforcement was perplexed.

On the fourth day of the search, a Kern County special rescue team made a disturbing discovery, as is explained in the August 18, 1966, article in the *Arizona Republic*: "A crack Kern County Special Rescue Team found the 18-month–old girl's body at the base of a large rock uphill from the Deer Creek Campground." The same article also states, "The body of little Amy Jackson was found yesterday about eight-tenths of a mile from where she disappeared four days earlier at a campground in the rugged Sierras north of here."

Now you probably understand why the Kern County sheriff had called the FBI. A little eighteen-month-old girl disappears at night from a tent, searchers and Bloodhounds find nothing and the family states they never heard her leave. The search is probably covering everything downhill, because that's where 90 percent of all children go when they are missing. I don't believe that anyone truly believed a girl as young as Amy would walk uphill that far in a rugged region in the middle of the night at that elevation and with chilly temperatures. The implication of the find was that she might have died from a fall from a boulder, meaning she actually walked even farther, or she died of exposure.

Many of the articles I reviewed stated that the sheriff believed the girl may have been kidnapped, thus the call to the FBI; well, maybe

she really was. Several articles stated that a three-mile radius around the camp had been searched prior to the finding of the body, and nothing suspicious was found, a typical result on many of these cases.

It would be useless to file a Freedom of Information Act request with the FBI regarding this case, since they never release any information on an open case. I believe this incident is highly suspicious, especially coupled with the other cases cited in this chapter.

In my past "Missing 411" books I have repeatedly stated that I believe the FBI has a very large file cabinet with cases that feature unusual circumstances and unusual findings, as in this case. I have related many stories of where the FBI responds and states they are just "monitoring" the case. Many times they claim there is no evidence of abduction; yet local law enforcement believes a kidnapping has happened. FBI agents are masters at documentation and then sending those files for classification. Files regarding the unusual disappearances of missing children do exist.

Irene Hofke
Missing 7/03/69–1 p.m., Dorst Creek Campground, Sequoia National Park
Age at Disappearance: 9 years

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hofke took three of their four children for a Fourth of July camping holiday to the Dorst Creek Campground in Sequoia National Park. The elevation of the site was 6,700 feet, and it was a full campsite. The site sits approximately eighty miles north of Visalia and sixty miles east of Fresno.

The Hofkes pitched their tent and last saw their daughter, Irene, lying inside the tent at 1 p.m. Shortly after looking in on Irene, the Hofkes could not find the girl. Dorst Creek was running adjacent to the camp, and the Hofkes and searchers first centered their attention on the water. After pacing the bank of the creek and confirming there couldn't be a small girl in the water, search officials started to look beyond the populated area.

Nearly one hundred forestry officials, deputies, and Sierra Madre Search and Rescue teams responded and started to

methodically search the area. The first twenty-four hours, rescue teams brought bloodhounds into the region and attempted to pick up a scent; they couldn't find any. On Saturday, July 5, helicopters were flying the area looking for Irene and spotted something on a ridgeline over two miles from the campsite. It was the missing girl. She was found much higher in elevation than where she disappeared and on a ridgeline, an unusual location to be found.

Irene was met by ground rescue workers and escorted down the mountain to a search vehicle. She was found to be dehydrated but alert. She was reunited with her parents and later interviewed by news reporters. On July 7, the *Bakersfield Californian* had the following statement from Irene: "Irene said she felt just fine except when 'I saw this bear coming straight at me, a big fat bear. I started yelling and shaking a tree and he left.'" I find this statement fascinating for a variety of reasons. Irene said "he" when identifying the bear and further stated that she was "shaking a tree." How could a little nine-year-old girl shake a tree—maybe a small bush, but a tree? I also think it's interesting that she said it was big and fat, especially since it was still very early in the summer, and most bears at this time are skinny.

The campground that Irene disappeared is nine miles north from the location where Andrew Thackerson vanished. Both of these kids went missing almost under the eyes of their parents, a shocking reality of the camping stories here.

David Holtz
Missing 7/13/71–9 a.m., Dorst Creek, Sequoia National Park
Age at Disappearance: 9 years
**Disabled

Sequoia National Park sits just south of Yosemite National Park. Sequoia is not visited as much as Yosemite, yet it has some of the most pristine wilderness and gorgeous views of any national park. The eastern side of the park has miles of huge granite peaks, including Mount Whitney, which at 14,505 feet of elevation is the tallest mountain in the contiguous United States. Dorst Creek is near the

Kings Canyon visitor center at the far western side of the park and just three miles from the Giant General Sherman tree.

Lt. Colonel Edward Holtz was the commanding officer of the Los Angeles Armed Forces Examining and Instruction Center when he took his three sons on a short vacation to Sequoia National Park for camping and fishing. The boys went to the Dorst Creek campground to establish their camp and then began fishing the surrounding area.

On July 13, 1971, Edward was with the boys and returning from fishing in Dorst Creek when nine-year-old David got separated from his brother Mike when he stated he'd take another path. The boys made it back to their campsite with their dad, but David never arrived. A search was quickly made with the group yelling for David and searching the region he was last seen; there was no answer.

Newspapers at the time of David's disappearance quoted Edward as stating that his son was "mentally retarded," which added an additional difficult element to the search. The National Park Service, local sheriffs, and armed forces personnel from Hamilton Air Force Base were utilized in the search for the boy.

The formal search for David lasted seven days and found nothing. The eighth day of the search was different: a searcher driving to the Dorst Creek campground found a small tackle box on the side of the road. The tackle box was shown to Edward Holtz, and he identified it as being the one that David was carrying the day he disappeared. The fact the tackle box was found on the side of a road that was driven daily during the search and that it was just one half-mile from the area he disappeared was both encouraging and a concern for searchers. It seemed almost like someone was sending them some kind of subliminal message.

Search parties spent several more days on the mountain looking for David after the toolbox was found. They were a little surprised that the air flights made over the area had failed to see David's bright red and orange shirt he was wearing when he disappeared. After two weeks of formal search procedures, the effort to find David Holtz was terminated. Edward Holtz, however, refused to give up the effort to find his son.

On July 31, eighteen days after David vanished, Edward and a friend were searching an area called Colony Meadows at an elevation of 7,900 feet and 1,200 feet above where David vanished, and they found the boy, dead. There was never any notation of the condition of David's body, but the park service stated he died of exposure and exhaustion, even though an autopsy had not been completed at that time.

Summary

To understand how David got to Colony Meadows from Dorst Creek is the fascinating part of the story. If we are to believe that David's tackle box was found on the road leading to Dorst Creek Campground, then we are to believe that David continued the track further east up the creek and toward the meadow. It would appear that David followed the creek upstream across the road, not following the road the half mile back to the campground or the short distance to the major highway, as neither was the case. David's path led him to an area below Colony Meadows where there was an extremely steep and rock-faced mountainside, then went vertical for seven hundred to nine hundred feet, depending where the path was taken. The meadow is a very lush and green area that is exactly what the name implies: a meadow with large giant Sequoias.

I made an FOIA request from the park service on April 4, 2011, and was advised that the case file had been destroyed. Yes, destroyed. In a technology era where millions of paper documents can be kept for hundreds of years on minimal space, these reports are destroyed.

David Holtz was a boy with disabilities who disappeared by taking a path a short distance apart from other family members. No trace of the boy was discovered for eight days until his tackle box was found on a road. It wasn't for another eleven days that David's body was found 1,200 higher in elevation than where he vanished. David's fishing pole was never found and the specifics about the search for the boy and the condition of his body will never be known, because the report was destroyed.

Hawaii

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Teodoro Sibayan	01/01/72•13•M•Pearl City, HI

Teodoro Sibayan
Missing 1/1/72, Waimano Training Hospital, Pearl City, HI
Age at Disappearance: 13 years
Disabled—Could Not Speak

This is the first incident involving a missing person in Hawaii I have documented. I have always looked for cases that fit the criteria for our research; the disappearance of Teodoro surely does.

The Sibayan family was from Guam and briefly settled into the lifestyle of Honolulu. Their thirteen-year old son, Sibayan, was severely disabled from birth and could not speak or communicate. Teodoro was staying at the Waimano School and Hospital receiving treatment when on January 1, 1972, he vanished. Attendants at the hospital quickly searched the ground and found a pile of the boy's clothes on the property of the hospital's garden.

The hospital sits at the base of a large mountain range which separates Pearl City from the opposite side of the island and Kahaluu; the area is very wild and called the Ewa Forest Reserve. Pearl City is approximately ten miles northeast of Honolulu, and the hospital sits up at the base of the Koolau Mountain Range with peaks reaching 2,400 feet in elevation.

Hawaii law enforcement officials used every available resource to locate Teodoro. The ROTC unit at the University of Hawaii was utilized along with soldiers, two helicopters, and three hundred searchers. There was some serious concern because of the lack of food in the area. A brief article on January 15, 1972 in the *Redlands Daily Facts* stated "Fruit was out of season and there wasn't much to eat."

On January 15, one day after the formal search was terminated, two men walking in the upper canyon above the school

found Teodoro. The *Dover Times Reporter* on January 15 had the following description of finding the boy: "'Teddy' was discovered by two young local residents in a deep gulch crouched behind a boulder near a rushing stream." Teodoro was found during a heavy rainstorm, naked and alive. Later in the same article, a teacher at the hospital stated the following: "Alexandera Haff, one of the searchers and a teacher at the school, expressed the general amazement that Teddy was in such good condition considering his ordeal."

Teodoro was taken to a local hospital. It was found that he had lost ten pounds but was generally in very good health. Since the boy could not communicate, we will never know about his two weeks in the wilds of Hawaii.

Summary

This case brings together several elements that are consistent in the missing-persons cases we have researched. Teodoro is disabled and cannot speak; it seems that people with disabilities disappear at a higher frequency than most, coupled with that, many of the victims cannot speak. The boy was found naked and stripped of his clothes, common in many disappearances. He was found in a creek bed among boulders, a very, very common theme for many who disappear and are eventually found. The last similarity and one of the most common was that Teodoro was found during a heavy rainstorm. The victims of these disappearances seem to disappear, and while they are missing, the weather turns bad and compromises search efforts.

The truly amazing story is how Teodoro survived fifteen days in the wilds of Hawaii without food.

Idaho

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Eddie Grant	10/05/49–PM•22•M•Grangeville, ID
Lemar Pepmuller	11/21/53–Unk•22•M•Wallace, ID
Richard Hatke	08/15/55–4 p.m.•2•M•Cottonwood, ID
Fred Nalman	09/07/59–Unk•14•M•Moore Lake, ID

Joshua Lewis Kern	07/14/90–6 p.m.•2•M•Harriman State Park, ID
Casey Holliday	10/14/90–10 a.m.•11•M•Alder Creek, Saint Maries, ID
Todd Hofflander	09/27/10–Unk•39•M•Riggins, ID

Eddie Grant
Missing 10/05/49–PM, 30 miles east of Grangeville, ID
Age at Disappearance: 22 years

I have written about this area of Idaho in *Missing 411-Western United States.* There are other hunters and hikers that have disappeared in the Nez Perce National Forest under highly unusual circumstances. The exact location of this incident is thirty miles east of Grangeville, near the Montana border. The forest in the area of Pilot Knob (where this occurred) is mostly old growth forest and very thick.

On October 5, 1949, in the afternoon hours, Eddie Grant was in a mountainside hunting camp when he told friends William McMahon and Bill Young he was going out to hunt on his own. When Eddie didn't return that night, an extensive search was initiated.

Almost from the start of the search, the Idaho National Guard participated in the event in a huge way. There were also military personnel from Lewiston that responded and committed to the search. The military flew multiple aerial reconnaissance missions of the area, and Bloodhounds responded and covered the ground in an effort to find a scent. It was reported by multiple news sources that the canines never found a scent. An October 17, 1949, article in the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* had the following details about the feeling of search authorities: "Meanwhile, Glenn Ailor, Grangeville, Idaho, county coroner, suggested Grant may have met with foul play. He said an investigation of that possibility was in progress. Ailor declared the region where Grant was last seen, near Baldy Mountain, about 30 miles east of here is country a man could easily walk out of." A statement like this from a public authority is sobering. This means it is generally felt that something unusual happened to Eddie.

On the thirty-ninth day of searching for Eddie Grant, his friends made a stunning find. A November 16, 1949, article in the *Spokesman Review* had this: "The 39 day search for Eddie Grant is over. A trio of searchers, Marvin and Milton Grant and Earl Pea, found the body of the 22-year-old Gifford hunter where he had apparently tripped over a tree limb, fell to the ground too exhausted to rise again to his feet and died of exposure. His rifle, chaps, hat, hunting knife and scabbard were gone, presumably left somewhere along his aimless trail. His boots had been slashed open and his feet were severely wounded, apparently due to the desperate efforts of a frantic man to relieve pressure on his feet, swollen by miles of wandering aimlessly in search of civilization." The body was found in an unnamed creek on the northwest slope of Baldy Mountain, just one and a half miles from the hunting camp. Searchers did find one eight-millimeter expended cartridge one mile from the body.

Summary

Eddie's friends and family should be commended for never giving up on finding their friend and relative. The first thing that came into my mind when I read this was why would anyone remove his chaps? A hunter knows that his rifle is his lifeline to survival and signaling searchers; why dispose of it? Searchers stated that Eddie's boots had been "slashed" open. Why would his boots be opened in that manner when you could just untie them? How could Eddie have slashed his boots open if he didn't have a knife? If your boots are bothering you while hiking, you don't loosen them; you tighten them, especially if you are in cold weather. If Eddie's feet were mangled, maybe he wasn't wearing boots while he was hiking?

Eddie was found on the side of a mountain in a creek. If Eddie was on one of the tallest mountains in the area (and he was), why didn't aircraft discover him?

The position in which the searchers found the body is also suspect. I have read numerous descriptions of the manner in which bodies are found and how they fall straight on their faces. It almost sounds as though the body is placed in that position.

The coroner stated that Eddie died of exposure, but it didn't give the time or date of death. There were never any articles that stated searchers found any of Eddie's personal articles.

Early in the search for Eddie, a search authority stated that it was possible that Eddie had met with foul play. Articles never addressed this theory after the body was found. I would refer readers to other stories I have documented about hunters missing under highly unusual circumstances. I would classify the disappearance of Eddie Grant as extremely unusual.

Lemar Pepmuller
Missing 11/21/53, 18 miles southwest of Wallace, ID
Age at Disappearance: 22 years

Lemar and his wife moved to Kellogg, Idaho, from Spencer, North Dakota, in November 1952. Lemar enjoyed the outdoors and specifically enjoyed deer hunting. Lemar lived just eight miles from Wallace, and it was just eighteen miles south of Wallace that he found a location to hunt. On November 21, 1953, Lemar left his wife to spend the day hunting in the Slate Creek area south of Wallace.

Wallace didn't return on November 21, and his wife called law enforcement on November 22. Just as searchers started to search for Lemar, the snow started to fall hard and continued for several days until twenty inches of snow were on the ground.

Sheriff's deputies and forest service personnel all contributed in the effort to locate Lemar. Searchers had no luck locating the hunter or his vehicle for the first few days; then, on Wednesday, lady luck arrived, and they found the vehicle. Sixty search and rescue personnel now converged on the area around the vehicle to look for Lemar.

On the same day searchers found Lemar's car, they found Lemar's body protruding from the snow one mile from his vehicle. Lemar had the backboard to carry a deer on his back but no deer. Beside his car, they found one half a deer carcass, but when they backtracked to where Lemar was located and the scene of the kill, they couldn't find the other half of the carcass, or Lemar's rifle.

A November 26, 1958, article in the *Twin Falls Time News* had the following information about Lemar's body: "Coroner H. O. Mowery said Pepmuller apparently became exhausted while hunting, collapsed and died." Think about this statement clearly: Lemar wasn't hunting; he was transporting the carcass to the vehicle when something happened. Another article stated that the coroner met the body at the funeral home and pronounced on site he died of a heart attack. There was no autopsy.

Summary

Lemar Pepmuller's death has too many unanswered questions to be closed in a three-paragraph article. What happened to Lemar hasn't been fully explained. There are very few twenty-two-year old men that die from heart attacks; it's quite rare. What happened in the field that made Lemar so shaken that he died? What happened to the other half of the deer Lemar had killed? Where was Lemar's rifle? Hunters routinely carry their rifle while carrying the carcass because on your return trip you could walk into a major predator trying to steal your kill. We can only imagine what Lemar saw or ran into on that return trip that gave him a heart attack and took his firearm. There were no notations in any articles indicating Lemar had been in a struggle, but something took his rifle and deer; what?

Richard Hatke
Missing 8/15/55–4 p.m., Cottonwood, ID
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

This incident occurred at Cottonwood Butte located fifteen miles east of where the Oregon and Washington state borders meet and three miles east of the Salmon River. The butte is a large mound with trees surrounding the area and has a large United States government radar station at its summit.

On August 15, 1955, the Hatke family had driven to Cottonwood Butte from their residence in Cottonwood to pick huckleberries. Richard was sleeping in the family car when they arrived, so they left him in the car while they picked berries a short distance away. At approximately 4 p.m., the family went to the car to check on

the small boy and found he had vanished. The family immediately started a massive search with everyone in the area yelling and looking for the two-year-old. Richard wasn't answering the calls.

Early on the first evening that Richard was missing, local law enforcement had gathered 350 local people, firefighters, police officers, and sheriff deputies who were all scouring every inch of the surrounding butte for the boy. *The Daily Chronicle* of August 16, 1955, had the following description of the search effort: "Volunteers from Grangeville, Nez Perce, Cottonwood and Craigmont were summoned. Walking in lines five to six feet apart they combed the rocky and wooded country through the night."

At 5 a.m. the morning after the disappearance, searchers made an unusual find, which was documented in the *Spokane Daily Chronicle* of August 16, 1955: "This morning at dawn, about a quarter mile from the point that the boy disappeared, Charles Poxleitner, a neighbor, found the lad dressed in bright clothing pinioned tightly in the limbs of a fallen tree and unable to move." Later in the same article it was explained what Richard had to say about his night lost in the woods: "He don't talk too well and when we ask him what happened, he just laughs."

Summary

This incident is in the book for a couple of perplexing reasons. A two-year-old boy was able to open a car door and leave the area without his parents hearing him. That same boy never answered his parents' pleas for help, calling and screaming his name throughout the night. Searchers walk nearly hand in hand throughout the area and never see or hear the boy.

A radar station was being built at the summit of Cottonwood Butte, an elevation of 5,400 feet. The base of the butte—the area where the huckleberry picking was happening—was 4,700 feet. Later in the *Spokane Daily* article is this description of where Richard was found: "The area where the boy was found is in the heavily timbered and rocky slopes of Cottonwood Butte, near where the government soon will construct a directional radar. It is covered with downed timber, making the work of the searchers particularly difficult." This definition of where Robert was found indicates that the boy was found near the summit, meaning he managed

to climb nearly seven hundred feet up the side of the butte through huge downed trees? He was eventually found pinned between tree branches so tight he couldn't get himself out. Could a two-year-old little boy get himself over large downed trees, up seven hundred feet in elevation, and then pin himself among small branches so tightly that he couldn't move? Could a two-year old boy be that strong?

I think it's fascinating that one article indicated he was wearing bright-colored clothing and that he couldn't explain what happened to him.

This incident occurred very close to the Idaho/Washington and Oregon borders, an area where many have disappeared and where there is an identified cluster.

Ted Nalman
Missing 9/07/59, Moore Lake, Eastern ID
Age at Disappearance: 14 years

The Nalman family lived in Kellogg, Idaho. On September 6, 1959, Fred Nalman took his fourteen-year-old son, Ted, to eastern Idaho to hunt bear.

The hunters were en route to the area of Moore Lake, which sits just one hundred yards inside of Montana at the Idaho border. This is a very rugged area that has no less than four roads that surround the area of Moore Lake. The elevation of the ridgelines in this area is six thousand feet.

Fred and Ted arrived into the border area and spent the night. Early the following morning, the two hunters split up and attempted to stay within a reasonable closeness to each other. At the end of the hunting day, Fred returned to their campsite, and Ted never arrived. Fred didn't wait long before enlisting the assistance of the local sheriff and forest service employees to look for his son.

The search for Ted was large for eastern Idaho. The sheriff was able to obtain a helicopter that covered ridges, mountains, and meadows in its effort to find the young hunter. However, searchers were compromised in their efforts as rain and snow fell almost the entire time they were in the field.

Two days into the search, rescue workers were able to locate a fisherman who had seen Ted late in the day that he disappeared. A September 11 article in the *Eugene Register-Guard* had the following information about Ted: "Young Nalman was last seen by a fisherman, Don Pierce of Kellogg on Monday afternoon. He said that Nalman asked him the direction to a roadway. Gardner said the youth had traveled the roughest stretch to the roadway and had only a quarter mile to do over a less rugged section when he faltered and died. The spot where the body was found was some three-quarters of a mile from where father and son camped."

Searchers continued to look for Ted and found him facedown on a ridgeline Thursday afternoon, four days after he vanished. The same *Eugene-Register* article had the following about finding Ted: "The body of Ted Nalman, son of a Kellogg miner, was found face down on a timbered ridge in the Moore Lake area, about fifteen miles south of St. Regis, Montana. The boy's shoes were missing and so was the rifle he was carrying on a bear trip with his father over Labor Day."

Ted was given an autopsy where the coroner determined the boy died of exposure.

Summary

Ted was found a short distance from where the fisherman had spoken with him. Sometime in that short time and distance something deadly happened to the young man. He was speaking, alive, and in good condition, heading toward the roadway, when he left the fisherman. How could things go so drastically wrong in such a short distance? People who have read my past books remember stories where hunters disappear, and soon their clothing is gone and their firearms disappear. How or why Ted's boots came off is one monumental question in this case. Hunters and fisherman must have footwear in the mountains, or they are quickly restricted in their movements and will suffer exposure from the cold elements. As I have stated many, many times, hunters know that their lifeline is their rifle. The rifle can summon help by firing it. Nobody heard one round come from Ted's gun, but where was his rifle? The fact that Ted's body was found facedown on a ridgeline also does not make

any sense, as this position indicates the boy was unconscious when his face went into the ground, or he was placed that way. I would've liked to be the first rescuer on the scene to see if he had facial damage from hitting the ground.

The disappearance of Ted Nalman counts in my top ten of the strangest disappearance and subsequent death of a hunter that I've ever researched.

There were discrepancies in the articles I reviewed for this story as well. Some stories listed Fred's son's name as "Fred" and others as "Ted." I chose to use Ted as it made the story easier to follow.

Joshua Lewis Kern
Missing 07/13/90–6 p.m., Harriman State Park, ID
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Harriman State Park is located ten miles west of the Wyoming border, six miles south of Island Park and sits in the middle of several bodies of water. It is just two miles southeast of Island Park Reservoir and is almost next to Silver Lake and Golden Lake. The park consists of sixteen thousand acres and is considered to be in the greater Yellowstone ecosystem as it sits just west of the national park.

On July 13, 1990, at approximately 6 p.m., Richard and Jackie Lewis were with Joshua at the park for a family reunion. The Kerns lost sight of their son Joshua and soon realized they couldn't locate him. Inside of two hours, there were over one hundred and fifty searchers looking for the two-year-old. A helicopter equipped with FLIR was requested from the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory along with multiple canine search teams. The Fremont County sheriff was leading the search for the boy.

Very soon after Joshua vanished, the weather changed drastically. A steady, heavy rain hit the area and continued through the following day. The Kerns were staying at the park's dormitory and maintained vigilance while partaking in the search.

A July 14 article in the *Chronicle Telegram* explained what happened on that day's search: "A 2-year-old boy missing 18 hours in heavy timber country in a steady rain was found safe and apparently unharmed Friday afternoon, the Fremont County Sheriff stated." The boy had evaded dogs, ground searchers, and aerial reconnaissance

for the entire time until found. Later in the same article, there was this on the find: "The sheriff's office said a woodcutter heard a whimper Friday afternoon and spotted the boy curled up in deep grass in an area that had been searched before."

A July 14 article from the *Dayton Daily News* had this about the boy's response to what he did and where he went: "Garrett (Fremont County Sheriff) said it's uncertain whether officials will ever learn what happened to Joshua and how he spent the night. He's just 2, he couldn't really say much to tell us what happened." There was no mention what Joshua was or was not wearing when found.

Summary

Canines and aircraft utilizing FLIR didn't find Joshua. Where was the boy when the aircraft was in the air? Articles stated that he was found one thousand yards from the point he was last seen. One thousand yards away, and searchers continued to miss him even though the sheriff stated he was found in an area previously searched. How many times have you read this in the last two books? Trust me on this point, searchers are not that inept, the boy wasn't there when the searchers were. How the boy got back into the search area is the million dollar question.

The Kerns had been in the park a little over a day when Joshua vanished. There were different reports from multiple press sources about what time the boy was found. One source said noon, one said 2 p.m., and another said 2:20 p.m. Joshua was found lying on the ground whimpering, a common way to find children described in these books. If you have been following and reading the stories I have presented, you realize that the vast majority of the elements in the other missing-persons cases was prevalent here.

Casey Holliday
Missing 10/14/90–10 a.m., Alder Creek St., Maries, ID
Age at Disappearance: 11 years
**Disabled
**Add to Washington/Idaho Cluster

The disappearance of Casey Holliday has every element in it that I have described in past books regarding children who disappear

from rural homes. These elements continue to replicate themselves day after day, state after state; they can't be ignored.

Casey was a developmentally disabled child who was living with his aunt, Ginger Holliday. On October 14; 1990, Casey was in the rural yard of his aunt's home playing with his St. Bernard named Caleb. When Casey's aunt went into the yard to check on the boy, he and the dog had disappeared.

The Hollidays were living along Alder Creek eight miles south of St. Maries, Idaho, and approximately twenty miles south of Spokane, an area that has had many such disappearances and is an identified cluster in *Missing 411-Western United States.*

Ginger searched the immediate yard of the home, yelled Casey's name, and then called the sheriff for assistance. The sheriff focused on Alder Creek and the area around the residence but could find nothing to point in any direction. A call was made to the North Idaho Correctional Center in Cottonwood for two of the facility's tracking canines. The handlers were en route to the Holliday home and were due to arrive early Monday morning.

Casey was a fifth-grader at Heyburn School, and he was considered developmentally delayed, says Ginger. At times the boy had been described as fairly normal, and at times he had difficulty in keeping up at school. He had always stayed in their yard, and the dog had always kept him busy. His disappearance was puzzling to Ginger, since Casey had never gone outside the fence line of the yard.

The Sunday that Casey disappeared had very bad weather, rain, lightning, and hail. The bad weather continued nonstop through Sunday and Monday. The rain and hail had searchers worried about Casey developing hypothermia, and they hoped he stayed with Caleb to keep him warm.

One hundred searchers committed all Monday and Monday night to looking for the boy. Canines attempted to find a scent, and planes were looking for any sign from the air.

On Tuesday, Ginger decided to assist the search teams in their efforts to find Casey. An October 16 article in the *Spokane Chronicle* explains what happened: "While more than 100 searchers used aircraft and shoeleather to scour a wooded mountain for

a lost eleven-year-old boy, the boy's aunt turned down a remote forest road she'd never driven before and found him. 'I know how I found him. God, that's how,' said the aunt, Ginger Holliday. 'It's amazing—so you can understand why I'm giving God the credit.'" Casey was found in a gully in an extremely remote road up from Alder Creek. The same article stated that Casey was found with blue toes and with Caleb. He was flown to Benewah Community Hospital in St. Maries by helicopter from Fairchild Air Force Base.

Casey was missing exactly 48 hours as he was found at 10 a.m., one mile from Ginger's home. He was located in a gully, a creek bed. He was not wearing shoes, and he was with his dog. The Tuesday that he was found was the first day in three days that it hadn't rained or hailed. The road that Ginger was traveling was a road she had never been on before, and she couldn't explain why she was on it.

Ginger told the press that when Casey was found, he was babbling and seemed in a daze.

Summary

Here is a just a quick summary of the elements present in Casey's disappearance that match the general guidelines of the cases cited in both "Missing 411" books:

- Victim has a disability.
- Victim was playing with his or her dog at time of disappearance.
- Victim leaves with dog.
- Inclement weather hits the area at the time the victim disappears.
- Search dogs cannot find the victim's scent.
- Victim is found uphill from where they go missing.
- Victim is found in a creek bed.
- Victim is found without shoes.
- Victim is found dazed or confused.
- Searchers cannot find the victim—a relative found Casey.
- Victim is another part of a growing cluster of missing.

It's almost as though someone spoke into Ginger's mind and told her to drive down the rural road.

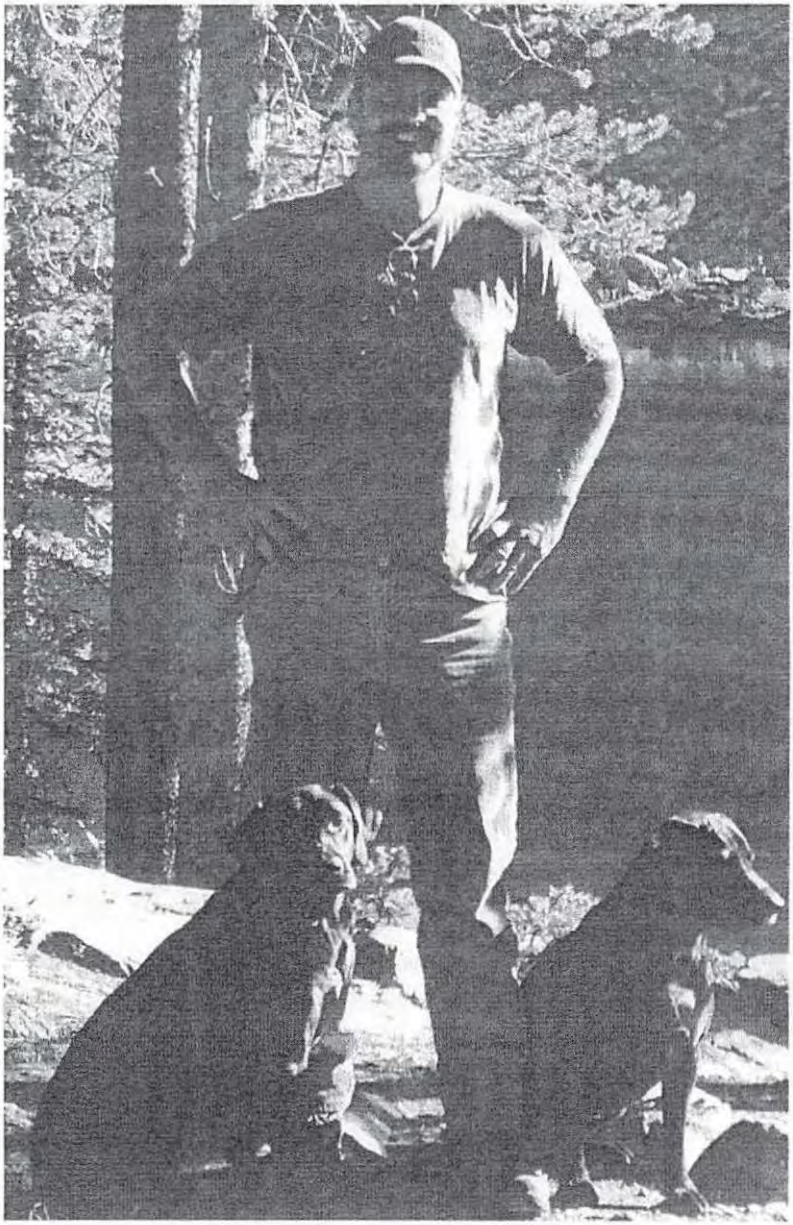
Todd Hofflander
Missing 09/27/10–Unk, Seven Devils Area, south of Riggins, ID
Age at Disappearance: 39 years

After having researched thousands of missing-persons cases, the location where Todd Hofflander vanished is a classic location for people to go missing. High in elevation, dozens of small lakes, little vegetation, and lots of exposed rock and dirt seem to be the ideal topography for people to vanish, permanently.

On September 27, Todd was out for a four-day hike with his black Labrador Ruby and a friend. Todd had complained about having a sore knee and decided to split up with his hunting partner. He advised his friend that he was going to travel downhill, and they would meet at the river. They never met up. A witness did report seeing Todd at MacCaffey Cow Camp, which is approximately one half of the distance down the mountain. When Todd didn't arrive at the meeting location, his friend called for assistance.

The United States Forest Service and local county sheriff's department all went into the woods and searched for Todd. The effort to find Mr. Hofflander lasted fifteen days. Searchers didn't find Ruby, Todd, or any evidence of where the pair might have been. The search efforts were suspended until October 15, when Ruby was found by other hikers on the eastern slopes of Seven Devils Mountain. Searchers went back into the area, and after several days, they again found nothing.

Todd vanished in the Hell's Canyon Wilderness, probably on the eastern slope area of Seven Devils Mountain. Notable geographic names in this area are "He Devil Lake," "Purgatory Lake," "Devil's Throne," "Seven Devils Lake," etc., you are getting the point. I have stated in the "Missing 411" books that there appears to be a correlation between the names of geographic locations and where people vanish. Locations have names for a specific reason; why were these named as such?



Summary

Todd Hofflander left behind two small children and his wife, Julie. An October 5, 2010, article on NWCN.com had the following statement from his wife about Todd's relationship with Ruby: "She and Todd are inseparable, so if he did go up, that would explain why we haven't seen any sign of the dog down where we were searching." The dog was eventually found, but that was the only thing found. In the same article, Julie makes a statement about the search's success: "They found no traces of anything, nothing. It's baffling."

One small point that I think is underreported in Todd's case: his knee injury. In many cases where people vanish, they have some type of disability. Todd's disability was his knee, and this caused him to branch off from his partner and vanish. The reality that they haven't found Todd or his equipment is baffling yet almost commonplace in the stories I cite for the books.

Nevada

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Lawrence Sullivan	10/16/30–11 a.m.•3•M•Round Mountain, NV
Sylvia Sweet	09/14/44–PM•3•F•Reno, NV
Larry Jeffrey	05/28/66–1:30 p.m.•6•M•Mount Charleston, NV
Blake Mulligan	06/13/76–5 p.m.•14•M•Mount Rose, NV

Lawrence Sullivan
Missing 10/16/30–11 a.m., Round Mountain, NV
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

The location of this disappearance is Mount Jefferson in the Toiyabe National Forest, just seven miles northeast of Round Mountain, Nevada. Round Mountain is located 150 miles southeast of Reno, has a population of just less than two thousand, and is in the middle of the Nevada desert. Mount Jefferson is located on a small mountain range that rises to an elevation of 11,900 feet with areas of heavy foliage and large trees.

On October 16, 1930, Lawrence Sullivan was riding with his uncle, John Sullivan, on a small trip for his uncle to examine a potential prospecting site in Jefferson Canyon. They were driving from Lawrence's residence in Manhattan, just south of Round Mountain. John was a gold miner and inspecting an area up the canyon near the 7,600-foot elevation point, where the road stopped. John parked the car and told Lawrence to stay inside as he hiked the small hill and examined the site. John reported that he walked to the top of the hill, looked back, and waved at Lawrence, and then went to the other side. John returned to the car after a short inspection of the site and found Lawrence wasn't inside. A search was made of the surrounding area. There wasn't a lot of large timber in the immediate area, but he didn't see the boy. John left the area to obtain more assistance.

Readers should take note of something important. Lawrence knew exactly where his uncle was at—he looked at him and waved. The boy knew what direction to walk to find him. The area where Lawrence vanished is very rugged in parts, and he vanished in a valley surrounded by steep mountains.

Searchers from Tonopah, Manhattan, and Round Mountain, along with sheriff's deputies and soldiers, all assisted in the effort to find Lawrence. Searchers initially were looking up the valley and downhill; they found nothing. One searcher went slightly up a northern valley and found Lawrence's cap, an unusual find, as it was uphill from the vehicle. Volunteers and deputies continued to comb the valleys where they had found the cap and still found nothing. It was during this entire event that John, searchers, and family were consistently yelling Lawrence's name and calling for him and not receiving a response.

There was wild speculation in the community and newspaper. It was actually printed that some felt an eagle took Lawrence, as they found his cap in a canyon a mile away from the car, but they hadn't found tracks. Past the cap, they did find a few small footprints. Bloodhounds had supposedly tracked the boy up a canyon and then suddenly lost all tracks. Searchers were upset and nervous about not finding Lawrence and summoned the assistance of a

local Native American tracker. An October 20, 1930, article in the *Reno Evening Gazette* had the following description of the search: "Oscar Mike, Indian Tracker, picked up the trail where others said it had been lost and it was believed that a mountain lion might have seized the wanderer and followed it up a precipitous cliff forming the walls of the canyon towering five hundred feet high. The trail led up the face of this almost impassable wall to a bench or shelf scarcely wide enough for an eagle's nest." You should have the perspective that this was a highly dangerous place for searchers, dangerous to the extent that they were using climbing ropes for their safety. The tracker stated that the boy had traveled through this area. It was at this point that the first full day of tracking by the Native American ended. The second day brought a surprise.

The same *Reno Evening Gazette* article had the following: "The final dash was up a steep, narrow draw extending a few hundred yards from the main canyon. Joe Clifford was leading in the finishing sprint." The article has further descriptions about the dangers of the area and then finishes as follows: "At last the overhanging gnarled limb of the mountain mahogany barred the trail sheltering the baby who was curled up under one protruding bough as an ox yoke circles the neck of a steer." Searchers stated that any sudden movement by the boy could've broken his neck but that he was asleep when found. He awoke when searchers started to prod him. The boy was found at 6:30 p.m.

Lawrence had scraped knees, torn clothing, and scratches over his body. He was slowly taken off the mountain and to a hospital where he fully recovered. Not one of the dozen newspapers I reviewed for this story had one mention about Lawrence making a statement about what happened to him.

An October 18, 1930, article in the *Reno Evening Gazette* spoke to Lawrence's survival: "The most remarkable thing of the entire affair according to Dr. McLeod and others is that the boy survived the bitter cold nights as the temperature dropped to nearly zero. At the point where the child was found the elevation is nearly nine thousand feet according to estimates made by the United States survey office in Reno."

Summary

I've read many accounts about small children found in places that seem impossible for them to reach, and this is one. This not only seems an impossible journey, it also seems an unreasonable assumption that Lawrence would want to go there. Bloodhounds gave up the trek for the boy just when it started to get difficult; it took an experienced Indian tracker to find the boy.

There are several instances in my books where I write about a child that is found bound by a tree or in a position among branches and bound so tight they cannot move. It almost sounds as though they were placed in that position to ensure they couldn't move until found. This essentially ensured their safety.

The journey to get to Lawrence reminded me of territory occupied by mountain goats, not three-year-old boys. If rescuers needed to use ropes as a safety device, this region was indeed treacherous. Many of the cases I've written about in the past have included children being found when they were asleep or semiconscious. Other elements of this disappearance that are similar to others are the increase in elevation that Lawrence took and his body being covered by scratches and bruises. The idea that a little three-year-old boy traveled seven miles and went uphill fourteen hundred feet is an unbelievable story with a happy ending.

I'll never believe that Lawrence got to his cliff location under his own power. Something very unusual happened to this small boy.

Sylvia Sweet
Missing 9/14/44–PM, 6 miles south of Reno, NV
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

This incident is centered on a famous dude ranch six miles south of Reno, Nevada. The Del Monte Dude Ranch was a location where the wealthy vacationed. It was located next to the mountains that extend from the north shore of Lake Tahoe and is just east of the area known as Mount Rose. The area where the ranch sat was desert, but it was just on the fringe of the mountains. Vacationers went to the two-story hotel for cycling, horseback riding, tennis, hiking, and relaxation.

On September 14, 1944, Mrs. Rosamond O. Sweet was staying at the ranch with her three-year-old daughter, Sylvia. Mrs. Sweet was at the ranch establishing residence so she could obtain a divorce from her husband, Richmond Sweet, who was living in Providence, Rhode Island. Late that afternoon, Sylvia had been playing with another young companion at a small pond behind the hotel. The companion came into the hotel and told the adults that he had pushed Sylvia into the pond. The parents ran outside and searched the pond and couldn't find Sylvia. The companion's parents questioned him further, and he changed his mind and stated that he actually pushed her in a ditch. There were now many guests and staff in the area, and everyone was searching every ditch and creek in the area; nothing was being found. Early on that first night the Washoe County sheriff was called and responded with a large contingent of deputies. It wasn't long before Sheriff Ray Root took personal command of the scene and all search efforts.

Sheriff Root quickly requested assistance from the Reno Army Air Corps. He asked them to assign personnel and horsemen to the search; they did. Within days there were hundreds of searchers scouring the ranch, hillsides, mountains, ditches, and creeks looking for Sylvia. Every pond was drained, and every creek was blocked and searched—no Sylvia.

The United States Army sent its cavalry into the mountains behind the ranch and literally covered every possible location where the young girl could have vanished. Sheriff Root obviously understood he was dealing with a wealthy family and was throwing everything he had at this search effort.

There were conflicting reports that Sylvia was playing with a small boy and another stated a small girl—there was no consistency on this point. It was obvious that the sheriff never considered that the child committed a crime, and whatever happened was probably an accident. There were several rumors at the time that searchers believed that Sylvia was kidnapped, but no officials in the search confirmed this. It was hard for some searchers to believe the kidnapping angle, because the area where Sylvia vanished had limited access and quickly got remote behind the resort.

On October 16, 1944, over one month after Sylvia Sweet disappeared, Sheriff Ray Root formally called off the search. He stated

that he was positive that Sylvia didn't drown, and she wasn't in any of the creeks, ponds, or water sources anywhere in the area. The sheriff also stated that he didn't believe that Sylvia wasn't kidnapped, but didn't offer any explanation on what may have happened to the girl.

Almost as soon as Sheriff Root announced that the search for Sylvia was terminated, Mrs. Sweet left the ranch and moved to a permanent residence in Long Beach, California. Mrs. Sweet did work through a local Reno attorney and offered a reward leading to the discovery of Sylvia.

Sylvia Sweet is one of the most unusual disappearances in the state of Nevada where the person was never found.

Summary

As soon as I started to work on this case I was constantly thinking about the disappearance of James Bordenkircher in June 1965, twenty-one years after Sylvia vanished. James was a two-year-old boy that went missing just after his arrival at the family's cabin in north Lake Tahoe right on the Nevada border and just twelve miles southwest through rugged forest from where Sylvia vanished. I believe that it's a very odd coincidence when two children, essentially the same age, disappear just twelve miles from one another in a remote area and are never found. I think the correlation between Sylvia and James isn't something that has occurred often in North America, especially when children are never found.

Larry Jeffrey
Missing 5/28/66–1:30 p.m., Mount Charleston, NV
Age at Disappearance: 6 years
*Disabled

The millions of people that visit Las Vegas probably never know that a massive wilderness with an 11,900 foot mountain (Mount Charleston) is a mere fifty miles north of the strip. The mountain is surrounded by the Mount Charleston Wilderness Area and managed by the Bureau of Land Management and the United States Forest Service. There are two beautiful lodges that service visitors,

and the views from the valley as you approach the region are breath-takingly rugged.

Memorial Day weekend in 1966 had Lee Jeffrey from Henderson traveling to Mount Charleston and the area of Lee's Canyon for a picnic. Lee and his wife, Sharon, were traveling with two of Sharon's children (Monty and Franklin, ten and nine years, respectively) and with Larry, Lee's son from a former marriage. Larry was partially disabled, as he was extremely hard of hearing from birth.

On May 28, Larry was on a short hike with Monty and Franklin, and they were walking uphill toward some snow they had seen. Larry had asked the boys if they could travel up to the snow area, and the boys reminded Larry that their parents had stated "no." It was approximately 1:30 p.m. when the boys started to turn back, and Larry told the other two he was walking to the snow. Monty and Franklin again reminded Larry he wasn't supposed to; he ignored the boys. This was the last time anyone ever saw Larry.

Monty and Franklin went back to their parents and told them about Larry's refusal to come back. The parents immediately went to the location where Larry was last seen and could not find the boy. It was at this point that the United States Forest Service was notified of Larry being lost. The forest service notified the Clark County Sheriff's office, and they notified the Bureau of Land Management. Within hours of Larry being reported missing, over one hundred searchers were on site calling and yelling for Larry, with no response. Law enforcement did explain to the Jeffrey family that there were no predators at the elevation where Larry was lost, at least none they knew about.

Bloodhounds were brought to the scene, and they tracked Larry's footsteps seven to ten miles, losing them on the shale rock. Eventually the search started to be centered on an area called Camp Bonanza, which is in a very rough region of the mountain. In an unusual development, searchers found traces of Larry in an interesting place as is outlined in the May 30, 1966, article in the *Nevada State Journal*: "Professional trackers with the Clark County Sheriff's department traced footsteps in the mountains leading to an area where there are many caves." This area was thoroughly searched,

and nothing further was found. Trackers were thrown many obstacles during this search including bouts of rain, extremely cold weather, and wind. Searchers did find some interesting evidence as was described in the June 2, 1966, edition of the *Lewiston Morning Tribune*: "Discovery of footprints in the snow near the top of the mountain brought new hope that Larry survived nighttime temperatures in the 30's. His mother, Sharon Jeffrey, skimmed over Mount Charleston range in a helicopter using a public address system to call her son."

The Air Force flew reconnaissance jets over the entire Mount Charleston range using high-definition photography in an effort to see the boy or his footprints in the area; nothing was found.

After dedicating over one thousand searchers and more than two weeks of nonstop endeavors, Sheriff Lamb terminated the search effort. Larry Jeffery was never found, and nothing Jeffery was wearing was ever found.

Summary

In early May 2012, I was contacted by George Knapp, an investigative reporter for the CBS affiliate (KLAS) in Las Vegas. George asked if I'd come to Las Vegas and assist in preparing a special about missing people based on my first two "Missing 411" books. I said "sure!"

The news special covered the basic elements of the missing and centered on the disappearance of Larry. Along with George and chief cameraman Matt Adams, I traveled to Mount Charleston to film the segment. It is truly hard to believe how much the landscape can change in the fifty-mile drive from my downtown hotel. There are many elements about Mount Charleston that remind me of Yosemite: extremely rugged terrain, miles of rock outcroppings with extreme cliffs, and gorgeous beauty. In preparation for the special, George interviewed retired Clark County Sheriff Ralph Lamb about Larry's disappearance. The sheriff stated that he remembered the search, and in fact, remembers searchers walking arm in arm in many places so as to cover every inch of ground.

I don't know of any other search effort that could've been done to find Larry, but I do find several elements that fit the profile of the

missing in my books. Larry was disabled; he had a serious hearing impairment. The weather in the area during the search had turned to rain, then wind, and then extremely low temperatures, all hampering searchers. Bloodhounds lost the scent and couldn't continue. Over one thousand people searched for Larry, but he was never found. Tracks were found near the summit of the mountain indicating that Larry somehow made it to the top. The idea that Larry made it that high is truly an unreal thought.

Blake Mulligan
Missing 6/13/76–5 p.m., Mount Rose, Nevada
Age at Disappearance: 14 years
**Disabled

Mount Rose sits just to the southwest of Reno and just northeast of the California/Nevada border and the Lake Tahoe area. The Mount Rose Ski area occupies most of the region, which is rocky and very rugged. Once you summit at 10,776 feet, you have a commanding view of Carson City and Reno Valley. The area is part of the Mount Rose Wilderness Area.

On June 13, 1976, Blake was hiking with a group of counselors, classmates, and teachers from his center. The group hiked for much of the afternoon and then returned to their cars at 5 p.m. It was at this point that it was realized that Blake wasn't with the group. News articles at the time stated that Blake was "retarded" and that this obviously concerned searchers.

Even though Blake vanished early on a Sunday night, sheriff's deputies, volunteers, and a host of family members were able to make it onto the mountain and start the search for the fourteen-year old boy. Blake was not found Sunday night.

Monday brought the Nevada Air National Guard and its helicopter, the horse posse from the Washoe County Sheriff's department, and airplanes from the Fallon Naval Air Station and the sheriff's air patrol. A local casino also got involved in the search effort: Harvey's Wagon Wheel donated an additional helicopter, which National Guard pilots flew. Ground troops were utilizing multiple Bloodhounds, which had no success in picking up a scent. There

were hundreds of searchers in a relatively small region, all looking for one boy.

A June 15, 1976, article in the *Nevada State Journal* explained what they had discovered during the search: "Officers said that the trail was leading down the mountain toward Long Valley south of Mt. Rose." This is an interesting statement, as the boy supposedly was already somewhere near the bottom of the mountain when he was with the group—were they implying he walked back up?

Late Sunday, searchers found Blake's shoes and socks. It wasn't clear where the clothing was found. It was starting to seriously concern searchers that they hadn't found Blake at the end of the first full day of searching. In the same *Nevada State Journal* article on June 15, searchers made an interesting allegation: "One of the most frustrating aspects of the search is that the boy is reportedly either frightened, or playing some sort of game, with the approach of would-be rescuers. A sheriff's officer said, 'We suspect that when he sees anyone approaching him, he goes into hiding.'" Wait a minute; they have Bloodhounds—why aren't they tracking down a smelly boy that's been in the woods for thirty-six hours? Dogs can out run a boy.

After almost forty-eight hours of searching, Blake was found in Ophir Creek just below the Big Slide on Slide Mountain. A June 16, 1976, article in the *Nevada State Journal* stated, "Swinney (the sheriff's spokesperson) estimated the youth walked seven miles after leaving the group. He said the boy worked his way down, then began to go back up the mountain." The implication of this statement was that Blake had gone up and down Mount Rose and Slide Mountain at least twice: once with and once without the group. If Blake had made that many trips around Mount Rose and Slide Mountain and was eventually found below Slide Mountain on Ophir Creek, the boy traveled far more than seven miles.

Summary

There are many aspects of Blake Mulligan's disappearance that are truly fascinating. Blake disappeared almost in the geographical center point between where Sylvia Sweet was lost (9/14/44) in southern Reno and where James Bordenkircher vanished (6/12/65) in North Lake Tahoe.

Many of the people who vanish are found in a creek bed; James was found in Ophir Creek. Many of the missing shed clothing or are missing shoes, as was Blake. One of the most unusual aspects of missing-persons phenomena is that there seems to be an abnormal amount of disabled children who disappear.

The temperatures at night while Blake was missing got as low as twenty-six degrees. Blake was found in good condition without any serious injuries or exposure issues. News articles reported that James was found thirsty, hungry, and tired. There was no description of the condition of his feet.

Arizona

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Roy Rogers	01/15/36–Unk•4•M•Bisbee, AZ
Trent Richardson	07/23/98–4:30 p.m.•3•M•Mount Graham, AZ

Roy Rogers
Missing 01/15/36–Unk, Bisbee, AZ
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

Bisbee, Arizona, is located at the far southeastern corner of the state, just two miles from the Mexico border. The city sits among the only mountain range for at least ten miles in any direction. The locals call these hills the Guadalupe Mountains, and they hold a portion of the Geronimo Trail.

On January 15, 1936, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Rogers and their four-year-old son, Roy, were visiting Roy's uncle at his home, the L. W. McDonald Ranch. There were conflicting reports this was the grandfather's property, but it does appear this was the uncle's home. While the family was visiting, Roy somehow disappeared from the ranch. The local sheriff was notified almost immediately, and a massive search was initiated.

The first day of searching produced no results. The following day the military commanding general from Mexico heard of the search and sent his private plane to assist in the search until the boy was found. The United States Army sent three planes from March

Field in California, and a detachment of Indian Scouts from Fort Huachuca responded to track the boy.

The Indian trackers lost the track of the boy almost immediately. Several teams of canines also attempted to pick up the boy's scent and could not find anything. They knew that Roy was wearing only a light shirt and overalls, and the temperatures were into the twenties at night. Everyone feared the boy could not live through the cold nights.

I have personally heard many concerns come from professional search and rescue personnel, but I have never heard the following, which was documented in the January 18, 1936, edition of the *Ironwood Globe Daily*: "The possibility that four-year-old Roy Rogers was in the hands of renegade Indians was considered today as Indian Trackers, aviators, and soldiers hunted the missing boy in the wild Guadalupe Mountains near the Mexican border. Search for the boy was centered near the boundary today after natives reported a band of outlaw Apache Indians sometimes crossed the international boundary in the vicinity of the L. W. McDonald Ranch."

Five hundred searchers covered the region surrounding the McDonald ranch for four days. Herschel Long from the State of Arizona Highway Department was searching a rugged region two miles from the ranch and found a boot protruding from the rocks. He had found Roy. The boy's body was found under a protruding rock ledge. The reports stated that he was wearing one boot and was found deceased. Authorities claim they felt the boy died the first night.

Summary

There are many children that are found under rock ledges, logs, and other materials that FLIR would never penetrate and airplanes pilots cannot see through. Considering the location where Roy was found, it could be thought of as a miracle he was even located.

Roy disappeared from his uncle's home, not his home. It is always puzzling to me that so many kids disappear from friends' and relatives' homes and seem to be eventually found in that one-and-a-half to two-mile range. It's always difficult to understand why

children do not respond to searchers calling their names, if they are indeed in the area and if they hear the searchers.

In *Missing 411-Western United States*, I documented a series of disappearances in Arizona in very remote areas, similar to this case. Four disappearances of boys between the ages of two and five occurred at the following intervals:

- 1936–five years old
- 1938–four years old
- 1942–two years old
- 1945–two years old

**The next boy close to this age bracket doesn't disappear in Arizona until 1967.

Four boys vanish in Arizona in nine years with an age spread of three years. There are certain consistencies in specific areas. In Arizona, I have documented the disappearance of fourteen males with only one lone seventy-nine-year-old female in 2004 (Joan Shelton). The disappearances occur at such intervals as not to raise an alarm to law enforcement, yet do show a consistent pattern.

Trent Richardson
Missing 07/23/98–4:30 p.m., Mount Graham, AZ
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Mount Graham sits approximately sixty miles northeast of Tucson and thirty miles west of the New Mexico border in a fifteen-mile-long mountain range surrounded by desert. This mountain range has Soldier Creek and Hospital Flat Recreation Area. Mount Graham has an elevation of 10,720 feet and is the dominant peak in the region.

On July 23, 1998, the Richardson family left their Mesa, Arizona, home for a few days of camping in the mountains. They had driven to the Ash Creek Trailhead located at the Columbine Visitors Center near the base of Mount Graham. This area had an elevation of 9,300 feet.

As the family was having an annual reunion, Mr. Richardson was assisting the group by chopping wood, and he got distracted

and lost sight of Trent. The family got alarmed and started to run through the area yelling and looking for the boy; he had vanished. Deputies and forest service personnel searched through the night with night-vision glasses, continually calling Trent's name and never getting an answer. Helicopters searched until dark, Bloodhounds scoured the area trying to pick up a scent, and nothing seemed to be working in finding the boy.

At dawn on July 24, a group of Greenlee County deputies and searchers were walking up the base of Mount Graham in a last-ditch effort to find something. A July 23, 1998, article in the *Today's News Herald* had the following: "'Three members of the team stopped and in a quiet moment heard singing. It was a high-pitched voice, the kind that only belonged to a kid or a female. We knew that no matter what, we had to find it,' said Patrick Sexton, search and rescue coordinator from Greenlee County. The sound came from about 450 yards (1,350 feet) above them. Rescuers climbed the mountainside and called the child's name. But Trent would stop humming and hide when he heard their voices. Rescuers came to the boy's makeshift campsite at 7:40 a.m., Friday, his blanket spread beneath bushes sheltered by a boulder. Trent sat on a rock humming happily gibberish. He was about two miles from the place his father had last seen him."

When you look at a topographic map of Mount Graham it appears almost impossible for a three-year-old boy to climb to the summit. Later in the same article that I quoted above, there is the following statement: "Trent appeared in good health his older sister Maleah Mleynek of Mesa believes is a miracle. For a three-year-old to be okay for that length of time, where anything could have happened, had to be helped from above. There were definitely angels with him."

Trent was taken to a local hospital and found to be in good condition.

Summary

Trent had climbed higher than 95 percent of all children in his age bracket that have been found in search and rescue incidents according to *Lost Person Behavior* by Robert Koester.

This incident reminds me of the disappearance on July 2, 1938, of Alfred Beilhartz inside the Rocky Mountain National Park. Alfred disappeared from his parents as they walked along a river. Days later, a husband and wife saw a small boy on a rock ledge high up on a mountainside with no adults in sight. National Park Service personnel heavily searched the area, but Alfred was never found (his story is chronicled in *Missing 411-Western United States*).

It seems odd that Trent was able to get out of the area so quickly that he never heard his parents calling for him. It seems abnormal that Bloodhounds were in the area that same night and were unable to track the boy's scent.

Mount Graham is located on the eastern edge of the Tucson missing-persons cluster. Refer to *Missing 411- Western United States* for other disappearances in this region.

Montana

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Daughter of William Dunphy	09/02/1903–Unk•Infant•F•Ewing, MT
Kenneth Crandall	03/13/1916–6 p.m.•3•M•Shepherd, MT
Murray Walkup Miller	10/24/36–Unk•9•M•Sapphire Mountain, MT
Sam Adams	10/27/58–Unk•39•M•Ovando, MT

William Dunphy's Daughter
Missing 9/2/1903–Unk, hills outside of Ewing, MT
Age at Disappearance: Infant

Ewing is now a ghost town in southern Montana, just ten miles north of Wyoming. There is one building in the town that has supposedly been renovated for a local park ranger. The scenery around the town is gorgeous, high peaks and big mountains. As an interesting side note, as you are driving toward Ewing, there is a turnout at a location called Devil's Canyon where the city can be seen.

I found a series of articles describing this event with the first being near the beginning of September 1903. The articles state that

on approximately September 2, 1903, the William Dunphy family was living in the hills above Ewing while Mr. Dunphy was prospecting. According to another article, *The Clinton Morning,* August 23, 1903, the "infant daughter was carried off one afternoon by a wild animal." reported.

There was no information on the type of animal that carried off the girl, but there was information that there was an extensive search.

In the same article quoted above, it described what Dunphy was doing after the daughter vanished: "While Dunphy was hunting in the mountains he came on a wolf den which showed signs of being occupied. He waited for a long time and then entered as no wolf came forth, he decided to enter the den and see for himself what was in it. As he entered the place he heard the cry of a child. Advancing he saw a sight that almost turned his hair white. Lying on a bed of grass at the end of the den was a big mother wolf with several pups beside her, while at her side was his lost baby, trying her best to get a supper from the mother wolf. The wolf simply frowned when the man approached and made no attempt to escape."

Dunphy got his daughter back. She wasn't injured and was supposedly well nourished.

Newspapers in Red Lodge, Montana, had this story validated by two other residents of Ewing. There was never any other clarity as to the size of the wolf or other specific details of the recovery.

Summary

I've written about other young girls that were supposedly taken by something that was described as a large wolf or bear. This is the first article I ever found where an adult got a close view of the abductor.

Just in case you were not aware, news articles in the late 1800s and early 1900s usually did not include children's names in articles. They described children by their association to a parent. The fact that Dunphy's daughter's name wasn't in this article was not unusual.

I view the location of this incident as unique and important. Ewing was a remote city. The Dunphys lived in the hills outside

the city: extremely remote. In *Missing 411-Western United States,* I wrote about other incidents involving children taken in Montana by mammals described as wolves or bears.

Kenneth Crandall
Missing 3/13/1916–6 p.m., Shepherd, MT
Age at Disappearance: 2½ years

The Crandalls lived on a ranch nine miles northwest of Shepherd, Montana. The Shepherd residence was located approximately twenty miles northeast of Billings and eight miles south of a series of mountains. The area between the residence and mountains was mostly filled with dry sagebrush.

On March 13, 1916, the Crandalls finished dinner, and Kenneth went outside to play. Nearly two hours after dinner, Mrs. Crandall went to look for her son and could not find him. It was also about this time that she realized that Kenneth's dog, a collie, was gone as well. The parents searched for several hours until they felt they needed assistance and made the drive into Shepherd to summon assistance from the sheriff.

Deputy Sipe responded to the Crandall ranch and took charge of the search. Everyone was initially concerned with nearby Razor Creek. The flow in the creek wasn't much, though, and it was soon searched and discounted. Hundreds of locals volunteered to scour the countryside looking for the boy. There were hundreds of ranchers and farmers on horseback looking everywhere around the Crandall property.

Three days after Kenneth vanished, Kenneth's collie returned home, obviously very hungry. The Crandalls fed the dog, and it immediately started to whine as though it wanted the family to follow it. The Crandalls started to follow the dog, as is described in this March 25 article in the *Yellowstone News*: "The animal, greatly excited, followed the trail to a crossroads six miles from the ranch, where evidently he left the youngster to go back for help and the baby's body was found two miles from that point. He had died from hunger and exposure." It appears the little two-and-a-half-year-old boy had wandered an amazing eight miles!

Summary

It's hard to imagine that searchers ever believed that Kenneth could have wandered eight miles from his residence, thus the rescuers didn't find him. The deputy sheriff stated that it was believed that Kenneth died inside the first twenty-four hours. If he did die that quickly, I don't believe the boy had starved to death—that's impossible, he had just eaten dinner. It's also hard to believe that any boy could have hiked eight miles while being only two and a half years old.

In researching the articles describing this disappearance, there was quite a variety of descriptions of the boy. Some articles stated the boy was three years old; some said the boy was found just a mile from his ranch. It is truly amazing how some papers can twist the story and get it so wrong.

There is a documented cluster of missing people just southeast of Billings to which Kenneth's disappearance could be added.

Murray Walkup Miller
Missing 10/24/36–Unk, Sapphire Mountains, Montana
Age at Disappearance: 9 years

The Sapphire Mountains are considered some of the roughest mountains in all of Montana. They start in an area south of Missoula and continue sixty miles south to just east of the Idaho border. This is an area where there exists a cluster of missing people as is identified in *Missing 411-Western United States.*

On Saturday, October 24, 1936, nine-year-old Murray Miller was with his stepfather and brother in an area of the Sapphire Mountains cutting firewood. The stepfather asked Murray and his brother to walk to a nearby creek and get a pail of water. The boys got to the creek. Murray filled the pail and started to walk back with his brother. The boys traveled a short distance and then Murray spilled the water and had to go back and fill it again. The second time Murray walked back alone, and he never returned.

Murray's stepfather called the boy's name and searched for him until he felt that there was no hope without getting assistance. The sheriff and state police were called and soon had dozens of

searchers on scene. An October 26 article in the *Reading Eagle* had this description of the search: "Nearly 500 men, including 125 soldiers from Fort Missoula, searched the mountains in the Burnt Fork region where a lad said by Sheriff James Oliva to be Murray Miller, nine, was reported lost. Searchers kept a dozen bonfires burning all night in hope of attracting the boy after about 300 men had failed in yesterday's hunt."

Searchers failed to find Murray after a four-day nonstop search. On Wednesday, the fifth day Murray was missing, two United States Forest Service employees were walking near a creek in the Bitterroot Forest, not far from a lookout tower. An October 29, 1936, article in the *Salt Lake Tribune* had this description of finding Murray: "It was only an accident that we found the child, Daigle said. 'I was going up Rock Creek with Charles Lear when we noticed a boy across the creek. We called him but he couldn't hear us. He finally waved his arm and Lear waded the stream and brought him back.'" Lear and Daigle were not at Rock Creek looking for the boy; they were there on another assignment.

Murray told the rangers and his family an interesting story. He stated that the second time he was bringing the pail of water back, he couldn't tell where he was. He stated that he kept walking and was lost. When found, Murray was extremely tired and semiconscious.

The *Billings Gazette* article of October 29, 1936, had the following description of where Murray was found: "Murray, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Miller of Stevensville, Montana, had wandered 15 miles from where he left his stepfather last Saturday. The mountain range in which he was lost is considered the roughest part of the west." There was never any mention of what Murray was wearing when he disappeared or where he was found.

According to the book *Lost Person Behavior* by Robert Koester, a child seven to nine years of age will be found at a distance of seven miles or less from the point they were last seen in 95 percent of the incidents. Murray was found over two times the distance quoted in the Koester book. He was not only twice the distance, but also twice the distance in some of the roughest country in the West, but that's not the only important information. Remember the statement from the United States Forest Service employees that found Murray—he

was found in close proximity to a fire tower, meaning he was near the summit of one of the tallest mountains in the area. After fifteen miles of hiking, we are led to believe that Murray Miller then decided to hike up a mountain, an unbelievable feat.

Summary

After I had completed the first two "Missing 411" books, I received hundreds of e-mails from people who had experienced or had similar experiences to those I have described in the books. One of these stories dealt with a man and his brother that lived in a southern state. The man stated that he had lived on the family property for a lifetime, working the ranch and walking the property thousands of times.

The man explained that one afternoon he and his brother had gone out onto the property looking for lost cows. They traveled on the property to an area near a large river and suddenly felt very uncomfortable. Things around them went quiet, and they suddenly didn't recognize anything around them. Remember, this was their property—property they had known for a lifetime. They continued to walk and still could not recognize a river or the area they were walking. He stated it was frightening. Eventually sounds started to come back, and they walked through an area of heavy foliage and started to hear their dad calling their names. He stated that it appeared they had been only one hundred yards from their ranch house but couldn't hear anything. Their father stated that he had fired three shots, trying to help them find their way back; the boys had heard nothing. He stated that this has never happened to him since, and nobody on the ranch has ever experienced something similar.

As I read Murray's description of walking back toward his stepfather, for the second time, and his statement that he didn't recognize where he was, it reminded me of the story above. It also makes me wonder how many times others in the wild have experienced a similar situation and not realized what the ranchers did at the time.

The rancher stated that he feels he and his brother walked through some type of time warp, tunnel, or portal, as they were definitely in some other place and lost for a period of time. In an

agreement to not expose the rancher's identity, I won't name him or the location where the incident occurred.

Think about many of the other cases I have written about in other books and imagine how many of those instances people have described similar circumstances, it's frightening.

Sam Adams
Missing 10/27/58–Unk, Chamberlain Mountains, southwest of Ovando, MT
Age at Disappearance: 39 years

Sam Adams was hunting in an area of the Chamberlain Mountains southwest of Ovando and approximately twenty miles southeast of Seeley Lake. Adams was hunting with two friends Ed Hodges (age forty) and Calvin Trusty (age fifty-two) when they somehow got separated. On October 27, 1958, Adams was reported as missing. The area is extremely rugged with steep peaks and deep valleys. Searchers interviewed Sam's wife, and she confirmed that he was armed with a rifle and pistol and had warm clothing, matches, and food.

Multiple private hunting parties called off their vacations to look for Sam. The Montana National Guard, the Powell County Sheriff's department, and Montana Fish and Games all worked together in a grid pattern to find a location where Sam may have established a camp. After seventeen days of intensive search efforts, Sam was not located.

Sam was hunting with dedicated friends, and they didn't give up their efforts to find their partner. Ed and Calvin took every possible weekend and traveled to the Chamberlain Mountains to search for their friend. On July 12, the efforts of Ed and Calvin paid dividends. A July 14, 1959, article in the *Deseret News* had the following: "The party found Adams' rifle, smashed in three parts, his wallet, shoes, and tattered bits of clothing. They also found bear signs and remnants of half digested clothing, human bones and hair. The shoes were scarred with teeth marks. Evidence of the battle was strewn in a 50-foot circle." The theory that was forwarded by law enforcement was that Sam wounded a bear. He used all but two bullets in the

attempt to kill the creature and only injured it. In the same *Deseret News* article: "He apparently crawled alongside a log and tried to light a fire to get warm. He removed the shoelaces, probably to use as tourniquets. Then it appears he used his last two rounds to summon aid. The bear then reappeared and he used his gun as a club." Authorities then claim that the bear devoured Sam on site or took part of the body to its den. How authorities could make all of these assumptions is truly remarkable.

I've spoken to several outdoorsmen about this story, and there are many that question the logic behind the theory of what happened. How could anyone know the sequence of when Sam fired his rounds? Articles state that a special team was sent to investigate the scene, as it baffled those that originally found the carnage. All of the articles claim that the bear was enraged and that there was a wild battle. If the bear was enraged and there was an epic battle, it would be very doubtful that Sam had the opportunity to get three huge whacks at the bear with his rifle, subsequently breaking it into three pieces. If he had time to whack the bear, why not shoot the bear? Many could understand getting in one good whack, but then you'd probably be taken down by the bear and be in a hand-to-hand struggle, if that was the only weapon you had. A November 1, 1958, article in the *Montana Standard* ended with the following paragraph: "Trusty said Adams was warmly dressed, carried food and was armed with a pistol and rifle." Calvin was Sam's hunting partner and would've known what Sam was carrying. The theory propagated by law enforcement specifically excluded the fact that Sam was carrying a pistol: a pistol that was left out of their explanation and a pistol that was never found after extensive searches at the scene. Authorities tried to explain away the fact that the vast majority of Sam was never found by claiming that a bear carried him to its den.

The last item that authorities tried to explain was why Sam's shoelaces were removed from his boots. The explanation forwarded was that Sam used them as tourniquets. Again, authorities are grasping at a logical explanation, even though they have no rationale to put forward that explanation. They have no way of knowing if Sam was seriously injured before he was fatally injured, or if the bear took his life when he was attacked at his final location.

Summary

Readers must remember that Sam's friends had been searching for dozens of weekends and had been unable to locate him. It was almost seven months after he vanished that this location was found, in a heavily wooded area fifteen miles southwest of Ovando. One article did state searchers felt there were two different scenes, two hundred yards apart. Two of the articles stated that they found Sam's belt and socks, an interesting set of items to mention. The articles didn't say "sock," they said "socks," indicating they found two. If they found Sam's belt and socks, how were both of them removed from his body without being devoured by a bear?

Authorities claim that Sam used his last two rifle rounds to summon assistance. Why wouldn't Sam have used his pistol to defend himself from the supposed bear? Why didn't searchers find Sam's pistol? Why would a hunter that had presumably been attacked by a bear—a bear that could come back for a final kill—use his last two rounds to shoot into the air?

I, along with other hunters, have tried to understand how you can break a rifle into three different pieces; it wouldn't be an easy task under any conditions, let alone during a fight with a bear. The remnants of what was found of Sam were described as "scant remains." If this was all they found of Sam, you wouldn't expect to find his belt, hat, shoes, billfold, socks, and knife. Oh yes, the knife—what about Sam utilizing the knife as a weapon in a struggle for life?

The location where Sam was eventually found was only a mile and a half from the point where the main search was centered in November. This seems like a very short distance to maintain a search for seven months.

The death of Sam Adams reminds me of three other deaths that were chronicled in *Missing 411-Western United States*: the disappearance of Bart Schleyer from the Yukon Territory, Charles McCullar from Crater Lake National Park, and Robert Springfield from Montana. All men had supposedly been killed and consumed by bears, yet intact clothing was found around their

bodies. McCullar's belt, Schleyer's pants, and Springfield's vest were found intact, and all three individuals had been consumed, by something.

I don't fault law enforcement for trying to explain away a complicated situation. Communities expect law enforcement agencies to always have the ability to explain anything; that's the comforting aspect of local government making the community feel as though everything is under control. It isn't until you start to review cases from throughout the United States that specific patterns in unique cases start to make themselves known.

I do believe that Sam Adams was probably consumed at some point by a bear, as bear remains were found in the area. There are too many unanswered questions, however, to put this story into a tight little box and put it away. Could a bear have killed Sam? Why wasn't it stated that human remains or clothing was found in bear scat? Probably because they weren't. Where is Sam's pistol?

Utah

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Marlon or Marion Robb	06/05/26–Unk•17•M•20 miles south of Paragonah, UT
Vilate Kerren Young	07/04/56–PM•15 months•F•7 Miles north of Widstoe, UT
Bruce Ferrin	06/23/63–10 a.m.•7•M•Pyramid Lake, Uinta Mountains, UT
Gage Wayment	10/25/01–Noon•2•M•Chalk Creek Basin, UT
Eric Robinson	08/07/11–Unk•63•M•Uinta Mountains, UT

Marlon or Marion Robb (two different spellings)
Missing 06/05/26–Unk, 20 miles north of Paragonah, UT
Age at Disappearance: 17 years

This incident is centered on a region in the far southwestern portion of Utah. Paragonah is a very small city, twenty miles from Bryce and Zion National Park and forty miles north of the Arizona border. The incident occurred in a region twenty miles south of Paragonah near the Cottonwood Canyon. This location is approximately four miles from Kane Point.

This isn't the only story about sheepherders that I have ever encountered. *Missing 411-Eastern United States* has an entire chapter dedicated to sheepherders that have vanished under unusual circumstances.

The Robb family was sheepherders, and the two brothers had the responsibility to take care of the herd. Articles spelled the name of the victim in this story two different ways: Marlon and Marion. For consistency, in this story I will call him Marlon.

Something had been stealing sheep belonging to the Robbs, and the boys had decided to ride out, separate, and look for the culprit. Marlon had told his brother he had seen a coyote and was going to ride out and kill it. This was the last time Marlon was seen.

A June 8, 1926, article in the *Billings Gazette* had the following headline: "Hounds to Seek Youth Likely Taken By Beast." When Marlon didn't return, Marlon's brother had ridden out to find his brother and found his horse. There was blood on the saddle, and his brother's hat was sitting on the saddle horn. The brother searched further and found a location where he believed his brother had sat down—there was more blood and his brother's rifle. He searched into the night and couldn't find Marlon. He rode back to the community and asked for assistance.

The family had some type of political connections, because articles state that Utah governor George Dern sent special Bloodhounds to the area to assist in the effort to find Marlon. Teams went back to the area where Marlon's brother had found blood and the rifle, and in a region further away from that scene, searchers found Marlon's knife and parts of his clothing saturated in blood. There were two sites where it appeared that Marlon had sat and rested. The rifle that was found was still loaded.

A June 8, 1926, article in the *Salt Lake Tribune* explained what happened when the Bloodhounds came onto the scene: "Bloodhounds were put on the scent but the animals appeared to be bewildered and could not follow the scent. Hundreds of men have joined in the hunt and covered every foot of the ground in Cottonwood Canyon for a radius of twenty five miles with no trace of the missing boy than his knife and gun and the clots of blood where they were found."

The search for Marlon went on for weeks with upward of one thousand men from throughout the state participating in the effort to find the sheepherder. After almost three weeks of intensive searching with Bloodhounds from all different parts of the state and many woodsmen and other sheepherders, Marlon was not found, and the search was terminated.

In late October 1933, deer hunter Archie Lamareaux was in an area six miles from the 1926 Robb sheepherding camp when he made an unusual find. Archie found bits of clothing, bits of shoes, and a partial skeleton. The remains were turned over to the sheriff, who identified the remains as Marlon. There was no information on the terrain where the body was found or the condition of the remains, and there was never a statement on the cause of death.

Summary

This entire event is mired in confusing information. Some articles state that Marlon vanished twenty miles northwest of Paragonah, and some say southwest. Cottonwood Canyon is southwest. Some articles state it was Marion who was lost, some say Marlon.

I find it very, very unusual that the newspaper articles mentioned the strange behavior of the Bloodhounds refusing to track. Again, unusual behavior by canines plays a major role in a disappearance.

I know that some of you may feel that a cougar or bear took down Marlon. I don't think so. The boy was able to get to two different locations and rest, and his rifle was still loaded. Why would a predator take on a formidable target like a human on a horse when there are hundreds of helpless sheep to victimize?

I find it very unusual that search teams knew the exact location where Marlon had rested and bled and still were unable to get dogs to track. Another very confusing point in this story deals with Marlon's last known location. Trackers are experts at finding people who have left tracks, especially in the woods. The June 8, 1926, article in the *Salt Lake Tribune* had a sectional title "Tracks Missing" with the following statement: "Men who are familiar with tracking animals and men have been active but have failed to find a trace

of track leaving the spots where the missing boy had evidently sat down." There was some conjecture in news articles that sheep or other animals may have obliterated the tracks; very, very doubtful. A newspaper doesn't place a statement in an article like that unless it bothered the trackers on the scene.

Marlon wasn't the only victim of this incident. One year after he disappeared, his father died of extreme heartbreak from missing his boy.

This entire event bothered me immensely. Tracks don't disappear, and Bloodhounds don't arbitrarily decide not to track. The June 8, 1926, article in the *Billings Gazette* article talked about using hounds to seek a "Beast." I think if we knew what the "Beast" was, we'd understand what happened to Marlon.

Vilate Kerren Young
Missing 07/04/56–PM, 7 miles north of Widstoe, UT
Age at Disappearance: 15 months

You may have a difficult time locating Widstoe on a map. The city rose to a size of just over a thousand in the early 1900s. When the United States Forest Service moved its office out of the city, the town became a ghost town. There are still farmers and ranchers in the outlying community, and that is exactly where this incident happened. Seven miles north of the city was the Newell Steed Ranch, a property owned by the grandparents of fifteen-month-old Vilate Young.

On July 4, 1956, Mr. and Mrs. Kerry Young were attending a Fourth of July barbecue at their parents' ranch. There were fields of very tall alfalfa in the surrounding region and large mountains beyond them. There was also a large irrigation canal just outside the property. There was essentially no traffic in this area, and very few residents in the surrounding twenty-mile radius. The ranch sat just fifteen miles from Bryce Canyon National Park and fifty miles exactly east of the location where Marlon Robb disappeared (see story just prior to this). I will confirm that it is a very rare event when people disappear in close proximity to each other, unless they are part of a cluster; these are not.

The family was enjoying the barbecue with several children in attendance. In the early afternoon the Youngs realized they couldn't find Vitale and started to search. Searchers did find the girl's teddy bear near the perimeter of the barbecue, the last location where she was observed. A July 6, 1956, article in the *Post Register* had a witness's statement related to Vilate: "'Vilate has gone up the hill and won't come back,' a cousin told other members of the family. That stirred the search that lasted till dark." The search was started just ten minutes after the girl was last seen. It was unclear why the cousin stated that the girl would not come back. Several hundred searchers were covering the local hills those first two days looking for the girl. Later in the same *Post Register* article was this: "Authorities familiar with the area discounted the possibility that a wild animal might have snatched the child. An irrigation canal running through the area was drained without success."

As the search moved forward, Bloodhounds especially trained to search for lost people were flown into Bryce Canyon National Park and driven to the Youngs' ranch. Both Bloodhounds tracked the girl from the ranch to a rural road and then stopped. Authorities stated that it was possible that Vilate was abducted but that was a small possibility.

Law enforcement authorities decided that all of the alfalfa fields needed to be cut to ensure that the girl wasn't lost in one. The fields had been covered from the air by multiple aircraft searching for the girl. Once the fields were cut, nothing was found. One of the last efforts made in the search included an Air Force helicopter from Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada. The helicopter worked in a series of low flyovers, covering almost every inch of ground in a three-mile radius of the ranch.

A July 15, 1956, article in the *Times News* had this update on the search: "Sheriff Deward Woodard says he has ended a search for a 2-year-old Idaho girl who disappeared from a family picnic on a remote southern Utah ranch. 'We feel that the child is not in this area,' Woodard said." After ten intensive days of searching with hundreds of searchers on foot, on horseback, and in the air, they found no evidence of exactly where Vilate was located. Three years after Vilate disappeared, there was this update in the April

6, 1959 *Ogden Standard*: "The disappearance of a fifteen-month-old Idaho girl remains unsolved in this southern Utah community after investigation passed the three-year mark." Later in the same article: "Vilate Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kerry Young of Montview, Idaho is still missing almost three years after she disappeared while visiting with her parents at a ranch near Widstoe."

Summary

The fact that a fifteen-month-old girl was missing just ten minutes before search efforts were initiated, and she could not be located seems surreal. How could a girl that young move that fast without some type of assistance? The girl wasn't in the surrounding alfalfa fields, not in the irrigation canal, and seemingly nowhere in the surrounding three miles.

The location of this event was very rural. There were only neighboring farmers and ranchers; this would not be a location that someone would accidentally stumble by. The country road where the canines allegedly tracked Vitale doesn't seem like the answer to what happened. It would appear that law enforcement discounted the canines' findings as well, because they continued to search deeper and deeper into rural areas.

Bryce Canyon National Park is just fifteen miles east through rugged mountains. The location of this incident is just not a location where law enforcement would deduct that a vehicular abduction would occur. The real question is what prompted Vilate to walk away and drop her teddy bear?

Bruce Ferrin
Missing 6/23/63–10 a.m., Pyramid Lake, Uinta Mountains, UT
Age at Disappearance: 7 years

In *Missing 411-Western United States* I wrote about Garrett Bardsley (age twelve) who disappeared from Cuberant Lake in the Uinta Mountains on August 20, 2004. Garrett was camping with a Boy Scout troop. He awoke early and went fishing at the lake with his father. The elevation of the lake is approximately 10,200 feet. As the pair was fishing, Garrett got his feet wet and told his dad he

was going back to camp to get dry socks and shoes. Mr. Bardsley watched the boy follow the trail into a grove of trees and brush; he never saw him again. The only thing they ever found of Garrett's was a sock that they located high up in a boulder field above the elevation of Cuberant Lake. Go backward in time forty-nine years and travel five miles south, and you have the disappearance of Bruce Ferrin.

On June 23, 1963, Bruce traveled to Pyramid Lake in the Uinta Mountains with his aunt, uncle, and cousins. The lake sits at approximately 9,700 feet in elevation and appears much like Cuberant. At approximately 10 a.m., Bruce told his aunt and uncle that he needed to use the bathroom and headed for a grove of small trees and bushes; he didn't come out. After several minutes, the aunt and uncle started to search for the boy and could not locate him. Authorities were notified.

Searchers from the United States Forest Service, county sheriff, and local volunteers all went into the wilderness calling Bruce's name and attempting to locate him.

At approximately 4 p.m. on June 24, searcher Boyd Carpenter was many miles from the Pyramid Lake location and saw a boy coming down a steep trail from a set of cliffs—it was Bruce. A June 25 article in the *Salt Lake Tribune* had the following headline: "Lad Walks 20 Miles, Feels Fine." Yes, you read that right; searchers estimated that Bruce had traveled nearly twenty miles to get to the location where he was found. Later in that same article, Carpenter said the following: "Mr. Carpenter said he was amazed that the boy came down over some 500-foot high cliffs to reach the trail along the North Fork of the Duchesne River." Let's review the last few sentences: the boy walks over twenty miles in thirty hours and then successfully goes over the top and back down five-hundred-foot cliffs? Every search and rescue manual I have reviewed indicates that boys seven to nine years old will be found inside a radius of 7.2 miles 95 percent of the time, and that could be over a period of a week..

Bruce was returned to his parents, where he stated he was hungry. He stated that he had drank water from a waterfall and slept between two downed logs. He explained that as he was sleeping,

a deer jumped over the top of him, and he had seen many animals during his trip. He never explained how he got lost or what he did in the early moments when he disappeared.

Gage Wayment
Missing 10/25/01–Noon, Chalk Creek Basin (35 miles east of Salt Lake City), UT
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Paul Wayment married a woman, becoming her third husband, and they had one child together, Gage. The combined Wayment family now had five children, with many rumors swirling about the welfare of the kids. Paul was a construction worker that was raised in the Mormon Church. He didn't drink alcohol or use drugs; he would be viewed as a very straight-laced guy. As the marriage went forward, things went south, and Paul left, asking the court for full custody of Gage. The case went to court, and Mrs. Wayment eventually lost custody of all her children, and Paul became "Mr. Mom" for Gage. The pair was inseparable.

Paul had a love of the outdoors and took the boy with him everywhere, trekking through the forest, looking at sites, and generally being best buddies.

On October 25, 2001, Paul (age thirty-seven) placed Gage in his car seat behind him in his 1997 Dodge pickup. The boys were headed to a private deer hunting spot on the east side of Elk Reservoir at the Chalk Creek basin at an approximate elevation of eight thousand feet.

It was approximately noon when Paul stopped his truck, walked to the gate, and correctly applied the combination to the lock. He opened the gate, entered the private domain, closed the gate behind him, and relocked it. He drove to a spot he felt would be a good location to scout for deer. Paul stopped the truck, turned around and saw Gage asleep in his full-length blue pajamas that covered his feet. Paul was planning on being gone only a short time and decided to leave Gage locked in the truck, warm and strapped in his seat. Paul left to look for deer. While he was out looking, he saw several groups and apparently got preoccupied. Paul returned to the truck

(times vary on this from thirty to ninety minutes) to find the door on Gage's side open and Gage gone. Paul ran throughout the area calling Gage's name and didn't get an answer. After looking for the boy and not having any luck, he drove down the private road to the camp and contacted two hunters who also happened to drive in that afternoon. The hunters told Paul that they had seen his son in the truck smiling when they drove by, and he looked fine; they felt the father was somewhere close by. The hunters agreed to help in the search, and the trio left.

The men searched for Gage and soon realized they needed more assistance and contacted the Summit County Sheriff's office. The first deputy arriving at the scene found a frantic scene. As the deputy was trying to gather facts about Gage, Paul was vomiting and stating that if the boy died, it was his fault; he left him alone. Paul slowly calmed down, and the information about Gage was given to other deputies through the sheriff's communication center. By midnight the weather turned gloomy, and it started to snow. The temperature in the surrounding mountains had been steadily dropping, and survival for Gage was a real question.

At 3 a.m. there were numerous deputies and search and rescue (SAR) personnel in the area starting to search the region. Paul was seated in a SAR commander's car along with two Summit County detectives. The father was not sidestepping liability on this issue; he readily admitted this was entirely his fault.

The time passed, and days went by. Salt Lake City sent its helicopter to look through the hills and creek beds in search of Gage. There were hundreds of searchers, deputies, and friends that scoured the mountains for the small boy. Several Bloodhounds were brought to the scene and apparently couldn't find a scent. After four long and cold days of searching, the Summit County sheriff made a determination that they couldn't find Gage Wayment. The investigative arm of the sheriff's office was concerned that the body of a two-year-old boy couldn't be found. Searchers would continually ask themselves how a two-year-old could get outside an area they were searching.

There was initial concern that Gage may have been kidnapped. That theory was quickly quelled when all realized that access to this area is tightly controlled by lock and gate. The two hunters who

assisted Paul with the initial search affirmed that they were the only people in that area when Gage vanished.

After the search by the sheriff's office was terminated, the very next morning one hundred and fifty private citizens arrived, ready and willing to continue the search. There were additional rumors that Paul had hidden Gage in an effort to permanently keep him from his mother. There were also rumors that Paul had killed Gage—this didn't make a lot of sense, because of what the hunters had observed.

When the volunteers arrived Monday morning to search, James Wilkes, a thirty-five-year-old owner of a pet-care facility in Salt Lake City, arrived with his black Schnauzer, Dino, to assist. James is a short-haired, clean-cut man who was also a Mormon. If you saw a photo of James, he would remind you of a rugged-looking marine, strong and determined. As some searchers stayed in pairs, James stayed with Dino and headed into an outer area, quite a distance from the area where Gage was last seen. As morning turned to afternoon and then to early night, James and Dino were lost. Yes, the searchers themselves were lost and cold. James found some protection from the elements in a small hole under a tree, and this is where he sat bundled with Dino for one of the coldest nights of their lives. James wasn't sure if he slept at all during that night, but he is sure that he probably started back up at nearly 5 a.m. Wilkes states that he and Dino had only been moving a few minutes when he noticed his dog bent over a small bulge buried in five inches of snow. Wilkes slowly got over to Dino's position and realized the dog was now licking the face of Gage Wayment.

Gage was lying in a fetal position facing uphill under the snow. His hands were clenched in fists; his eyes were open with frozen tears in them. The blue footie pajamas were pulled up to his knees, and his throat was blue. The boy was dead. James made one last observation before placing Gage in his arms; he saw canine tracks in the immediate area that were not from Dino. James picked up the body and started to make his way out of the woods; it was an arduous trek. After many hours of trying to work his way out of his lost environment, James eventually had to put the boy's body down near a fence line and then continue to work his way back to the search area headquarters, where he reported his find to sheriff's

deputies. The deputies responded back into the area, and eventually they found Gage as James had explained.

Paul broke down when he was told of James's find. There was some relief among the rescue workers that they had found the body, yet there was much grief that Gage had passed on.

The Summit County sheriff was highly concerned that they had been unable to find the body with their search and rescue personnel, and an outsider with his dog made the find. Paul was asked to take a polygraph test about the circumstances surrounding his son's disappearance. Paul's statement never swayed; he took full responsibility and testified just as he had made statements to other deputies and investigators. The polygraph examiner asked him if he and James Wilkes had plotted together to cause the death of Gage; he stated that he had not. Paul passed the polygraph.

As Paul jumped through one legal investigative hoop, he was having his own internal struggles with understanding how Gage had gotten out of his truck. Paul's sister stated that Paul would regularly go out to the truck and work the locks and the buckles, never understanding how Gage was able to accomplish this feat.

Sheriff's investigators continued their investigation by having the medical examiner perform an autopsy on Gage. The determined cause of death was exposure, yet the examiner couldn't determine when Gage died.

Investigators took their case to the deputy district attorney and made their feelings known about possible prosecution. Everyone agreed that Paul had made a severe mistake. The personal feeling of the investigators was that Paul was the type of person who would live with this incident for the rest of his life, his own personal hell that would never leave. They believed that was punishment enough.

The district attorney's office had a different feeling about prosecution. The amount of time Paul had left Gage in his truck had varied, according to reports, from thirty to ninety minutes, and they couldn't pin it any closer. He left the boy in a cold environment, strapped in a car seat, alone. The boy had exited the seat and somehow managed to cross miles of wilderness to his eventual place of death. Paul was eventually charged with one count of misdemeanor negligent homicide.

While the district attorney was contemplating the decision to charge, Paul was getting a barrage of hatred flowing his way. The news media had reported that Paul's ex-wife was being investigated on a variety of child custody-type issues; nothing was ever alleged against Paul. Not only was this man living with the knowledge that his actions killed his boy, he was being bombarded by a section of the public that wanted his scalp.

On June 5, after much discussion with his attorneys and family, Paul Wayment pled guilty to one count of negligent homicide. Paul didn't want to put others in the way of public humiliation by testifying; he knew what he did, and family members felt as though Paul wanted to pay a price for his actions.

Paul read sheriff's reports and found the location where Gage died. This became a location he regularly went to meditate. He eventually built a small shrine to Gage, alone and at the last location that Gage had ever known. Paul had talked with his sister about his feelings of suicide but countered them with the religious knowledge that if he ever did that, it was the Mormons' belief that a suicide would never allow the victim to reach the same eternal resting area as others who died naturally under God's grace, and it was that fear that he'd never see his boy that kept Paul from committing the act.

On July 17, Paul was sentenced to thirty days in jail. The judge felt that he needed to spend some jail time as a message to other parents. The judge asked Paul when he'd like to start his sentence, and Paul and his attorney agreed to start the thirty days the following morning. As people left the courthouse, Paul told his sister that he was going back to the mountain, a normal place for him to meditate and be in that environment he needed to be, with Gage.

The morning of July 18 came, and Paul did not arrive for sentencing. Paul's sister called his house, no answer. It was at this point that people started to feel the worst. Several individuals went to Paul's meditation location and found his body lying next to his rifle.

Summary

In my years of conducting research on missing people, I don't believe I've ever investigated a story with so many twists, turns, and agony, but this isn't why this story is in the book.

Let me first state that I can only try to feel what Paul felt after losing a son, as I have never lost a child, thank God. When you have a bond with a child, there is nothing that comes close. I believe that Paul was a decent man who made a bad decision, probably the one decision that would forever haunt any loving parent. Part of Paul's core, taking responsibility for one's actions, that one personal trait is what doomed this man. I don't believe it was the court's decision to incarcerate or the district attorney's to prosecute; it was the ethics of the man that put him in such strife.

I have read several accounts of children being left alone in vehicles in the woods where they somehow got out and supposedly started to trek. Before I read the portion of Paul's story where he was attempting to understand how Gage out of his truck—unlocking locks, pulling on door handles, etc.—I was imagining the same things.

I've documented many cases where the weather turns bad after a child vanishes; in this case, it started to snow near midnight.

James Wilkes made a fascinating observation when he was picking up Gage—canine tracks in the snow near his body. The implication of the tracks was that searchers were close to finding this boy—why hadn't the dogs reacted? I've read tales where some animals are reluctant or afraid of approaching other dead animals in specific situations. Was that what was happening here? Why?

Gage was found just a little over two miles from the point he was last seen. Several articles claim it was in an area that had been searched thoroughly; again, a situation that occurs far too many times in the incidents I've investigated.

I do not condone what Paul did by leaving Gage in the truck. It was a horrific case of bad judgment, but I feel compassion for his loss.

The "Missing 411" books were not printed in 2001, but I hope that anyone else that gets in Paul's position has the opportunity to read them; they wouldn't feel as though they were alone.

******I gleaned much of this story from over forty articles I reviewed. There is one particular rendition of the total account that assisted in helping me form this story: "A Father's Pain, A Judge's Duty and a Justice Beyond Their Reach," by Barry Siegel of the *Los Angeles Times*. His story won a Pulitzer Prize and is worth looking up on the web. Barry Siegel's ability to explain this specific incident is extraordinary. I shed a lot of tears over this story, and I don't think that Paul was 100 percent at fault.

*Refer to *Missing 411-Western United States* and the October 19, 1973 disappearance of Jimmy Duffy, two years old, from the back of a camper while his parents left him alone. Many of the facts in this case mimic Gage's disappearance, and there are other cases that are very similar..

Eric Robinson
Missing 8/07/11, Highline Trail, Uintas Wilderness, UT
Age at Disappearance: 63 years

Eric Robinson and Marilyn Koolsit lived in the outskirts of Melbourne, Australia. Marilyn was the principal at Valkstone Primary School in East Bentleigh, and Eric was the explorer and adventurer. Mr. Robinson had hiked nearly every major trail in his home country and then started tackling trails in New Zealand, Scotland, California, and Utah. He was very experienced, and he researched his hikes at length and did extensive reading on all aspects of the region where he was going.

Eric had a red backpack, tent, sleeping bag, bear spray, personal transponder, cell phone, and fourteen days of supplies for a ten-day, sixty-mile hike on the Highline Trail in the Uintas Wilderness in far northeast Utah. In late July, Marilyn dropped Eric at the Melbourne airport and sent him off for another hiking excursion.

Friends of the Robinsons picked Eric up in Salt Lake City and hosted him overnight in Park City. Eric gave his friends intimate details about his trip and told them to expect him at Mirror Lake on August 7. He was dropped at the Highline Trailhead on July 28.

On August 2, a troop of Boy Scouts and its leaders just happened to meet Eric in the Yellowstone Creek drainage, nearly four miles off track from the Highline Trail. The troop stated that Eric was in fine health and upbeat spirits. The leader of the troop gave Eric directions on his map regarding how to get back to the correct trail and sent him hiking in that direction. This was the last time Eric Robinson was ever seen.

Friends of Eric's were waiting at Mirror Lake on August 7. After the sixty-three-year old hiker didn't arrive, they determined something was drastically wrong and notified the United States Forest Service and the Duchesne County Sheriff's department.

County Sheriff Travis Mitchell led the effort to find Eric. The search included helicopters, equestrians, all-terrain vehicles, Bloodhounds, and hikers. Sheriff Mitchell contacted Marilyn, and she explained that Eric was in excellent health and passionate about hiking and exploring. He was a competent hiker who went the extra distance to ensure he had extra supplies should he be stuck for additional days in the wild.

Fifteen intensive days of searching for Eric Robinson found nothing. The rescue teams had a fairly confined area in which to look for the man, based on the Boy Scouts' observation of August 2. Marilyn realized the effort was coming to a close and flew to Utah. All search operations were terminated on August 22. Marilyn did continue the effort to find Eric by placing posters and photos around the various trailheads in the area. All efforts to find Eric were eventually terminated without one piece of equipment ever being found.

Summary

Eric started his hike one mile west of Cuberant Lake, the location where twelve-year-old Garrett Bardsley disappeared on August 20, 2004, and was never found (*Missing 411-Western United States*).

Eric never activated his personal transponder or his cell phone. He was carrying a bright-colored backpack stocked with supplies. Searchers had a location where they knew he was last seen and placed a series of Bloodhounds at that site, yet they could never pick up a scent. Helicopters could not locate him or his supplies from the air.

This region of Utah has very high elevations without significant ground coverage. There are hundreds of small lakes, creeks, and rivers and miles of exposed boulders. This man did everything correct in preparation for his hike, except for one item that I adamantly recommend: always hike with a partner.

It is somewhat ironic that Eric was last seen by a group of Boy Scouts. Garrett Bardsley was on a Boy Scout outing when he vanished and was never found.

Colorado

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Reynolds, Mack, Brown, and Doniher	10/15/1893•Unk•M•Routt County, CO
Raymond Walter Wiggs III	10/24/03–AM•19•M•Little Gypsum Valley, CO
Michael Von Gortler	06/22/11–Unk•53•M•Mount Missouri, CO
Makana Von Gortler	06/22/11–Unk•20•F•Mount Missouri, CO
Patricia Wallace	07/03/12–4 p.m.•74•Indian Peaks Wilderness, CO

Reynolds, Mack, Brown, and Doniher (No first names available)
Missing 10/12/1893-10/15/1893, Routt County, Colorado
Age at Disappearance: Unknown

I've read thousands of stories about disappearances with this being one of the oddest. It's the story of five hunters who traveled to an area called "Greasewood," fifteen miles west of Steamboat Springs. The five men were hunters and well-armed. The area had a river and several small bodies of water. This is one of the few locations in that area that did have water sources. Mountains in the area rose to just over seven thousand feet, and the plains were near an elevation of five thousand feet. This specific area has large sections that have never been logged.

T. H. Merrill was hunting with a man named "Doniher." Both men left the group's camp and decided to hunt separately. Merrill returned to the camp that night, and Doniher did not. The following morning, Merrill traveled with Reynolds into the forest to look for Doniher. After a few hours, the men separated. Merrill made it back to camp, this time Reynolds never came back.

With two of the five hunters now missing, Mack and Brown decided to head into the woods and look for the missing men. Nobody knows if they stayed together or split up, but neither man made it back to camp, leaving Merrill the only man left.

An October 16, 1893, article in the *Waterloo Daily Courier* explained Merrill's thoughts: "They (missing hunters) have not been seen since, and Merrill thought it was high time to inform the authorities of the mysterious disappearance. Nothing farther can be learned from the four missing men. The country where they disappeared is far from civilization and communication is difficult."

Summary

The area where these men disappeared is not extremely high in elevation and didn't have steep and rugged mountains like much of Colorado; this is a mixture of smaller mountains, plains, and rivers. The Greasewood area is west of the Rocky Mountain National Park and Steamboat Springs.

I have never found one incident where four hunters disappeared in such close proximity, unless it was one catastrophic event; this was not.

Raymond Walter Wiggs III
Missing 10/24/03–AM, Little Gypsum Valley, CO
Age at Disappearance: 19 years

Raymond was from Alanson, Michigan, but was hiking in Little Gypsum Valley. Raymond was with Kevin Ullrich (age forty-one), his girlfriend, Leslie Brookshier (age twenty-four), and Corey Ullrich (age twenty-three), Kevin's son. The group met up in Moab and decided to head to the valley at 3 a.m. for late-night camping and hiking. The group arrived at the extreme west end of Little Gypsum

Valley near Silvey's Pocket at 3 a.m., exited the vehicle, and started to hike. As the group was hiking, Raymond vanished. The group yelled and searched for the man but received no answer. There was a slight delay in the group getting back to report Raymond as missing, and this initially caused concern for the San Miguel County sheriff. The group reported to the sheriff that Raymond was last seen walking in a drainage path approximately one and a half miles south of Road 20R in a remote area of rock and desert, known as Grassy Hills.

The sheriff's department held a land and air search of the area and failed to find any remnants indicating that Raymond was in the area. Since the disappearance occurred just miles from the Utah border, Utah law enforcement was also assisting in the search. There were two different renditions of this event reported to the media: one stated that Raymond disappeared shortly after they arrived, another stated he disappeared when they went hiking the following afternoon. The group claims they searched for Raymond for almost a day and a half before they called the sheriff.

Sheriff's deputies and volunteers used all-terrain vehicles, horses, hikers, and a Super Cub aircraft flying at low speeds to look for Raymond. A Bloodhound from Phoenix was brought in to search, but it also couldn't find a scent or clue.

Nothing monumental happened in the disappearance investigation of Raymond Wiggs for over four years. On November 15, 2007, a hunter was in a very remote area in a small tributary canyon south of the extreme west end of Little Gypsum Valley when he came across human remains. At the time the remains were located, the chief investigator for San Miguel County, Norman Squier, made statements that there was no direct evidence to support foul play in Raymond's disappearance.

On November 14, 2007, the San Miguel County sheriff made a statement to the *Daily Press*: "We really believe he got lost out there. I think that's what happened." Investigators identified a piece of skull, some teeth, and a portion of the spinal column; femur and leg bone were found four miles from where the group had camped. In the same *Daily Press* article, Investigator Squier stated what they found near the body: "Squier said they found a necklace and a ring that belonged to Wiggs in a natural depression on the canyon wall

above where his bones were discovered. Squier said it appeared Wiggs's jewelry had been deliberately removed, but it was impossible to tell why. There is allegedly an aspect to hypothermia that causes people to disrobe in the final stages, but Dr. Canfield was unable to find one instance where that included jewelry."

Summary

The statement of the chief investigator on his feelings of what happened to Raymond was weak at best. He surely didn't seem assertive and confident about what may have happened to the man.

In the one scenario where Raymond disappeared during daylight hours, it's hard to imagine that search teams couldn't find him, if he was conscious. It's also hard to understand why he wouldn't have seen and responded to searchers.

The description of the location of where Raymond's remains were found specified how remote of a location it was. The truly baffling part of this incident is his bones and jewelry. For an individual who disappears in a desert setting where there are not bears or large scavengers, it seems there should've been more bones and remains. The finding of the jewelry on a ledge above the body would cause me angst if I were the investigator on this case. The question is about the jewelry: was it removed before or after his death, and who could've removed it? The other major issue is what happened to his bones that weren't found?

Michael Von Gortler
Makana Von Gortler
Missing 6/22/11–Unk, Mount Missouri, CO
Ages at Disappearance: 53 and 20 years, respectively

After a radio appearance explaining the CanAm Missing Project, I was deluged the next morning with reports about strange disappearances in the mountains of North America. One of the top stories I was asked to research dealt with the disappearance of Michael and Makana Von Gortler. This is their story.

Michael was an emergency room physician in Boulder, Colorado. He had a summer home west of Boulder in Buena Vista. He enjoyed hiking, getting off the trail and finding the unknown. He was a cautious man who always carried emergency supplies. The absolute center of Michael's life was his daughter, Makana. Makana Von Gortler graduated from high school in Boulder with honors. She had just finished her sophomore year at the University of Colorado at Boulder, where she was majoring in ecology and evolutionary biology. She had been in a longtime relationship with her boyfriend, Paul Kasemir, when she left on June 14 with her dad for a summer trip of hiking and climbing.

The Von Gortlers spent the first portion of their trip traveling to Telluride and attending the Blue Grass Festival. It is possible that

the pair spent time at Michael's summer home in Buena Vista. On June 21, Makana sent a written text to her boyfriend, stating the following according to an ABC News article of June 30, 2011: "I just got back to Buena Vista with my dad. I left my phone on roaming so I can't talk. We had a great time and were gonna try a 14er tmrw. I'll be able to see you in a few days, I've missed you too." Makana's reference to a "14er" is about climbing a mountain with her father that is fourteen thousand feet high. On June 22, at 12:23 a.m., Paul got his last text from Makana as is noted again in the same article: "Were hiking Mt. Missouri tmrw, staying the night here then driving back the 23rd. I will help my dad pack the next day, so I can see you the 25th and we can celebrate whatever month were in now." A few minutes later, Makana texted "Love you so much." A few days later Paul tried calling and texting Makana and didn't receive a response. He then contacted her mom, Dea, and Dea called the sheriff in Chaffee County.

The search for Makana and Michael lasted for eight days. The military sent a high-altitude Blackhawk helicopter to ferry people to near the summit of the three fourteen-thousand-foot mountains that are near Mount Missouri. There were dozens of ground searchers. If you look at a Google map of the mountain, you will notice that it is generally a very barren place without significant foliage. The one location where there are trees covering the landscape is on the eastern hills below the summit of Missouri. One article by MSNBC stated that searchers had covered eight hundred square miles looking for the pair.

Mount Missouri is in the San Isabel National Forest with the closest major city being Buena Vista to the east. The summit of the mountain is at 14,073 feet and is one of fifty-three "fourteeners" in Colorado, a mountain whose height is above fourteen thousand feet.

Ten days after the Von Gortlers vanished, a search helicopter was dropping a team near the summit and observed something unusual in the forest area below their location. A team was sent down the mountain to check and found two bodies; it was Makana and Michael. When the pair was initially found, there was no declaration of their identity; they were not positive. Days later the coroner confirmed the identities.

The location of the bodies and the circumstances of what happened are confusing, and they seemed to be questioned by the coroner and the sheriff. The only agreement was that the weather was very good. There was no wind in the morning, no clouds; it was a perfect day for the Von Gortlers to hike the summit. On July 5, 2011, Reuters ran the following story about the location of the body: "The bodies were located in steep terrain at an elevation of 12,000 feet on the northeast side of Missouri Mountain within the forest, Chaffee County Sheriff W. Pete Palmer told Reuters. NBCNEWS.com on July 2, 2011, had this story about the location of the Von Gortlers: "The bodies were found at about 12,000 feet, one mile from the summit of Missouri Mountain, on the northeast side, undersheriff John Spezze told KUSA. Palmer told the *Boulder Daily Camera* that the bodies were about 500 feet above the main trail. Rescue crews deployed a helicopter to recover the bodies from a steep, grassy area, Spezze said."

The following article from CBS 4 Denver on July 19, 2011, stated: "Investigators state they may never know for sure what happened to a father and daughter who died hiking a Colorado 14er but they now have three theories. The two died hiking the Missouri Gulch Trail near Missouri Mountain in Chaffee County earlier this month. Searchers found the bodies of Dr. Michael Von Gortler and Makana Von Gortler after eight days of looking. Chaffee County Sheriff Pete Palmer told CBS4 they almost certainly fell simultaneously. He said the two plunged about 1000 feet on a 60 percent grade." The last and most confusing report came from a live broadcast on NBC News 9 Denver on July 4, 2011. This newscast interviewed searchers who were on the scene of the recovery of the bodies. Searchers told the news that the pair "had to have reached the summit and were descending, they were two hundred feet from the summit when they fell." Later in the same newscast, they interviewed Sheriff Pete Palmer from Chaffee County, and he stated: "We're not exactly sure where they were when they fell."

In the examination of the reports of where the Von Gortlers were found, one report states they had summited and were descending when they fell two hundred feet from the summit. Another report states that they were found at the 12,000-foot elevation in a forested

area, and another says they were found on grass. Another article states that they fell one thousand feet on a sixty-degree grade. If the summit was 14,073 feet, none of these statements make any sense. You do the math.

If you are not already confused as to what happened on Mount Missouri, wait—it gets more confusing. On July 5, 2011, ABC 7 Denver had the following article: "Dr Michael Von Gortler and his daughter, Makana, both died of blunt-force trauma injuries to the head and neck, Amettis said (Coroner Randy Amettis). There was no indication of injuries from lightning. Relatives told 7NEWS they believe the two were likely blown off a cliff. Amettis said the conditions of the bodies and other factors indicated that the Von Gortlers died on June 2, the day they began the hike. No crime is believed to have been committed, Amettis said. He declared the deaths an accident. While Amettis could not say if the hikers had fallen, he said their injuries are not inconsistent with a fall."

There are several facts in this paragraph that make me very uncomfortable. All reports indicated the weather was perfect on June 22 for a summit attempt. There were no reports of gale-force winds. Point number two: read the coroner's statement carefully—"No crime is believed to have been committed." Who claimed that a possible crime had been committed? Where did this statement come from? If no crime occurred, state that; don't sound unsure. But here's the statement that made me rise in my seat: "While Amettis could not say if the hikers had fallen, he said their injuries are not inconsistent with a fall." If they didn't fall, how did they die? If the coroner can't determine that the Von Gortlers fell, what is his explanation of an "accident?" According to the sheriff and searchers, the Von Gortlers would've had to fall over one thousand feet, minimum. If someone falls that far, they have major scrapes and bruises over their entire bodies and their clothes are torn, ripped, and filled with dust and small rocks from the fall. There can be no doubt. If you read the coroner's statements, there appears to be doubt.

Summary

The coroner stated that Makana and Michael died from blunt trauma to their head and neck. It doesn't state that they broke their

necks, and it doesn't state they had fractured skulls. He doesn't make any statements about injuries to the torso, legs, or any other regions of the body. It does seem a little odd that both hikers were on a very easy trail and they both fell, supposedly to their death.

Searchers looked for the Von Gortlers for eight days and over an area of eight hundred square miles, yet they are found on the side of the very mountain that everyone knew they were climbing—how could that be? Helicopters had been flying this area almost daily, and nobody had seen the pair. The fact that they both were found in the exact area they were originally thought to be, yet they were not found for the first seven days, seems to be a consistent theme in many of the stories I've covered.

On July 2, 2011, CBS Denver had the following article about conditions on the mountain at the time of the Von Gortlers hike: "June 22 was a fairly mild day and conditions were ideal for a hike. 'It hasn't been any kind of atrocious weather, and the other thing is both these people were experienced hikers,' Chaffee County Sheriff Pete Palmer said. Palmer says the deaths are a complete mystery. While steep, the Missouri Mountain Trail is only ranked as a type 2 climb, which is fairly mild. Authorities say it didn't appear the two had taken a fall."

Readers, the coroner couldn't absolutely state the Von Gortlers fell, and authorities claim it doesn't appear they fell, so how did Makana and Michael die? It almost appears as though authorities had no answers to the cause of death and manipulated the story to make it appear to be a fall. I have no other way to explain the answers given by authorities. The one factual piece of the story that nobody can dispute: the Von Gortlers died of injuries to the head and neck.

Patricia Wallace
Missing 7/03/12–4 p.m., Indian Peaks Wilderness, CO
Age at Disappearance: 74 years

Patricia Wallace was a retiree living just five miles east of Boulder in Lafayette. She was asked by friends to join them on a Fourth of July weekend hike in the Indian Peaks Wilderness. Patricia was a very experienced hiker and was in excellent shape.

Her daughter made the comment that many people have mistaken Patricia for a woman in her fifties—she looks that healthy.

Patricia made the journey from her home to an area called "Camp Dick" just outside the wilderness area. This area is accessed off the Peak-to-Peak Highway, also known as Highway 72.

The group of friends started hiking west toward Buchanan Pass, approximately nine miles east of Monarch Lake and in the high elevations of the wilderness area. The group made it to Buchanan Pass (elevation approximately 11, 800 feet). The majority of hikers decided to take a specific route back to the car, and Patricia stated she was going to take an easier route and left the area alone, around 1:30 p.m. The location of this event was just southeast of the Rocky Mountain National Park border.

The view from Buchanan Pass is awesome. The region is almost identical to the area where Michael and Makana Von Gortler disappeared almost exactly one year earlier. There are dozens of high alpine lakes within two miles of the pass. The majority of the area is barren, exposed rock with few areas of trees and forest.

Patricia left her group with an understanding that everyone would meet back at their car at the trailhead at 4 p.m. Patricia never arrived.

The Boulder and Grand County Sheriff's departments took the lead on the search for Patricia Wallace. The counties dispatched multiple helicopters and numerous canine teams to look for the retiree. The canines couldn't seem to find a scent, and the helicopters saw nothing from the air. Some sources had indicated that Patricia might have been carrying trekking poles; that was unconfirmed. It was confirmed that Patricia was wearing a large, floppy hat, similar to the one she is wearing in the photo. The counties searched for Patricia for over a week and then called off their attempt. The search effort failed to find one piece of evidence that Patricia was on the mountain.

It is less than a six-mile downhill hike back to the area of the trailhead and their cars. The strenuous part of Patricia's day was over. She could easily have made the hike in the time the group allotted.

There were unconfirmed reports that a group of hikers observed Patricia hiking in the opposite direction of the agreed-upon meeting place.

Summary

It's almost as though I can now look at a Google map of a region and state the likelihood that a person will disappear based solely on the topography. High mountain peaks, lots of exposed rock, and dozens of small lakes coupled with a hiker that is alone is an absolute perfect recipe for a disappearance zone. I cannot stress enough that hikers should never leave a group and always hike in pairs. I have documented so many people that have vanished after leaving a group, it just seems odd. It almost seems as though their destiny immediately changes when they go off alone. "Alone" can mean the last in line, out of sight, or simply venturing out for a Fourth of July trek with friends. It's almost as though these individuals are targeted, watched and then monitored until the opportunity exists for them to disappear.

I know that I've often stated that people disappear with some type of personal ailment or physical disability. Many

articles stated that it was believed that Patricia had early stages of Alzheimer's.

New Mexico

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Celsa Lucero	11/09/40–3:30 p.m.•51•F•Manzano Mountains, NM

Celsa Lucero
Missing 11/09/40–11 a.m.-3:30 p.m., Manzano Mountains, NM
Age at Disappearance: 51 years
**Disabled–Deaf

The Manzano Mountains, southeast of Albuquerque, are a chain of mountains that run south and parallel to the city. The mountains are not what you think of the normal landscape of the state—they are large, green, and filled with large trees.

On November 9, 1940, Celsa Lucero left her home in Los Duranes and traveled with her family to the mountains to spend the day picking pinon seeds (also known as pine nuts). Celsa had made a large and thick mitten for her left hand so the pine needles wouldn't injure her, and she had dressed extremely warmly. She even was found to be carrying matches just in case she was out and got cold. Celsa had a lifelong disability: she was deaf.

The majority of the Lucero group—sisters, nephews, etc.—left their campsite at 10:30 a.m. and agreed to be back at 3:30 p.m. Celsa was seen in camp until near 11 a.m. She then left, momentarily traveling with another camper. Eventually Celsa split off and went after pinons on her own.

At 3:30 p.m., the campers were starting to meet at their campsite, and by 4 p.m., they started to get nervous that Celsa hadn't arrived. The family built a large fire to ward off the chilling temperatures and to allow Celsa to see where they were located. The family understood that yelling for Celsa would be fruitless, because she was deaf. The family searched through the night, and on November 10, they traveled into the city and contacted the US Forest Service for assistance.

The formal search for Celsa went off and on for two weeks. Newspapers at the time stated that searchers had to quit several times because of record-breaking cold weather that was hitting the mountains. The family knew that Celsa was dressed warmly and had matches, but aircraft, horsemen, hikers, and Bloodhounds were not finding anything.

Ellsia Lucero was Celsa's brother and kept the search up for his sister long after others gave up. A November 10, 1941, article in the *Albuquerque Journal* explained Ellsia's concerns nearly a year after Celsa disappeared: "'We have found no trace of her since she left camp,' he said Sunday. 'Not even the coffee can she carried to put her pinons in or her mitten.' He explained that his sister had made a thick mitten for her left hand to protect it from the pine needles."

Celsa walked away from her camp in El Canyon De La Carolina on the western slope of the Manzanos. In total there were over 350 searchers scouring the mountains looking for the woman. The New Mexico State Police, sheriff's deputies, police officers, forest rangers, Navajo Indians, and dozens of volunteers struggled through weeks of freezing temperatures in a fruitless effort to find Celsa.

To the best of my knowledge, Celsa was never found.

This is another example where a female is in the woods picking some type of food source, and she disappears. Compounding the issue was Celsa's disability and the freezing weather hitting the region.

Wyoming

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Harold Hixon	06/14/39–PM•6•M•Elk Mountain, WY
Charles Hixon	06/14/39–PM•4•M•Elk Mountain, WY
Mickey O'Connor	10/09/48–PM•3•M•Alva, WY
Kevin Dye	07/18/71–3 p.m.•9•M•Elkhorn Creek, WY

Harold Hixon
Charles Hixon
Missing 6/14/39–PM, Medicine Bow River, 15 miles south of Elk Mountain, WY
Age at Disappearance: 6 and 4 years, respectively

Elk Mountain is a small city in the far southern end of Wyoming, just thirty miles north of Colorado and fifteen miles north of the east fork of the Medicine Bow River where the Hixon family was camping. Just north of the campsite is Medicine Bow Peak, where the headwaters of the Medicine Bow River originate. The Peak has a summit elevation of 11,700 feet and is surrounded by hundreds of small alpine lakes. Small lakes exist all the way down the northern side of the mountain to the point just south of the Hixons' camping area.

On June 14, 1939, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hixon awoke at the campground, and Mr. Hixon decided to take the two boys on a fishing trip not far from the camp. After breakfast the three took a leisurely walk through a gorgeous meadow and into an area near the Medicine Bow River. Mr. Hixon kept the boys safely behind him as he was between the boys and the river. Mr. Hixon slowly worked his way upstream and out of sight of the boys for approximately twenty minutes. The river was always in sight, just not the boys. When Mr. Hixon came back to the meadow and the boys, they were gone. He went back to the campsite and checked with his wife; the boys had not come back. It was late in the afternoon, after several hours of exhaustive searching, when law enforcement and forestry officials were notified, and formal searches started.

Several hundred searchers converged on the campground in an attempt to aid officials in the search for the Hixon boys. This search should've been easier than the normal search for a lost tot as here you had two boys: a larger aerial target and more ground scent. Airplanes, equestrians, and ground personnel were all searching the base and surrounding area of Medicine Bow Peak for the two boys. Eventually three different Bloodhounds were brought from area prisons to assist. All three dogs searched to the perimeter of a large swamp higher up in elevation than the location the boys were last seen—a location that would be treacherous and dangerous even for searchers to penetrate. On June 19, 1939, the *San Jose Evening News* had the following article about what the trackers were finding in the search for Harold and Charles: "Several times searchers had discovered traces of the boys. Previous tracks indicated the older boy was walking on the sides of his worn shoes, probably because of fatigue, and that the younger one had lost one of his shoes." We do know

from studying countless missing-persons cases, for whatever reason, the missing lose their shoes, and those shoes are never found.

As the search continued, trackers started to find just one set of tracks, indicating to them that one of the boys had collapsed somewhere. Bloodhounds couldn't find either boy, and soon they lost all tracks. The location where the canines lost the tracks is where they directly entered the most hazardous area anywhere in the region: the swamp.

The Hixon boys were never found.

Summary

After years of studying missing people, several kinds of topography seem to be involved in disappearances an inordinate amount of time. When small children disappear, searchers should start targeting the middle of any swamp in the area. I know that this seems absurd, but too many times the children are later found, dead and alive, in the middle of the swamp, an area that seems inaccessible.

Areas with dozens and dozens of small alpine lakes also seem to be involved in disappearances too many times for it to be random. I can't explain why this is the case, but when adults and juveniles disappear in regions with these characteristics, the result is often horrific.

I truly find it unbelievable that eight hundred people can search a fairly small area at the base of Medicine Bow Peak, and they can't find Harold or Charles. Under a similar scenario today, if I were one of the search commanders on the scene, I would send two dozen men directly into the middle of the swamp and an equal number up toward the top of the mountain. There have been several times where young boys have been found high up in elevation in similar scenarios and found in places that defy conventional common sense.

I'm sure that Mr. Hixon's life was ruined after knowing that he left his two boys in a mountain meadow, and they were both lost forever. I have all the compassion imaginable for Mr. and Mrs. Hixon. Although we are armed with far better information than people were in 1939, I do believe that *every* mother and father in North America needs to read the "Missing 411" books and understand how quickly their children can disappear under seemingly safe and beautiful surroundings.

Mickey O'Connor
Missing 10/09/48–PM, between Alva and Aladdin, WY
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

This disappearance occurred in the far northeastern section of Wyoming, quite close to the borders of South Dakota and Montana. Alva sits to the east of Aladdin just off of Highway 24 adjacent to Beaver Creek. The incident occurred in an eight-mile stretch of highway between the two cities. This is a very thick and mountainous region.

On October 9, 1948, hunting season was open in Wyoming, and some areas of the state had deer hunters combing the countryside. In the afternoon hours of this date, Mickey O'Connor was at his residence with his mom. The home was off of Highway 24 between the two noted cities. Mrs. Joe O'Connor was home alone when Mickey vanished. Mr. O'Connor was in Washington State working. Mrs. O'Connor attempted to locate the boy, failed, and then notified the United States Forest Service.

George Gorsuch was the supervising ranger in the area and took command of the effort to find Mickey. The first night, volunteers worked long into the dark looking and calling without getting an answer. The second day of the search got eight hundred people to completely cover the area around the O'Connor residence. Three private airplanes also assisted searchers, crisscrossing the skies.

Ranger Gorsuch did tell the press that there were no bears in this part of Wyoming, but there were wild hogs. He stated that there were also mountain lions, but the real danger for Mickey was the cold weather. The boy was wearing a light T-shirt and overalls.

On October 13, 1948, there was an article in the *Montana Daily Inter Laker* that described the progress of the search: "Mickey wandered away from his ranch home late Friday. Forest Ranger Charles Gorsuch said no tracks or clues to his whereabouts have been found. Gorsuch said he is 'absolutely baffled.'"

Teams were sent from a South Dakota Air Force Base along with fifty men from Rapid City, and three hundred volunteers from Wyoming were still searching four days after Mickey vanished. Searchers were concentrating on an area that locals called "Bear Lodge Mountains" off Highway 24 near County Road 204.

The search for Mickey went on for five days. The Crook County sheriff was absolutely puzzled by the lack of evidence. The search was officially terminated on October 14 without finding Mickey.

Summary

Law enforcement officials usually do not express frustration unless it has reached a very high level. When eight hundred searchers cover an area near a ranch home and walk away without finding one clue, that is frustration defined!

It sometimes seems that children tend to disappear at a higher rate when they are missing their father and/or mother.

Kevin Dye
Missing 7/18/71–3 p.m., Elkhorn Creek, 8 miles south of Casper, WY
Age at Disappearance: 9 years
**Disability

On July 18, 1971, Kevin Dye was playing Ping-Pong with family members when the ball was hit into the bushes and trees outside the cabin area where the family was staying. Kevin was not familiar with the area, as this was one of the few times the Dyes went into a wilderness scenario for vacation. After Kevin had chased the ball, somehow he failed to return, and family members immediately started a search. The location was eight to ten miles southeast of Casper, Wyoming, in the area of the Elkhorn Creek and Elkhorn Mountain regions.

The family immediately enlisted the assistance of their church group and other vacationers who were staying in nearby cabins in an effort to locate Kevin. The Dyes told searchers that Kevin had epilepsy and did not have the ability to speak.

The local sheriff's department and United States Forest Service were some of the first responders, and they immediately called for Bloodhounds. The effort had over three thousand volunteers and professionals that worked the area looking for Kevin. Some searchers believed they had seen the boy and that he had run from them. As the days passed by, some believed that if they put out food for the boy, they might catch him. A July 29 article in the *Ogden Standard*

had the following: "During the weekend a woman told searchers she had placed food outside the door of her cabin and twenty minutes later it was gone." The searchers were concentrating in the area of the alleged food theft, but they weren't having any luck seeing or finding Kevin there. In the same article, searchers described finding the following: "Occasionally searchers would come upon a lean-to shelter made from pine boughs and imprints in the needles underneath them seemed to indicate Kevin might have slept there." Searchers found more unusual items during their search, as are described in the July 28 edition of the *Billings Gazette*: "Late Tuesday he described and demonstrated some stick building and stone arranging projects that had been found in a canyon. Mr. and Mrs. Dye agreed the patterns were those Kevin might construct."

Kevin's father, Mr. Phil Dye, was the treasurer for the Christ United Methodist Church of Casper, and it was that group that the family was camping with. Needless to say, prayer sessions were frequent during that first ten days that Kevin was not found.

When the Bloodhounds failed to find a scent, searchers started a methodical path of attempting to locate Kevin. It had been nine days of nonstop searching, with an occasional report that someone believed he or she had seen the boy. On July 28 at 8:30 a.m., searchers were along the northern bank of Elkhorn Creek at the base of Elkhorn Mountain when they found the boy lying on his side, unconscious. They approached Kevin, and he slowly woke up. He didn't say anything but did crawl into the litter to be carried out of the wilderness, a two-and-a-half-mile hike. The boy had scratches on his face and arms, and he was missing one shoe.

Kevin Dye was taken to a doctor, who found that Kevin had lost twenty-five pounds and emphatically indicated that he hadn't eaten anything during the entire disappearance. It was also the opinion of the doctor that Kevin would not have survived an additional two days. He was taken to the local hospital, and he fully recovered, not telling anyone about his ten days in the woods.

Summary

The discoveries made in the woods by searchers are fascinating and coincidental. The discovery of the pine bough lean-to is

very familiar in our research. The same descriptions of cover were described found by searchers looking for Derrick Engbretson (age eight), who disappeared December 5, 1998, on the outskirts of Crater Lake National Park and was never found (*Missing 411-Western United States*). Searchers in the disappearance of Dennis Johnson (age eight) from Yellowstone National Park on July 12, 1966, also found something described as almost identical. Dennis was never found.

Finding rock and stick structures seems to be unusual, as well as food disappearing from the area of cabins, initially alleged to be taken by Kevin. Kevin's doctor confirmed that he had not eaten since he disappeared. Who was eating the food that was put out?

In another of the ongoing list of coincidences, during my archival search for information on Kevin's disappearance, the *Daytona Beach Morning Journal* of July 29, 1971, had an article titled "Boy's Condition Good" with the following paragraph: "In Newcomb New York, a diminished force of searchers spread over a wide area of the dense Adirondack forest in an effort to find eight-year-old Douglas Legg who has been missing since July 10." I wrote an extensive section in *Missing 411-Eastern United States* about Douglas's disappearance and subsequent massive search. He was never found, and the search for him was one of the most unusual I have ever read about. Is this another in the long list of coincidental dates of disappearances?

The closeness in the boys' ages seems quite coincidental. If there are any correlations between these cases, it was very fortunate that Kevin was found.

CHAPTER TWO:
MIDWESTERN UNITED STATES

Iowa

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Jimmie Franck	03/07/61–2 p.m.•4•M•Winthrop, IA
Guy Heckle	02/03/73–8 p.m.•11•M•Toddville, IA
Justin Stahly	09/03/81–Noon•2•M•Ocheyedan, IA

Jimmie Franck
Missing 3/07/61–2 p.m., 5 miles northwest of Winthrop, IA
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

The location of Jimmie Franck's disappearance is five miles northwest of Winthrop, which places it just south of Hazleton and in close proximity of three of the largest rivers in the region and close to four county parks and state wildlife areas. The river areas are thick with cover, and the adjoining land has farms and ranches.

On March 7, 1961, Jimmie Franck was in the family barn keeping his dad, Everett Franck, company while he did chores. What transpired in the barn was documented in a March 9, 1961, article that appeared in the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*: "Jimmie had been with his father in the barnyard Tuesday afternoon. About 2 p.m. the boy complained of being cold and his father sent him to the house, about thirty feet from where they were standing. The boy never appeared there."

The father realized when he returned to the home that Jimmie didn't arrive and started to search. The weather was cold, but it was not snowing or raining, yet. When the other Franck children (Ted, age twelve, Lee, age eleven, and Peggy, age nine) returned

from school, they assisted the family with the ongoing search for Jimmie. As night arrived, the heaviest snowstorm of the season hit Winthrop.

In the same *Cedar Rapids Gazette* article, the following facts were told by the sheriff heading the search: "We have searched a five mile area, inch by inch, Buchanan County Sheriff Ray Moline stated, and no trace of the boy has been found. We are now considering the possibility of foul play." At this point almost seven hundred locals were assisting in the search for Jimmie, and they had found nothing. Civil Air Patrol planes were scouring the sky when the weather allowed. Just one day into the search, heavy rain and gusty winds restricted searchers to the ground, and blowing snow made conditions extreme.

Articles explained how searchers traveled to the Franck farm in buses to reduce the number of cars on local roads and to coordinate all search efforts. The response to this disappearance was overwhelming.

After almost three weeks of nonstop search efforts, the sheriff decided to give searchers a rest and wait another week until the snow melted.

On April 1, Sheriff Moline gathered hundreds of locals together, and they plotted the same search patterns they had completed dozens of times in previous weeks. Less than forty-five minutes into the search, there was a surprising find as is described in the April 1 edition of the *Mason City Globe*: "The body was found in a small gully only 385 yards from the farm home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Franck. Jimmie was one of the Francks' children." More information was found in the *Janesville Daily Gazette* of April 1: "The boy apparently had become mired in the muddy field and stepped out of his boots. The lad also had removed his mittens." The medical examiner responded to the scene and stated that Jimmie had frozen to death.

Summary

As I studied archives on this story, I continued to look for a canine connection. I did find one. Jimmie had a dog that always stayed at his side. During the entire search effort, one article

explained that the dog sat on a hay pile between the house and barn and never moved.

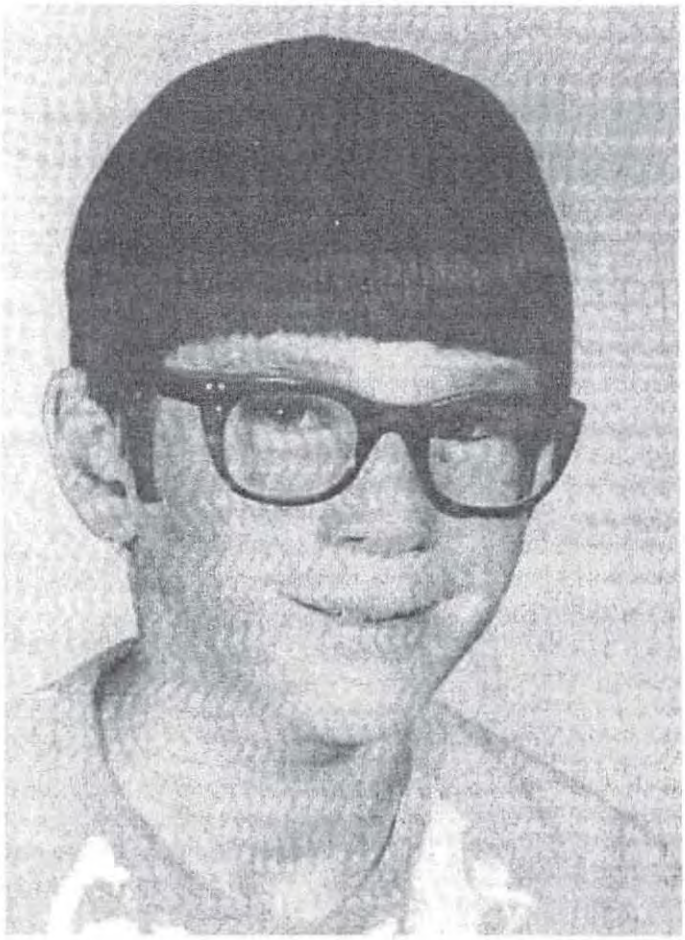
Let's remember what Sheriff Moline stated about the search effort after the second day: "We have searched a five mile area, inch by inch," a believable proposition considering there was almost nothing but flatland and farms with seven hundred people participating in the search effort. I believe that if Moline's statement was not true, the press and family would've challenged him on it.

Jimmie was found 385 yards from the point he was last seen. He wasn't underwater; he was under some snow when found, but he probably was not when his father and family were searching, as it hadn't started to snow then. Just four football fields away from his family's residence, and searchers couldn't find him? I have a very difficult time understanding why a young boy would walk into harm's way when he had stated he was cold and thus needed heat.

The location of this disappearance is among a majority of the Iowa/Illinois disappearances I have documented. This area is an evolving cluster.

Guy Heckle
Missing 02/03/73–8 p.m., Boy Scout Camp, Toddville, IA
Age at Disappearance: 11 years

Toddville, Iowa, is just five miles north of Cedar Rapids and sits on the northwestern fringe of a cluster of missing people from Illinois. Alternately, this disappearance could be grouped with another small cluster in Iowa; it sits somewhere in between both. The city sits adjacent to the Cedar River and has four wildlife areas and parks within just four miles of the city.



Guy was spending the weekend with Boy Scout Troop 101 from his hometown of Cedar Rapids. The troop was spending its nights at a Kiwanis camp adjacent to the Cedar River and very near the Duane Arnold Energy Center, also on the river. The energy center is a nuclear facility, which was being built at the time. The camp is in the only rugged area anywhere in proximity of the river and has extremely thick vegetation on both sides for eight miles north and south.

On February 3 at approximately 8 p.m., Guy was playing capture the flag with other scouts. He had the flag and was going into a position to hide. Other scouts went to look for him, and he couldn't be located. Guy's troop mates returned to their tents and eventually went to bed. It was during a bed check that it was determined that Guy was not in his assigned tent. Scout leaders searched for ninety minutes and then called the Linn County Sheriff's department and state patrol. Law enforcement searched until 2:30 a.m., found nothing, and then returned at 7:30 a.m. Sunday morning.

Heavy rains greeted searchers as they arrived at the Kiwanis camp Sunday morning. A February 5, 1973, article in the *Cedar Rapids Gazette* described that day's events: "About 500 persons searched in rain Sunday in a heavily wooded area near Toddville for a Cedar Rapids boy discovered missing during a weekend outing with Boy Scouts." The Linn County sheriff put helicopters, airplanes, Bloodhounds, and even boats temporarily on the river. It was determined that the ice on the river made it too dangerous for boats, and they were pulled off. Searchers described the region as "rough" and "thick" and challenging. During the initial days of the search, there were various comments from law enforcement that some felt Guy had fallen in the river, and it was dragged, many times. Other people felt that Guy was a very cautious boy and was actually the last person anyone felt this would happen to. One law enforcement source actually made an early statement that Guy had run away; that theory was quickly silenced.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Heckle were Guy's parents. They made many comments indicating the sheriff's office wasn't truly investigating the disappearance. The Heckles wrote a letter to their legislators and asked them to send the Iowa State Bureau of Investigation and have an agent look into the issues. Eventually the state did send an agent.

After ten days of intensive searching, law enforcement and hundreds of volunteers found nothing. The weeks plodded on, and eventually witnesses started to speak to Mr. Heckle about odd occurrences that he may have not heard about. The odd issues also centered on the sheriff not talking to people and not investigating the disappearance. A February 28, 1973, article in the *Cedar Rapids Gazette* had this: "Grant (Linn County Sheriff) said it was not true, as alleged

by Heckle that the sheriff's office had not talked to the mother of the boy's (Guy Heckle's) tentmate after the tentmate "experienced a series of frightening incidents of someone shining a flashlight in his bedroom window following Guy's disappearance." Imagine this—Guy disappears and there was someone shining some type of light in the sleeping area of his tentmate while he was still at the Kiwanis camp—how strange and coincidental is that? When they talk about some type of light, what kind of light could it have been?

There were no new significant leads in Guy's disappearance until fisherman Robert Comp was on the east bank of the Cedar River and found a coat pinned to a log approximately one mile downstream from the point where Guy disappeared. The finding of the coat only added to the mystery of what happened to Guy. A February 28 article in the *Waterloo Daily Courier* had the description of the coat being found: "The Heckles Sunday identified a jacket which was found in the river about a mile south of the campout site as belonging to their son. Heckle said the jacket was partially zipped up and couldn't understand how the boy could've gotten out of it." The coat was described as a blue quilted nylon coat.

It is extremely rare to hear about a religious affiliation with a missing person. Mr. Heckle spoke about Guy as a religious boy who showed faith to the Lord. The family has two additional daughters, aged thirteen and fourteen at the time of the incident. Guy Heckle was never found.

Summary

As I've stated in my past books, law enforcement needs to listen intently to parents, friends of the family, and relatives. Each of these groups stated that Guy was the type of boy who would never break the rules, never stay out past curfew, and was a boy of faith. It was Guy's parents who pushed the state to send agents to investigate the disappearance. The parents felt something odd was happening and knew this wasn't your standard drowning or simple disappearance.

While researching, we start to look for certain elements that fall into a pattern with the other cases we've researched. Boys and girls seem to disappear with more regularity when they are in organized groups, such as Boy Scouts, as an example. For boys specifically,

there have been several disappearances of boys while playing hide-and-seek or capture the flag, a very odd side note. The fact of missing clothing and bad weather also come into play with Guy's disappearance, as well as the fact that Bloodhounds couldn't find the boy.

The one item that made me sit and contemplate the possibilities was the story about Guy's tentmate seeing a light at night in his room, for three nights. The articles stated a "flashlight." Could this have been a bright light from the outside, or was it specifically a "flashlight"? How could the boy know what kind of light it could've been? I question why the boy didn't tell his family after the first two incidents, probably not an important thought, but what is important is where did the light emanate from, and was this related to Guy's disappearance?

Justin Stahly
Missing 9/03/81–Noon, Ocheyedan, IA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Ocheyedan is just four miles south of the Minnesota border and just two miles west of Spirit and West Okoboji Lake. The city is in an area of dozens of small lakes and ponds and is reminiscent of an area in northern Minnesota.

On September 3, 1981, at approximately noon, Justin Stahly was supposed to be playing in the yard at his parents' farm with his dog. When Justin's parents attempted to find him, they couldn't locate the boy or his dog, Sandy. The Stahlys searched the area around the farm and their machinery and then called law enforcement for assistance. The local sheriff responded, took control of the situation, and asked for assistance from area residents; he got it. Four thousand citizens searched the area for the boy along with helicopters equipped with heat-seeking forward-looking radar (FLIR) and airplanes.

The search for Justin lasted until late in the day on Saturday, when the sheriff reported that they had run out of locations to search. The parameters of the search consisted solely of the Stahly farm, which was surrounded by a barbed-wire fence that everyone agreed Justin could not get over. Late on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Stahly held a press conference with the sheriff and announced they were giving up the search for little Justin.

As the primary search for Justin was ending, a local farmer, George Degroot, contacted a psychic and asked her opinion on where the boy may be. The psychic helped Degroot draw a map and sent the rancher into the fields to find the boy. It was nearly 10 p.m. on Saturday night, and Degroot was about to quit when he heard a small whimper. He called for the boy, and the whimper got louder. A September 7 article in the *Lakeland Ledger* described Degroot's find: "I thought I heard the cry of a small boy. It was very distant. I called a couple more times. It got more real, like a boy's voice crying. I started running." He found the boy lying in a cornfield in an adjacent farm to the Stahly property. The boy had made his way through his parent's farm, somehow got over a fence, and walked through another field, allegedly. Justin was taken to a local doctor, and the doctor stated that Justin was in good condition and not dehydrated.

Summary

There are several elements of this disappearance that made it relevant to this study. Justin disappeared in an area where other boys have also vanished, as is described in *Missing 411-Eastern United States*. Justin disappeared with his dog, a common occurrence when children disappear. There was never any other mention of the dog, other than he disappeared with Justin.

The Stahly family and law enforcement didn't believe that Justin could have managed to get over the fence surrounding their property. If both parties didn't believe the boy could get over the fence, how did he manage to accomplish this?

The doctor stated that Justin was not dehydrated, how was this possible? If over four thousand people scouring the area hadn't seen him, where was he?

The most important element to this case is how Justin avoided a helicopter with FLIR looking for his heat signature? As someone who has been in helicopters equipped with FLIR looking for people on the ground, the width of the area you are searching is huge—other fields and surrounding properties would have been included in the screen view and covered. I do not see how Justin could've been missed if he was there. The cogent point, was he there when the helicopter was in the air?

Missouri

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Tristan Owens	10/04/05–5:30 p.m.•2•M•Wentzville, MO

Tristan Owens
Missing 10/04/05–5:30 p.m., Wentzville, MO
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Wentzville is a very small city northwest of Saint Louis in a region with hundreds of small bodies of water and a large river to the north. The Reifsnider State Forest is just west of the city, along with other regions of thick vegetation. Lake Saint Louis is to the east of Wentzville and is a large recreational area for fishing and water sports.

On October 4, 2005, at approximately 5:30 p.m., Stacy Owens was at her residence in a rural area of northwest Wentzville. She was in the rear yard with her two-year-old son, Tristan, as she was planting roses. Tristan was playing with the family's Jack Russell terrier as Stacy left Tristan's presence for one or two minutes to get a watering can. When she returned to the area, Tristan and the dog were gone. She thoroughly searched the house and the yard and surrounding woods calling for Tristan and the dog. There was no answer. After Stacy believed she had exhausted all search options in her immediate area, she called police.

Wentzville police and fire departments arrived and assisted in the search for Tristan. One hour after the authorities were called, the family's Jack Russell Terrier returned to the residence without Tristan. There are dozens of incidents I have documented in my books where children disappear with the family dog, and the dog returns and the child doesn't. I do not believe it is normal for a family dog to leave the side of a young child. Something has to occur to force the dog from the child's side and cause it to return back to the house. Sometimes the dog tries to lead a family member back to where the child is located, but not in this case.

Searchers stayed on scene and called for Tristan until midnight when they were withdrawn from the area by supervisors. Stacy

Owens, her husband, and their two other children (Rhiannon, age fourteen, and Crisana, age four) stayed inside their home at the request of searchers.

All the searchers had quit for the night except Wentzville firefighter Lynn Stephenson and volunteer Mike Runge. An October 6 article by the *Associated Press* described what the two searchers heard: "Firefighter Lynn Stephenson had heard what sounded like a scream followed by a coyote howling in the distance." Later in the same article was the following: "As they walked through the heavy woods and dense fog, they heard what again sounded like a scream and the response from a second coyote, then more yelling and coyote howling. The coyotes were coming together as if they were stalking something, so we started tracking the coyotes, hoping they would lead us to the boy, Runge said." As the searchers plodded through the woods, they heard a voice state, "Will you take me home?" It was Tristan. The boy was standing under the limbs of a broken tree. Tristan was taken back to his family.

Later in the same Associated Press article, Stacy Owens describes what Tristan told her about his adventure: "He told me that he woke up in the woods, so apparently he took a nap somewhere along the way." Stacy also stated that she believed that Tristan was afraid. She also stated that he would only mention "bits and pieces of his trip." The article stated that Tristan had "scrapes on his face, legs and arms and his clothes were torn."

Summary

The story of Tristan Owens's disappearance is a classic that matches almost each criterion that we've established on missing children.

The factors:

- Child disappears in a region with many bodies of water.
- Incident occurs in late afternoon or early evening.
- Inclement weather—in this case, fog.
- Boy disappears from yard.
- Boy disappears with family dog.

- Child disappears when left alone only a matter of minutes.
- Child doesn't respond to calls from parents.
- Family dog returns without child.
- Child found conscious or semiconscious or admits to sleeping.
- Child found with scratches on face/arms/body.
- Child's clothing is torn.
- Child doesn't talk about or remember the entire incident.

The number of times these factors exist in missing-children cases cannot be by mere chance. Readers must remember this is a two-year-old child that vanished very quickly with the family dog. Why didn't the canine bark? Why did the dog return without Tristan? How did Tristan get cuts and scratches on his face and body? How did the boy's clothes get torn? These questions run through my mind constantly when reviewing these cases. I realize that some readers may believe that these are naturally occurring conditions when a child is in the woods, but I don't think so. I think children would respond similar to adults: cautiously walking the woods, not running haphazardly and tearing their clothes and scratching their faces. There is something happening in these cases that I believe is unnatural.

Tristan made a full recovery.

Nebraska

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Daughter of John Hammond	05/10/1891–Unk•4•F•Thedford, NE
Daughter of John Hammond	05/10/1891–Unk•8•F•Thedford, NE

Daughter of John Hammond
Daughter of John Hammond
Missing 5/10/1891–Unk, Thedford, NE
Ages at Disappearance: 4 and 8 years, respectively

When I first found the articles describing this event, I initially felt that the writers got it wrong. When I dug deeper, I found a

second article confirming the facts of the disappearance. This is one story you will not soon forget.

Thedford, Nebraska, is located fifty miles south of the South Dakota border and approximately fifty miles north of North Platte, Nebraska. The Dismal River runs just south of the city and is one of the primary sources of water for the region.

On May 10, 1891, the four- and eight-year-old daughters of John Hammond left their home and walked a mile to their sister's residence to visit. The one-mile walk took place approximately six miles north of Thedford. Starting at approximately ten miles north of Thedford and continuing north are dozens and dozens of small bodies of water. In the area the girls were walking is a region known for sand dunes.

At approximately 4 or 5 p.m. the day the girls visited their sister, they started to walk home. Early that evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond started to get concerned and decided to look for the girls. The Hammonds got local neighbors to assist. By Monday morning, May 11, a general alarm was activated, and a major search for the girls commenced.

Searchers started at the location where the girls left their sister's residence and followed a road to a point where it appeared the girls left the roadway to pick wildflowers. It was at this point that it appeared that the girls got confused and lost. Searchers actually camped on the trail the girls took and stayed on the trail for a full three days. On that third day, they found what they believed was the youngest girl's shoe.

At noon on the fourth full day of searching, searchers found the younger girl at the base of a small bluff in an area of much sand. The girl was unconscious and had a swollen tongue. The searchers were able to revive the tot and got her to say that her sister "went home." This young girl had traveled fifteen miles from the point they left the roadway and started to take the trail. She was taken to a hospital and made a recovery. A May 20, 1891, article in the *News and Observer* (Raleigh, NC) explained what happened later on Thursday: "The search went on; it continued until this afternoon when searchers discovered the dead body of the older child

ten miles north of Running, Blaine County, fully seventy five miles from the place where the children lost their way." Yes, you read that correctly: seventy-five miles from the point they apparently became lost.

Summary

The distances these two young girls traveled are so far outside the realm of any reality I understand, it's ridiculous. How strange is it that both girls were found on the same day, Thursday? There was a story of a two-year-old boy in Oregon (Keith Parkins) that disappeared in Ritter on April 10, 1952 (*Missing 411-Western United States*). Keith traveled over twelve miles in nineteen hours and was found in a creek bed, unconscious. I wrote in that book that I didn't understand why anyone would be looking for the boy that far from the point last seen, just nineteen hours after he vanished. The same statement applies to the eight-year-old girl found seventy-five miles from the point she was lost. Why were searchers even in that location? Who would even believe that an eight-year-old girl could travel over seventy-five miles across sand and wild lands and do that in just four days?

Conclusion

I'll never understand how both these little girls traveled the distances that the article claims. Finding the four-year-old girl just as she was ready to die fits with many of the missing-persons cases I chronicle. It seems that searchers reach the missing just as they are unconscious and near death. It was a miracle that the four-year-old survived.

It was a common practice for newspapers in the 1800s not to print the names of children. The reporters used the family name and not the first names of the kids.

The news articles did not make any notation of the condition of the garments the girls were wearing. There was only the one mention of finding a shoe while they were looking for the girls.

Oklahoma/Arkansas

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Pearl Turner	10/19/23-Noon•3•F•Waldron, AR
Linda Arteaga	09/22/12-Unk•53•F•St. Joe, AR

Pearl Turner
Missing 10/19/23-Noon, Mountains of Waldron, AR
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

The Turners lived in the White Oak Mountains, sometimes called the "Ozarks" on the outskirts of Waldron Arkansas. This region is extremely thick with vegetation and Devil's Den State Park is just twenty miles from the Turner residence. Lem Turner is Pearl's father and operated a small farm on the family property.

On October 19, 1923, the family had just finished lunch and Mr. Turner was headed back into the field to complete his work when at about this time, Mrs. Turner realized that three-year old Pearl couldn't be found. After an extensive search of the area around the residence, she went into the field and her husband (Lem) and the entire family was now searching. After several hours of failing to find Pearl, the family called local law enforcement for assistance.

Ben Allen was the sheriff of Scott County and headed the effort to locate the small girl. Very early in the search, mountain men had heard of the disappearance and soon over 800 people were covering every foot of the mountains near Booneville and Sugar Grove Road looking for the girl. This area was on the fringe of the White Mountains in a region with hundreds of small bodies of water.

After a week of searching, Sheriff Allen stated that he felt the girl might have been kidnapped. He ordered that every residence within 12 miles of the Turner farm be searched. It took several days of searching, but every citizen within twelve miles of the Turner farm had their residence and property inspected, nothing of evidentiary value was found. There were criminals located and warrants issued for other charges, but nothing related to Pearl.

In November a report came to the sheriff where a girl in Oklahoma was found that bore a remarkable resemblance to Pearl.

The sheriff sent a list of scars to the other law enforcement agency and unbelievably the scars matched. The Turners took the trip to Oklahoma with high hopes of identifying their daughter, it didn't happen. The girl they witnessed was not their daughter but did look a lot like her.

Sheriff Allen continued his quest to find Pearl and searched the mountains in the area for over three weeks. The farm was just eight miles from the Oklahoma border and the searches did extend to that area, still nothing was found. News articles appeared in papers until January of 1924, that's when information stopped flowing. It appeared that everyone had given up the search. Pearl Turner was never found.

Summary

We are adding the disappearance of Pearl Turner into the Oklahoma/Arkansas cluster of missing people. Her case reminds me of the June 16, 1946, disappearance of Katherine Van Alst in Devils Den State Park. This eight-year old girl was eventually found after a six-day search. Van Alst was located in very rugged forests high on a mountain in a cave, she survived (This case was chronicled in "Missing 411-Eastern U.S.). Devils Den State Park is just twenty miles from the Turner farm.

It is a very unusual occurrence when two young girls disappear in a mountain setting within twenty miles from each other, regardless of the time frame.

Linda Arteaga
Missing 9/22/12-Unk, west of St. Joe, AR
Age at Disappearance: 53 years

St. Joe is located in north central Arkansas. It is a very rural area with thick woods. The small city is just over a mile from Buffalo River National Park and five miles northeast of the Ozark National Forest. The area has hundreds of small bodies of water strewn throughout the landscape. This incident will be added to the Arkansas/Oklahoma cluster.

On September 22, 2012, Linda Arteaga from Blackwell Oklahoma had made the trip to St. Joe to visit with her brother,

Eddie Huff. On this date Linda and Eddie walked into the local woods. A September 28 article in the *KY3 Reporter* stated the following about what she was doing in the woods: "Linda Arteaga says she and her brother Eddie went for a walk Saturday, looking for a fishing hole he'd heard about. But before long, they were lost, and a peaceful walk turned into five terrifying days."

During the search for the fishing hole the two siblings got lost and then stayed together for three days and then somehow became separated.

Linda's brother made it out of the woods and then reported her missing. Five days after Linda vanished, a searcher on an ATV found her two miles from the point she was last seen. The searcher took Linda to the search headquarters where the Searcy County Sheriff had an ambulance take her to the hospital.

The reason this story is in this book is that Linda reported very unusual things happening to her while she was lost. In the same *KY3 Reporter* article was the following: "She claims that she wasn't the only one out there. I would see people. I'd ask for help and they'd act like they didn't even hear me, says Arteaga. She says she remembers them looking right at her and not saying a thing. These people were hiding in bushes. They were weird people, very weird, Arteaga says. I supposed she could have had some toxic ingestion that may have caused, a hallucinogen, in other words, but you know, she's been very consistent with that story, and today in her mental examination, she seems very oriented and appropriate in conversation, says Dr. John Sorg of North Arkansas Medical Center."

A September 27 article on NewsOK.com had the following description of what Linda was wearing: "Arteaga was wearing a T-shirt, jeans and flip flops when she started her hike. She quickly lost the flip-flops. To survive, she ate watercress, nuts and berries and drank water from a creek."

Linda was eventually released from the hospital and made a full recovery.

Summary

There are several fascinating aspects to this disappearance. Linda reported seeing people hiding behind bushes. These people supposedly looked right through her and ignored her pleas for

assistance. It's interesting that Linda stated that they were hiding behind bushes. Why would anyone hide behind bushes when looking at a defenseless woman? What kind of people are living in the woods and staring at missing people?

Linda stated that she lost her flip-flops. How did she lose the protection for her feet?

We included the statement of her doctor which essentially validates her sanity and that her statements about the incident have stayed consistent.

Readers need to understand that Linda's statement is not a first. There have been other women lost in the woods that have reported being followed and even chased by what they described as "men." All of the cases of women reporting being chased in the woods have occurred in the region from where Linda was lost and east along the Appalachian Trail. I refer readers to "Missing 411-Eastern United States" and the story of Dennis Martin. A retired United States National Park Ranger told a story of "wildmen" that live in and around the park and live off the grid. He went on to tell a story of how one specific "Wildman" attacked a ranger.

I think it's quite coincidental that this incident occurred within miles of a United States National Park. This book identifies additional clusters of missing that occurred in and around other national parks. I think it's also interesting that Linda specifically stated that she was eating berries to survive. In past books I have written about others who have disappeared while they were berry picking.

Wisconsin

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Unknown	12/25/1880•Unk•M•Menasha, WI
Roy Craw	11/06/1899•4•M•Kelly, WI
David Faust	09/05/45-PM•4•M• Tomahawk, WI

Unknown Name
Missing 12/25/1880, Menasha, WI
Age at Disappearance: Unknown

This case is included in the book not because it was listed as a suicide but because of the elements that existed in it that mimic similar circumstances in other disappearances. Since this individual obviously did disappear, it does need further study.

The incident occurred in Menasha Wisconsin, a suburb of Appleton on Lake Winnebago, just fifteen miles north of Oshkosh. This area is almost completely surrounded by water from a lake, river, swamps and bogs. The region has many state wildlife refuges.

There was an individual with the last name of "Marshall" that was a deputy United States Marshal that had traveled to Menasha on unrelated law enforcement business. While Marshall was in the city, local law enforcement found a peculiar death that they asked him to assist in the investigation.

I could find only one article about this incident and it was in the December 25, 1880, *Milwaukee Daily Sentinel* and was aptly named, "A Strange Suicide." "People in the town found a "suit of clothes, shoes and a hat located on the riverbank near the town," as quoted in the same article noted above, "Locals searched and dragged the river and initially could not find the owner of the clothes. It was strange to find fresh clothes near a very cold and partially frozen river in the middle of winter."

After several days of searching, a naked body was found in a nearby swamp of a man that was a stranger to the community. Law enforcement went back and searched the pockets of the coat they had originally found and located a note. The note was addressed to the Northwestern Railroad stating that the man was an epileptic and if found to look after him. There was no name on the note. The train conductor was later located and it was determined that the man had come from a northern region of the state and was traveling south.

An inquest was held and it was determined the following, from the same *Sentinel* article, "While out of his mind, the fitful young man wandered from the train at Menasha and suicided by leaping into the river. The body was stark naked when found."

Summary

I understand why local authorities near Menasha came to the conclusions they did, I don't agree with those conclusions today.

This incident occurred outside the city, not in the middle of Menasha. We have no idea how the body arrived at the location it was found, but the sub-title in the article explains exactly what the area was like, "A Young Man Found Dead in a Swamp Minus his Clothing."

There are much easier ways to commit suicide in the middle of winter rather than jumping into a partially frozen river. If someone was to jump in the water, taking your clothes off doesn't accelerate the hypothermia; you will still freeze very fast with or without your clothes. It seems odd that the man's clothes were on the bank of the river and he was found in a swamp. The location where he was found coupled with his disability (epilepsy) trigger too many flashing yellow lights to ignore this case.

Roy Craw
Missing 11/06/1899, Kelly, WI
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

The Craw family lived in north central Wisconsin just outside the city of Kelly. The area is extremely rural with thick vegetation throughout the region and a river that crosses near the town.

On the afternoon of November 6, Roy Craw disappeared from his residence. There were very few specific details about how the boy vanished. The first reports getting to Wausau indicated that local searchers had looked for the boy for over thirty hours and failed to locate him. Wausau initiated a call for additional assistance and a train containing two hundred citizens travelled to Kelly to assist in the effort to find Roy. Factories, offices, mills, stores and schools were closed so volunteers could travel to the search location. Eventually five hundred people arrived at the Craw residence and assisted in the effort.

A November 9, 1899, article in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* described the search effort: "Hope was almost abandoned when a line over a mile long was formed for another inspection of the swamp. As it swept onward over logs and treetops and through the almost impenetrable brush, one of the searchers noticed a little foot protruding from a windfall and the search was over. The boy was lying on his

stomach and apparently had been dead several hours. His face and hands were scratched and one shoe was lost."

Summary

Another case where the child is found supposedly just after he died. Where was he when searchers had gone through this area before? The scratches of the child's face is something that has occurred on many other cases in the past and is one of the elements that concerns me. As I have stated before, I do not believe that children will run randomly through the brush and allow their face to be injured. I believe that all people are more cautious and avoid injuries to their facial areas.

The loss of footwear is another common factor in missing people cases.

As you read additional stories, you will start to understand that many people are found in windfalls. I have no idea why windfalls play into the missing but it is an area where if you are under trees, FLIR will not find you. These are also areas, like swamps where most people will not travel.

David Faust
Missing 9/5/45, PM Hours, Nine miles west of Tomahawk, WI
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

The Faust family owned a farm approximately nine miles southwest of Tomahawk, Wisconsin. This was a very rural existence with Armstrong Creek almost 2 miles away and the Spirit River further north. The area around the farm was wet and marshy with swamps and thick woods.

At dinnertime on September 5, David was playing in the yard of the farm when a neighbor boy ran towards his home for dinner. Just minutes after the other boy left, Mrs. Faust called David for dinner. David had vanished. It was the belief at the time that David also ran behind the boy and got lost.

A missing boy in northern Wisconsin in September is a very unusual event, especially a boy David's age, four. The Lincoln County sheriff from Merrill responded and took charge of the

search. The sheriff was able to get hundreds of local farmers and other law enforcement officials to the Faust farm and establish search regions. Every foot of the Faust property was combed for the boy. Bloodhounds were brought from a variety of jurisdictions and each took their turn getting David's scent from clothes in his room. The dogs couldn't pick up a scent on where David was located.

The Spirit River was north of the Faust property and it was one of the last places that the sheriff felt the boy might have wandered. Days of dragging the river failed to find the boy. David had nine brothers and sisters who assisted in the search and were extremely distraught at the loss of their brother.

Lincoln County Under Sheriff Alfred Degner stated on September 12 in the *Rhinelander Daily*, "The undersheriff reported that as many as 100 men and boys had been searching for the boy at one time and he said that the search parties had covered about 16 "forties" or about 640 acres." Other articles stated that searchers covered several miles of thick and dense brush on the perimeter of the farm without finding David.

The search for David Faust lasted just over two weeks without Bloodhounds or searchers finding one clue of where he might be.

On March 23, 1946, over six months after David vanished, a trapper was working in a heavily wooded area of Armstrong Creek, approximately one and a half miles from the Faust Farm when he found the decomposed body of David Faust. There were no details in any papers about the condition of the body, the exact location in Armstrong Creek or how David died.

Summary

This case is in this book because of several factors. David was lost in a swampy and heavily forested area; places where people listed in my missing books typically disappear. David was only four years old, yet he walked, crawled and traveled one and a half miles through a swamp and creek to eventually collapse and die? If searchers were combing the area looking for the boy, calling his name, etc, why didn't he respond? Several different Bloodhounds were brought to the scene to search, why couldn't they pick up a scent?

When David disappeared, there wasn't snow on the ground; there were no large obstacles in the way of searchers to finding the body. The river is much further away from the farm then the creek, you've got to imagine that searchers were looking on the creek bank for David, where was he?

CHAPTER THREE:
SOUTHERN UNITED STATES

Alabama

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Jack Woods Jr.	10/29/56–PM•3•M•Ashville, AL
Kyle Camp	10/16/12–4:30 p.m.•10•M•Hackleburg, AL

Jack Woods Jr.
Missing 10/29/56–PM, Ashville, AL
Age at Disappearance: 3 years
**Add to Alabama/Georgia Cluster

In early October 1956, the Woods family suffered the devastating loss of Mrs. Woods, who died after a long-term illness. The family lived on a small farm at the base of Gallus Mountain while they raised cotton. Jack Woods Sr. would work at different farms during the day, and the grandmother of the four kids would watch the kids while Jack worked.

On October 29, 1956, the Woods children were in their cotton field harvesting the crop when they realized they couldn't find Jack Jr. Jack's grandmother and the remaining three children searched until they felt they must call law enforcement. Before the first day was over, several hundred people had arrived and were searching the property. The 152nd Army Tank Battalion arrived, and soldiers en masse started to comb the mountain and the farm in a methodical manner. Two hundred National Guardsmen and three hundred citizens stayed on the property through the night looking and yelling for Jack Jr.

On October 30, 1956, the *Bee Danville* ran the following headline: "3-Year Old Boy Found Asleep On Mountainside." On the same date, *The Miami News* ran the following story with information

about how Jack Jr. was found: "Just as the first drops of a drizzling rain started to fall, National Guard Private Bill Stewart of Gadsden stumbled upon Jack Woods Jr." Later in the same article: "Stewart said he was just laying there asleep. Another Guardsman stated, 'I know we went over this area last night.'" Jack was taken to a local physician and found to be in good condition.

Summary

The disappearance of Jack Woods Jr. has almost every element of the disappearances of children that I have highlighted in three books. He disappears while being watched by a grandparent; doesn't respond to searchers yelling for him; is found in an area previously searched; is found up a mountainside, indicating he went uphill; is found unconscious; and is found just as rain is starting to fall. There were no notations in any articles about what the boy was wearing.

The location of the Woods farm is exactly on the western perimeter of the Alabama/Georgia cluster, which we identified in *Missing 411-Eastern United States.*

The family did try to speak with Jack about his night away, but he wouldn't say anything.

Kyle Camp
Missing 10/16/12–4:30 p.m., Hackleburg, AL
Age at Disappearance: 10 years
**Disability

Hackleburg is located in the far northwest corner of Alabama, fourteen miles east of the Mississippi border, fifty miles south of Tennessee, and two hundred and fifty miles southwest of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. The actual location of this incident was on County Road 48, two miles south of Hackleburg in the middle of heavy forest with several hunting camps in the region.

On October 16, 2012, at approximately 4:30 p.m., the Camp family thought that Kyle was in the family room watching television. When they went to check on the boy, they found that he had

disappeared with the family dogs. The family searched the yard and the area behind the residence without any luck. At 7 p.m., they contacted the Marion County Sheriff's department and Hackleburg police. Law enforcement in turn contacted the Alabama State Police. The Hackleburg fire department also responded.

The disappearance of Kyle had urgency to the searchers, because Kyle had Down Syndrome. The weather was mild during daylight hours but did get down to the forties at night. Over one hundred and fifty volunteers and professionals as well as the Alabama State Police helicopter combed the mountains near the Camp's residence through the night looking for Kyle. He was not found.

At 8 a.m. on October 17, the state police helicopter again responded along with nearly one hundred searchers. One volunteer searcher brought his own dog and was searching an area one mile from the residence and one half mile down a ridge when his dog barked, which prompted a return bark. The searcher followed the sound down to a creek to find Kyle with his puppies. An October 17, 2012, article on WSFA.com had the following details on the find: "Kyle was wet and wasn't wearing any shoes but officials believe the four puppies with him kept him warm all night."

Kyle was found to have minor scrapes, scratches, and bruises and was taken to the hospital and later released. Only one of the four puppies returned to the residence with Kyle.

Summary

Kyle is a boy with a disability that would probably inhibit many from believing what he says about his eighteen-hour ordeal away from home. He ignored or didn't hear searchers looking for him the previous night, and his puppies either didn't bark, or he was not in the same region as the searchers. It is very difficult to keep puppies quiet when others are in the area calling to them. The idea that they were quiet while out with Kyle doesn't seem possible. It also seems very unusual that over one hundred searchers were in the same region as Kyle, and nobody heard Kyle or the puppies.

The consistent elements that appear in this case, which match dozens of others: Kyle had a disability, he disappeared with canines,

he lived in a rural area, he was not found in the first twelve hours, he was not seen by helicopter, his scent not picked up by law enforcement canines, he was eventually found in or near a creek or river, he was found with shoes/clothing missing, and he can't explain what happened.

The area where Kyle vanished is known as a region with significant wildlife and is very rural.

Florida

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Judy Peterson	04/25/58–8:30 p.m.•3•F•Rockledge, FL
Christie Davis	07/28/73–Unk•2•F•Ocala, FL
Taylor Touchstone	08/07/96–4 p.m.•10•M•Eglin Air Force Base, FL
Charles Huff	11/24/04–6 p.m.•76•M•Green Swamp, Sumpter, FL

Judy Peterson
Missing 04/25/58–8:30 p.m., Rockledge, FL
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson owned a home on the edge of a giant swamp (now called the River Lakes Conservation Area) in a rural region of Rockledge, just southwest of Cape Canaveral. Mr. Peterson was an engineer at the missile center at the cape. The area around Judy's home was extremely wild with hundreds, maybe thousands, of small ponds, bogs, and swamps. The Peterson home was approximately fifty miles southeast of Orlando.

On April 25, 1958, Judy was supposedly playing in the backyard of her home when her mom realized she couldn't locate her. The mother called for the girl, searched the area, and then called Mr. Peterson and neighbors for assistance. Not long after neighbors became involved, the sheriff was notified.

The sheriff called for all available deputies to respond and assist in the search for Judy. The entire area near her home was nothing but hundreds of people calling her name and looking for the girl. The consensus of law enforcement was that Judy was in the swamp

somewhere. Canines were brought to the scene but didn't appear to pick up a scent.

Sanford Naval Air Station responded with a helicopter to light the ground with spotlights. Patrick Air Force Base sent ground troops and three airplanes, and the National Guard sent troops. By midnight, there were over one thousand searchers combing the area looking for Judy.

Just after midnight, the sheriff formed a long single line of searchers that would start from the Peterson home and walk directly out through the swamp, ensuring they would not miss the girl. This line of people consisted of over eight hundred searchers. After walking almost a mile into the swamp and then back, searchers had found nothing and heard nothing.

At approximately 4 a.m., heavy fog moved into the area, and all air operations stopped. At 8:30 a.m., the fog started to lift, and helicopters went back into the air. Almost immediately, helicopter pilot Commander Lawrence L. Hamrick from Sanford Naval Air Station spotted Judy six hundred yards into the swamp behind her home. Hamrick radioed searchers, and Airman P. N. Thomas walked into the swamp and found Judy. The airman described Judy as barefoot and wearing only a pink sunsuit. An April 27 article in the *Fort Pierce News-Tribune* had the following about the airman's find: "Airman P.N. Thomas said he just walked up on Judy and 'she stood there and looked at me and whimpered a little.'" An April 26 article in the *Statesville Record and Landmark* had the following about what Judy said after being found: "Judy was silent in the midst of the hubbub and it was not certain whether she had been walking all night or had stayed in one place."

In my "Missing 411" books, I have explained how missing children are often found in an area that had been previously searched. Later in the same *News Tribune* article that was quoted earlier was the following statement from searchers about where Judy was found: "A human chain had walked through the area in which Judy had wandered some time during the night, and officers expressed amazement over the fact that someone had not sighted her. "They were so close together," said Lt. Colonel T. L. Morris of Patrick Air Force Base, "that somebody must have walked within three feet of

her without seeing her." Other articles stated that Judy seemed very unhappy and wouldn't smile and refused to say anything.

Summary

Utilize Google Maps and plot each of the Florida disappearances. You will start to find that Orlando seems to be the center point for the majority of these cases. This cluster of missing represents a continuation of clusters already identified throughout the United States, and the location (swamps) is consistent with the location of the missing in the southeastern United States.

In Judy's case, over one thousand searchers walked directly west of the Peterson home in a very methodical path to find the child in the swamp. The colonel was under the belief that the mass of searchers had come within three feet of her during the night. Remember, searchers were continually yelling her name and making significant noise as they fought their way through the swamp. It doesn't seem logical that Judy could've slept through this type of commotion so close to her location. The other implication was that she wasn't in this location when the searchers plodded their way through. Searchers did say that she had scratches over her entire body. It seems quite coincidental that searchers walk hand in hand through the swamp out a mile and do not find the girl. Later that night fog moves into the area, restricts air traffic and then once the fog clears, the girl is found exactly in the area previously searched and where the fog was located.

If Judy wasn't at the location where she was eventually found, where was she? Did the fog that entered the swamp play some role in her recovery?

Christie Davis
Missing 7/28/73, Ocala, FL
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

The memories of being a young child are always filled with time spent with grandma and grandpa; times that you'll never forget. Rebecca Henderson was the great-grandmother of Christie and Pam (age three) Davis when they decided to take a walk to the store

in Ocala. The walk wasn't long, but it did border some very wild swamp and forested areas. Sometime during that walk on July 28, 1973, all three ladies got lost, and they got very lost. On Sunday night the mother of the two young girls called police, and a search was initiated.

The Marion County Sheriff's department was the primary law enforcement contact for the search and rescue. At the height of the search, two thousand people were on the ground and in the air looking for the trio. Searchers had canines, planes, and helicopters up, constantly looking and scanning the marshes, bogs, and swamps.

On Monday afternoon, searchers found Mrs. Henderson twenty miles south of Ocala near the Circle Square Ranch, in the weeds. Approximately one half mile away from Mrs. Henderson, they found Pam, also in a weed patch. An August 6, 1973, article in the *Playground Daily News* had an interview with Marion County Sheriff Don Moreland. Sheriff Moreland stated, "The woman and the girl had walked about 20 miles before they were found." Other law enforcement officers stated that the area was teaming with rattlesnakes, and it's amazing that none of the ladies were bit. The sheriff also stated that Mrs. Henderson was very confused and disoriented, and she couldn't supply information about how they became lost or what they did for the last day. Pam was also questioned and couldn't remember anything of value.

The formal search for Christie continued until August 8.

Searchers did state that they found one footprint of what they thought was a child near the ranch. Two thousand searchers, helicopters, canines, and every other imaginable search tool couldn't find Christie.

I did comb every available database and could not find Christie Davis listed in any missing-person database. The presumption is that her body was eventually found, although an article describing this was not located.

Summary

Any ideas that a sixty-eight-year-old great-grandmother and a three-year-old girl can walk twenty miles in twenty-four hours in Florida's heat and humidity in July seems ludicrous to me. You

can surmise that something happened in the swamps/woods that caused Mrs. Henderson and Pam to become separated and start hallucinating. I don't believe that any great-grandmother would leave her granddaughter voluntarily while they were lost. Many of the people chronicled in the "Missing 411" books who are recovered after being lost cannot remember how they got lost or where they were.

Taylor Touchstone
Missing 8/07/96–4 p.m., Eglin Air Force Base, FL
Age at Disappearance: 10 years
Disabled–Autistic

On a warm and muggy day in August 1996, Suzanne Touchstone took her two children to Turtle Creek at Eglin Air Force Base for a swim in the creek. This body of water did have a current, and the water was deep in spots. Jayne (age twelve) and her brother Taylor swam the creek and looked for fish as the afternoon wore on. Taylor was autistic but was a very capable boy, and he was given much respect and freedom by his parents, even as they kept a watchful eye on him. At 4 p.m. Suzanne realized she didn't know where Taylor was. Jayne and Suzanne started to get very worried and searched the surrounding banks and weeds and found nothing. The Okaloosa County Sheriff's department was called as well as Air Force base officials.

The area where Taylor disappeared gets very dangerous very quickly. There are many poisonous snakes and alligators that infest the swamps surrounding the base. When search personnel got on scene, they knew that in 1995 the lives of four Army Rangers had been lost during swamp training exercises in the area.

Search coordinators enlisted the services of the Army Rangers, the Marines, and the Okaloosa County sheriff's deputies. Eglin Air Force Base also sent an AC-130 helicopter with heat-seeking sensors to look for heat signatures on the ground or water; they never found anything. For four days and four nights, searchers were not finding anything.

The armed forces and deputies on the scene became very concerned for Taylor's safety when violent thunderstorms and rain hit the search area the first night and continued for the following two days. Lightning strikes were hitting many of the areas they were searching, jeopardizing both the search crews and Taylor.

On Sunday, August 11 at 7 a.m., fisherman Jimmy Potts was floating in the East Bay River, fourteen miles from the point where Taylor was last seen. Potts saw a figure ahead of him in the water, and it looked human. As Jimmy got closer to the figure, it was Taylor, alive. The boy was naked as he scampered into the boat, and Jimmy went for shore. Taylor was eventually hospitalized for two days and made a full recovery.

Rick Hord was the public spokesman for the Okaloosa County Sheriff's office, and he was interviewed and asked about the survival of Taylor. His thoughts were reported in the August 17, 1996, edition of the *New York Times*: "It was not just the distance that surprised searchers. Taylor somehow went under, around and through brush that the searchers saw as impassable. Yet there is no evidence that anyone else was involved in his journey or of foul play. Everyone is absolutely dumbfounded."

People have attempted to interview Taylor about his journey but the only person to get a response has been his mom. Suzanne states that Taylor has told her that he saw lots of fish. When a reporter tried to question the boy about his journey, he got up and left the room without making a comment.

Summary

I've read thousands of stories during my research on missing people; this is one of the most unbelievable. An autistic boy survives four days in a wild swamp that killed four Army Rangers. He survives a violent thunderstorm that lasts for days and then is found floating in a river by a fisherman. He wasn't stricken down by hypothermia or lack of food or water. Taylor wasn't attacked by an alligator or bitten by a Water Moccasin. Was this just pure luck that this boy survived, or was there something else occurring?

Charles Huff
Missing 11/24/04–6 p.m., Green Swamp Wildlife Management Area, Sumpter, FL
Age at Disappearance: 76 years

Charles and Shirley Huff lived in Kathleen, Florida, approximately fifteen miles northeast of Tampa and ten miles south of the Green Swamp Wildlife Management Area. The Huffs had been married since 1972, and it was the second marriage for each. Shirley had four grown daughters, and the entire family was very tight. Charles was an Ohio native that came to Florida and gained employment in the Navy. He later worked as a truck driver, and later as a part-time security guard.

It was the Wednesday before Thanksgiving in 2004 when Shirley got up early and headed out for work at a photo processing plant. Charles took a frozen chicken out of the freezer and placed it in the sink to thaw. Charles had told Shirley that he and Todd Tharrington (his son-in-law) were going hunting Thanksgiving morning in the Green Swamp, and Shirley clearly told him not to go out there alone. It appears he didn't listen.

Shirley arrived home at near 6 p.m. and found the spoiled chicken in the sink. Charles wasn't home. She searched the house and found that his Ruger M77 rifle was missing, which indicated to her that he went hunting. Shirley started calling her daughters and their husbands for assistance. The spoiled chicken indicated to Shirley that Charles had intended on being home in a reasonable amount of time. Charles didn't make it.

Todd Tharrington and Rob Griffin (another son-in-law) arrived at the Huff residence and started to think through where Charles may have gone. Todd remembered a time when he and Charles had gone fishing in the Green Swamp and decided to drive to the area and see if he could find the man's truck. On Thanksgiving morning, Todd drove to the spot where he and Charles had fished and started to search the region. The main road into this area was Tonic Grade, and it was off this dirt road, in a small turnout, that he found Charles's pickup. Todd yelled, screamed, and quickly searched the surrounding area but could not find his father-in-law.

This is a brief description of the Green Swamp Wildlife Area, which is taken directly from the Florida Fish and Wildlife Website:

"Green Swamp WMA consists of 50,692 acres in Lake, Polk, and Sumter counties. Also known as Green Swamp East, this area is part of the approximately 110,000 acres purchased to protect the land and water resources of the Green Swamp Basin. Green Swamp is a critical recharge area for the Floridian aquifer as well as the source of the Hillsborough, Withlacoochee, Ocklawaha, and Peace rivers. Most of the landscape is pine flatwoods, cypress domes, and hardwoods swamps. Freshwater fishing is good along this segment of the Withlacoochee River. Stanley Fish Hole and Maynard Mines, both accessed from SR 471, are popular fishing spots. Paddling on the Withlacoochee east of SR 471 is not recommended due to the poorly defined channel and numerous log-jams. Deer, hog, and turkey hunting are good, although high water makes hunting and other recreational activities difficult at times. More than 20 miles of the Florida Trail, 13.1 miles of which are part of the Florida National Scenic Trail, traverse the area. Portions of the trail are inundated in all but the driest years. Over 20 miles of unpaved service roads are marked for bicycling. Wildlife that may be seen on the area include alligator, white-tailed deer, bob-white quail, armadillo, gray squirrels, feral hogs, and a variety of birds. Camping is permitted year round at designated campsites and along the Florida Trail."

The Green Swamp is in the jurisdiction of the Florida Fish and Wildlife Department, yet straddles two Florida counties, Polk and Sumter. Todd and Rob called law enforcement when they found Charles's 1994 white Mazda pickup. Soon the area was swarming with search and rescue personnel. It wasn't long before searchers brought Bloodhounds to the scene. Rob and Todd were still at the pickup when searchers asked Rob for something from Chuck that had his odor on it for the dogs to track. The following statement is from the *Lakeland Ledger* of February 27, 2006: "Griffin, 48, broke a window of Huff's locked truck to get a pair of sneakers, which gave the dogs a focal scent. But a heavy rain the night before wiped out not only footprints but also olfactory clues." Searchers

had their dogs attempt to track, but they walked in circles. The sheriff's department and wildlife management, put all-terrain vehicles into the area to search along with equestrians, hikers, helicopters, and many volunteer searchers.

After ten days of intensive searching, the Huff family gave permission to the search teams to terminate their efforts. The search for Charles produced no clues, no footprints, no odor: nothing to indicate the man was in the area. In the same *Lake Ledger* article, son-in law, Rob Griffin, made the following statement: "Rob Griffin, a lawyer, said it's unlikely searchers could have missed Charles in the section of the Green Swamp they had covered on foot. Griffin said that leaves two possibilities: Huff wandered a long distance before succumbing, or he was a victim of someone who carried him far from the truck." The family has made public statements that they feel that foul play is involved in Charles's disappearance.

Summary

I believe there are a few clues that point to what may have happened to Charles. Charles removed the chicken from the freezer, because he had the intent of being home to fix dinner. He did take his Ruger rifle with him and changed into his boots when he reached the swamp, indicating he was probably going into the area to hunt or scout the area for hunting the following day. I believe this indicated he was going into the Green Swamp for three or four hours and then planned to return home.

It's always a very dangerous proposition to attempt to rob someone who is armed. If someone did attack or rob Charles, this means they took the body and disposed of it many miles from the Green Swamp, or cadaver dogs would have reacted to that scent. Helicopters with forward-looking infrared radar scouted the swamp and did not find any heat signatures from an injured person or a recently deceased human.

This case does have many elements of other missing-persons cases, including swamps, canines, bad weather, and hunting alone.

Georgia/Alabama

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Jerry Cooper	12/21/61–10 p.m.•4•M•Lookout Mountain, Summerville, GA

Jerry Cooper Missing 12/21/61–10 p.m., Lookout Mountain, Summerville, GA
Age at Disappearance: 4 years
**Disabled

Summerville, Georgia, is in the far northwestern segment of the state, about fifty miles south of Chattanooga. This small city is just five miles from the Alabama border.

On December 21, 1961, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Cooper dropped their disabled son (Jerry) at the home of his grandparents (Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cooper) while they went on a Christmas shopping trip. The parents planned to return when the stores closed, and Jerry would play in the grandparents' backyard that sat at the base of a long, hilly mountain range.

Everything was going fine at Mr. and Mrs. Cooper's house until approximately 10 p.m. The backyard was checked, and Jerry wasn't anywhere on the property, and he wasn't responding to calls of his name. The grandparents did find Jerry's leg brace, which he wore on his clubfoot on his left leg. The brace allowed Jerry to walk correctly. Soon after it was realized that Jerry was missing, his parents arrived back at the house. It wasn't long before the county sheriff was called, and formal search operations were underway.

The sheriff had Bloodhounds at the scene to attempt to find the boy's scent that first night; the dogs were not picking up anything. It wasn't long after the dogs arrived that it started to rain.

The first night Jerry was missing was very frightful and a huge concern for the sheriff. Nobody understood how Jerry could have left without his brace, including the sheriff. At the first light of the first morning Jerry was missing, the FBI had already been requested and was arriving. The *Times Recorder* had the following statement in its December 23, 1961, paper: "The kidnap motive was not ruled

out early in the search and the FBI under the supervision of Special Agent Charles Weeks who is in charge of the Atlanta FBI office entered the search." The FBI doesn't enter any search unless it has some type of proof a crime has occurred or there are some unusual elements to a childs disappearance; they must've been convinced. Over two hundred volunteers and professionals with helicopters and airplanes searched mountains, valleys, roads, and hundreds of buildings; nothing was found. Entering the second night of the search, there still hadn't been any leads as to where Jerry was located.

The elevation at the base of Lookout Mountain is eight hundred feet. The second day of searching changed the course of everyone's thoughts. Halfway up Lookout Mountain and in a creek/ravine, searcher Zack Warren of Summerville made an interesting discovery as was related in the December 24 edition of the *San Antonio Express*: "But shortly before noon Saturday, the little fellow was spotted in the ravine. He was only partially clothed and was soaked to the skin. Jerry was being kept under observation for shock and possibly Pneumonia." Jerry was alive but not talking. Other articles stated that Jerry was found "half naked," but all essentially implied the boy was missing a lot of clothing. Many articles stated that Jerry had soup and then went immediately to sleep without saying anything about his two nights in the woods.

Summary

This case is a classic example containing almost every major element I have written about in the past two "Missing 411" books. Here is a list of the elements that were present:

1. Jerry lost clothing
2. Didn't speak about incident
3. Found uphill
4. Bloodhounds couldn't/wouldn't track
5. Bad weather—rain
6. Jerry was disabled
7. Law enforcement felt kidnapping was possible
8. FBI on scene

One additional element that I am starting to track is that many children disappear while at their grandparents' home or at a summer home or cottage. This is an element that needs to be studied more to understand its consistency.

North Carolina

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Michael Douglas McMillan	09/01/57-4pm•2•M•Mills River, NC

**Add to Great Smoky Mountain National Park Cluster

Michael Douglas McMillan
Missing 9/01/57-4pm, Mills River, North Carolina
Age at Disappearance: 2 ½ years

Mills River is located approximately 25 miles east of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park and ten miles south of Asheville. The town is located in a small valley on the fringe of a rugged and wild wilderness just to the east.

On September 1, 1957, Michael McMillan was playing in the backyard of J.J. Reece, the father of Michael's mother. The Reece's were babysitting their grandson and allowing him to play in their backyard. At approximately 4p.m., the Reece's hadn't heard the young boy in awhile and entered the yard and couldn't find him. There was a thorough search and then panic. Once the Reece's realized that Michael had vanished, law enforcement was called.

Shortly after 4p.m. on September 1, the initial Henderson County Sheriff's unit arrived at the Reece residence. Almost immediately after the first deputy got to the scene, more deputies started to deploy into the area while asking for additional assistance from local volunteer fire departments, Civil Air Patrol, National Guard, North Carolina Highway Patrol and volunteers. That first night of searching included Bloodhounds, which were brought to the Reece residence but couldn't pick up a scent. Searchers were calling Michael's name and were not getting a response. The effort to find Michael went nonstop through the

night with searchers carrying torches and scouring every area around the Reece residence.

Over five hundred searchers worked nonstop throughout the night, never taking a break and constantly looking for Michael. At 8a.m., two searchers were eight hundred and fifty feet above the Reece property and at the top of Cane Mountain when they made the following discovery, as is described in the *Hutchinson News* on September 3, 1957: "A 2 ½ year old boy who wandered barefoot up the side of a mountain Sunday night while more than 500 persons searched for him was found unharmed early Monday. Little Michael McMillan dressed only in a pair of red shorts was found lying against a stump with his head resting on a pillow of leaves."

Michael was taken to a local hospital and found to have scratches on his arms and legs but otherwise in good condition. Rescuers felt the boy "walked and crawled a mile and a half to the top of Cane Mountain," *Hutchinson News*, September 3, 1957. There was another article on September 2, 1957, in the *Robesonian* that stated that Michael was found in a "densely wooded area next to a creek." Maybe both articles are correct with slight deviations in interpretation.

Summary

If we are to believe the accounts of the various newspapers, a two and a half year old boy left the yard of his grandparents had walked directly uphill in a slide area until he reached the top of Cane Mountain. One article claims that the boy "walked and crawled" to the summit, not wearing shoes or a shirt. He is found lying down on a bed of leaves. How can 500 searchers miss finding this boy who is within one and a half miles of the residence? Why wouldn't the boy have responded to the searchers calling his name? Most missing or lost children walk the route of least resistance, downhill. Why would Michael walk almost straight uphill? If the searchers were correct and Michael did crawl partially up the mountain, why didn't the hospital note scratches on his chest?

This location is in such close proximity to the Great Smoky Mountain National Park that it will be added to that cluster of missing people cases.

South Carolina

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Jason Elijah Burton	12/16/11–1:30 p.m.•21 mos•M•Cross Anchor, SC

Jason Elijah Burton
Missing 12/16/11–1:30 p.m., Cross Anchor, SC
Age at Disappearance: 21 months

The small town of Cross Anchor is located one hundred miles southeast of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and fifteen miles northwest of the Sumpter National Forest. There is a minimum of two dozen bodies of water within two miles of the victim's residence, East Blackstock Road, Cross Anchor, South Carolina.

On December 16, 2011, at approximately 1:30 p.m. Jason Burton was in the family room of his residence with his mother, Brittany, and their family dog. Brittany stepped out of the room for a few moments, and somehow the boy got outside. Family told law enforcement that the dog knew how to open the door, and they think that may have been how Jason got outside. Once Brittany realized her son was not in the room she rushed outside calling his name and looking for the boy. She searched the area, realized he wasn't in the yard or surrounding area, and called the Spartanburg County Sheriff's office.

The sheriff and Department of Natural Resource officers responded en masse. Several hundred people responded and searched the area around the home and the surrounding woods. If you Google Map the street, you will see that the immediate area around the region is nothing but open fields with thick woods one hundred yards away. It would appear nearly impossible for a twenty-one-month-old boy to get out of sight of the residence in just a few moments of being alone.

Near late afternoon of the first day of searching, the weather turned bad. It started to rain and continued late into the night.

That first night of searching did not produce any results of where Jason may be. It was at this time that family and searchers started to

talk about Jason possibly being abducted, as they couldn't find him within the normal search parameters.

On December 17, a decision was made to put one Spartanburg deputy (Jamie Tate) and one natural resource officer (David Fox) in kayaks and place them in the Tyger River, located approximately one mile from Jason's residence. The pair was on the river early that morning and stayed on it through the early afternoon. They were not going downstream in the river but instead paddling upstream. It would seem that if law enforcement believed the boy went into the river, they'd go downstream, the natural way a body would float. An article on the WYFF4.com website had the following headline: "Missing Toddler Found On Sand bar in River." Later in the same article was this: "Spartanburg County deputies said they found Jason Elijah Burton alive around 2:30 p.m. Rescue crews found the boy about two miles from his home, laying on a sandbar in the middle of the Tyger River." You read that correctly: they found the boy in the middle of a river on a sandbar. The boy was flown by helicopter to Spartanburg Regional Hospital and found to be in good condition.

Deputies stated that Jason was wet and cold but was otherwise fine. A December 17 article on the Groupstate.com website had this description of the rescue: "At 2:30 p.m. this afternoon a Spartanburg County Sheriff's deputy and an officer from the South Carolina Department of Natural Resources were using individual kayaks owned by the SCDNR officer to search a portion of the Tyger River about two miles upstream from where little Jason Burton had been reported missing Friday afternoon." This description explains the distance from the residence and the fact the pair was upstream. Knowing that it would be difficult for an adult to swim two miles upstream, how did a twenty-one-month-old boy get that distance upstream?

Summary

There are several issues about this incident that I am sure strike you as unbelievable. For all of the parents that are reading this, it's hard to believe a child that young can get that far in thick woods. The Groupstate.com article did have a statement that temperatures the

night that Jason was missing got down to the low forties with rain in the area, meaning that if the boy was wet, wind chill should've started hypothermia.

I have been completely confused since I first read this story about why the officers went upstream. This makes no sense. The region around the river is very thick with brush and trees. The Groupstate.com article did explain that just before Jason was found by the kayakers, the law enforcement helicopter had made two passes over the river without seeing the boy on the sandbar. How many times have we heard about a missing person being found in a location where searchers had passed through? It's almost as though the victim is placed in an area where it's known they'll quickly and safely be found.

The disappearance from inside of a residence by a young child with a dog reminds me of the following cases:

Kyle Camp: Missing 10/16/12, Hackleburg, AL
Watching television in house with dogs.

Tristen "Buddy" Myers: Missing 10/05/00, Roseboro, NC
Napping in family room with grandmother and dog.

I rank this case as one of the top ten of the most unbelievable disappearances I've ever researched.

Tennessee

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Faye Crawford	03/26/62–10 p.m.•3•F•Fall Branch, TN
Naomi Leigh Whidden	11/25/94–12:45 p.m.•2•F•Dahlonega, GA

Faye Crawford
Missing 03/26/62–10 p.m., Fall Branch, TN
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

The disappearance of Faye Crawford occurred in Washington County in the southern part of the small city of Fall Branch. The city

sits south of Kingsport in the northeast portion of the state. There are multiple bodies of water with a mountain range just to the west of the city. This location sits approximately fifty miles northeast of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park.

On the night of March 26, 1962, one of the nine Crawford children had fallen ill. The sick one-year-old baby, three-year-old Faye, and Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were driven to the doctor by the brother-in-law of Mr. Crawford. After seeing the physician, the group was driven back to the driver's house. Once at the residence, they observed that Faye was asleep in the backseat, and they decided to let her nap as they quickly went into the home to say hello. After a few minutes, the Crawfords returned to their car and found that Faye was gone. It was 10 p.m. After a brief search of the Fordtown Road area, the local sheriff was called. Within thirty minutes of phoning the police, law enforcement arrived and searched the entire region.

Law enforcement arriving at the disappearance location examined the vehicle that Faye had been sleeping in. The following article in the *Kingsport News* of March 28, 1962, explained what law enforcement found: "As the officers examined the car in which the child was left, they became more mystified. Both inside door handles on the two doors were broken. The only way to open the door from the inside was to lower a window and open a door from the outside. They could not see how a three-year-old girl could do that."

Officers did take information from area neighbors about a suspicious vehicle in the area and did interview two young men that were found not to be involved.

Officers, volunteers, and others searched through the night and into the next morning for Faye. Bloodhounds and searchers failed to find the girl, and nerves started to get very thin. At 11 a.m., three miles from the location that Faye was last seen, the little girl wandered into a homestead and asked for help. In the same article as noted above, here is what was stated about her discovery: "The little girl wandered barefoot through fields and woods for nearly three miles from the parked car from which she disappeared about 10 p.m. Monday."

Just so readers don't think I am making this story into something that it is not, the same *Kingsport News* article started their narrative by stating: "State and Washington County officials are

still investigating the mysterious disappearance of a little barefoot girl from her father's car which was parked in the Haws Cross Roads area Monday night." If this was a normal disappearance of a girl, I do not believe that law enforcement would consider spending any time researching a case like this.

Faye suffered scratches on her face, arms, and legs and was admitted to a Johnson City hospital for observation. If Faye did say anything about this incident, she didn't say it to the press, but if she had, it must've been intriguing to law enforcement as they continued to investigate.

I'd like readers of my books to start to remember the number of times sleeping children have disappeared from cars where they were alone. Remember, most of these instances occurred in very rural locations without any vehicular traffic in the area. This is one documented incident where law enforcement couldn't understand how the child got out without the assistance of someone from the outside.

Naomi Leigh Whidden
Missing 11/25/94–12:45 p.m., Chattahoochee National Forest, GA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

This case is listed in the Tennessee chapter because of its proximity to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The location that Naomi Whidden disappeared is north of Dahlonega, Georgia, in the Chattahoochee National Forest and sixty miles southwest of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, a location where other children have vanished.

On November 25, 1994, Dwayne Whidden was with his son (age six) and two daughters (ages four and two) when they drove to the base of a large mountain in the Chattahoochee National Forest. Dwayne parked the car at the bottom of an old logging trail that winds uphill from the parking area. Dwayne and the kids hiked approximately one and a half miles up the trail and into the wilderness.

Dwayne was interviewed by officials and asked to explain what happened in the woods. On November 28, 1994, in the *Atlanta Constitution,* an article appeared with Dwayne's explanation of what happened: "They (the kids) were in my full view, my sight and hearing and then she was gone." Later in the article Dwayne

stated he was looking for animal signs when his daughter vanished. "There were no other explanations I could find about how quickly this disappearance took place." Naomi Whidden had simply vanished.

Law enforcement officers brought Bloodhounds and additional search teams from surrounding counties to search for Naomi. Teams went deep into the first night looking for the girl and calling her name; there was no response.

Approximately twenty-five hours after Naomi disappeared, a search team led by Kip Clayton was at the outer fringe of the search area when something told him to continue out another 250 yards and look for the lost girl. Kip walked up next to a large log and looked down, finding Naomi facedown in wet mud and leaves and not moving. He picked the girl up and heard a moan. Her temperature was dangerously low. He ran back to the command post with the girl in his arms, a distance of approximately one mile.

Naomi Whidden was transported to a local hospital in critical condition in a semiconscious state, suffering from exposure. She eventually made a strong comeback and survived.

Summary

Many questions come to mind when analyzing this case. Searchers were close enough to Naomi to have her hear their yelling for her the previous night—why didn't she respond? Why was she lying facedown in the mud and not leaning or lying in a dry location or up against a tree or log?

Readers should make a special note that this is in close proximity to the Smoky Mountains and the disappearance of several children near the same age as Naomi.

Readers, start to remember the number of times you read about a child being found facedown on the ground. If the child had fallen to that position, they would incur mouth, nose, and facial injuries. Those are never noted when the subject is found by the rescuer.

Texas

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Son of Mr. Munn	02/22/1894–Unk•2•M•Cisco, TX
Bobby Brown	06/27/48–Noon•2•M•Graham, TX
Joe Davis	04/17/54–AM-•4•M•Crockett, TX
Gloria Estela	01/09/63–PM•2•F•San Benito, TX
Owen Castle	02/03/09–5 p.m.•2•M•Llano County, TX

Son of Mr. Munn
Missing 02/22/1894–Noon•Cisco, TX
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Cisco is a small city approximately forty miles west of Dallas. This is a very swampy area with hundreds of small bodies of water. There are several lakes in the region around the city. (Readers, pay attention to the Bobby Brown story below. Cisco and Graham are almost an equal distance west of Dallas in regions with almost identical topography. The cities are approximately forty miles apart.)

On February 22, 1894 (approximate date), Mrs. Munn went to a neighbor's home to drop off her son while she attended a funeral. It was in the morning hours, near noon, when Mrs. Munn left the neighbor's home and started for the ceremony.

At some point, the boy vanished from the neighbor's home. A search was started almost immediately.

A search went through the afternoon and into the evening without finding the boy. Late the first night, the search was stopped with an understanding they would resume the next day.

Searchers got an early start and were fortunate to find the boy two miles from the neighbor's residence. When found, the boy was not wearing shoes or socks or anything on his head. His hat was apparently missing. Searchers described the wind blowing with "gale" force while they were searching for the boy. Searchers said it was obvious that the boy had cried himself to sleep when found. The boy made a very interesting statement as he awoke in the arms of the searchers. This is an exact quote

from the *Galveston Daily News* on February 23, 1894: "The babe had cried itself to sleep and when being carried home in the arms of one of the searching party when passing briar patches it would recognize them and lisp 'Old mean briars, squatch baby's feet.'" It's obvious that the boy was scratched during his disappearance while he was in a briar patch, again, another commonality in almost every disappearance. I think the choice of words the boy used is amusing.

Summary

The location of Bobby Brown's disappearance and the Munn boy seem quite coincidental. Both were located west of Dallas in very close proximity to each other.

Bobby Brown
Missing 06/27/48–Noon, Graham, TX
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Graham is a small city thirty miles west of Dallas in a region with hundreds of small bodies of water. The city sits between two large lakes, Lake Eddleman and Possum Kingdom Lake. It is an area with dozens of small creeks and rivers and is known for area ranches and farms.

On June 27, at approximately noon, two-year-old Bobby Brown (sometimes called Robby) was playing outside his family's residence at their rural farm when his mom lost track of him. Bobby was the youngest of the Brown family's eight kids. Mr. and Mrs. Houston Brown were Bobby's parents, and they soon had every one of the seven other kids looking for the youngster. After searching the residence, the surrounding farm area, and outhouses, they called local authorities and asked for assistance.

Sheriff Bert Bunnell took charge of organizing regional ranchers and farmers. Teams searched until late into the night without finding Bobby or the family's small dog, Shorty, which had also disappeared.

On June 28, six different pilots from the surrounding cities went into the air to look for the tot. Ralph Ellis from the city of Olney was flying eight miles from the Brown farm when he saw a small boy standing and looking at his plane. Ellis directed search parties to the scene, and they recovered Bobby, exactly twenty-four hours after he vanished.

A June 28 article in the *Galveston Daily News* explained the discovery of the boy: "St. John said the boy, although not crying was badly scratched. He had lost his pants and all he had on was a T-shirt. He seemed dazed. Briar thorns were extracted from his arms and legs." One paragraph later in the same article was Bobby's response to seeing his mother: "Bobby didn't recognize his mother when he was returned to her arms. She and her husband took him to Olney Hospital where doctors said Bobby was none the worse for his experience."

Several articles stated that searchers had killed a total of twelve rattlesnakes while they were searching for Bobby, and they were shocked he hadn't been bitten.

A June 28 article in the *Spokesman Review* described the distance Bobby had traveled: "When found, Bobby was standing up looking at the plane circling overhead. He had wandered approximately eight miles from home."

Summary

The fact that Bobby had traveled eight miles from the time he was last seen is so far outside the bounds of any search and rescue guidelines, it's hard to comprehend. He surprised searchers with his ability to avoid snakes, even though he was covered with stickers and thorns in his legs, showing that he obviously was traveling through the bush.

When Bobby was found, the searcher stated that the boy appeared "dazed." When Bobby was later given to his mom, he didn't recognize her, and he wasn't crying, even though he had thorns and stickers in his body. It would almost seem as though Bobby was drugged or semiconscious, a state used to describe many children when they are found. It is not normal for a two-year-old boy to not recognize his mother.

It was a stroke of pure luck that the plane found Bobby, because there was no search and rescue personnel criteria guideline that would've put rescuers eight miles out after twenty-four hours of being missing.

What happened to Bobby's clothing and shoes, how did he spend his night, did he eat or drink anything, why didn't he recognize his mother, and lastly, how did a barefoot two-year-old boy travel eight miles over rugged, snake-infested Texas countryside?

The family dog, Shorty, returned home barking and yelping while the search for Bobby was ongoing. Where's the dog whisperer when you need him?

Joe Davis
Missing 4/17/54–AM, Crocket, TX
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

Crockett would not be one of the first cities you think of when you think of the state of Texas. It is located in the eastern portion of the state, seventy miles from Louisiana, with three national forests within thirty miles of the city (Davy Crockett, Angelina, and Sam Houston National Forests). There are four very large lakes inside of forty miles of Crockett and hundreds of small bodies of water just on the perimeter of the city. The area has very thick woods, swamps, and rugged country everywhere.

On April 17, 1954, in the morning hours, Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Davis were at their family farm in a rural area outside of Crockett. Sometime during the morning hours, four-year-old Joe vanished along with the family's three dogs. The family couldn't find any clues on where Joe or the dogs went and soon called for law enforcement to assist.

Five hundred volunteers and professionals searched through the first day for any sign of the boy. Searchers were working through thick pinewoods for the four-year-old and were not finding anything. The first day ended with frustration and without hearing any barking dogs.

Search teams grew larger on the second day of the search. The teams continued to search regions they had looked at the previous

day, and others were going deeper into the woods. At approximately 3 p.m., one rescue team made a grizzly find as is described in the April 18 edition of the *Paris Texas News*: "He looked like he just fell on his face and died there, said Grover Luce of Grapeland, a volunteer who found the body about 3 p.m. The little body was in Elkhart Creek about six miles from the home Joe wandered away from yesterday with three of the family dogs. Sheriff Lloyd Lovell said Joe had a big cut on his head as if he had run into a low hanging tree branch."

Joe was found in a dry creek bed, but it was stated that many felt there could've been water in the creek the previous night. The clothes Joe was wearing were torn. The sheriff made statements that it appeared that Joe dropped facedown into the creek and died. Other articles stated that it appeared that he might have struggled to get up. A deputy sheriff coroner estimated that Joe died at 7 a.m. An autopsy was performed, and it was ruled that the boy died of "accidental death caused by exposure."

Summary

Joe disappeared and died in the one location of Texas where they have the biggest trees, thickest bush, and one of the wildest areas. There was never any mention in any articles about what happened to the dogs that left with Joe.

Joe was found in a creek with torn clothes and a large laceration on his forehead. I've stated before that I do not believe that children will randomly run without due cause for caution through the woods. While it is possible that Joe did accidentally bump his head, I personally doubt it. The clothing that was torn, coupled with the bump on the head, says to me that something else happened. For your clothes to be totally torn takes speed and force and lots of area covered. A small boy slowly moving through the woods doesn't add up to torn clothing to the extent of Joe Davis. Remember those words, force and speed, facts that don't equate in the form of a child moving through the woods alone.

This is another in a very, very long line of cases where a small child disappears with dogs, and his/her fate isn't positive. Six miles is a very long way for a four-year-old boy to cover in less than twenty-four hours in dense forests.

Gloria Estela
Missing 01/09/63–PM, San Benito, TX
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

San Benito sits at the most southern portion of Texas just five miles from the border of Mexico. Brownsville sits ten miles to the southeast. The Estela family lived on Pennsylvania Road just outside of San Benito. It is an area with many bodies of water and a thick wild area just to the east. There is a small river just to the south, and the region is dotted with small farms.

On January 9, 1963, in the afternoon hours, Gloria inexplicably disappeared from the residence. This is a hard disappearance to understand, because there are no large trees or good cover in the area around the residence. Even the area away from the home is flat farmland.

The family immediately called for law enforcement assistance. The United States Border Patrol sent multiple helicopters and airplanes into the region to look for the girl. The entire first day the sky was covered with aircraft, and the ground was saturated with volunteers and professionals including sheriff deputies, firemen, border patrolmen on horseback, and local hikers. It was late in the first day of searching that volunteers and the Border Patrol were sent home to rest.

Early in the morning of January 10, the border patrol air force arrived in force again. Hundreds of searchers were scouring the ground. At 9 a.m., Border Patrol Pilot Charles McCumber and senior patrol inspector Jack Ceclan from Port Isabel spotted the girl and led searchers toward her for the recovery. She was alive and well. She was found just one mile from her residence.

There was one extremely puzzling angle to this story that many involved in the search didn't understand. A January 10 article in the *Brownsville Herald* explained the residents' concern: "Residents of the area were puzzled as to how the little girl managed to get across a deep drainage ditch. One of the neighbors said it was difficult for a grown man wearing boots to negotiate the ditch."

Summary

This is one of the cases where I have no understanding how Gloria evaded searchers for sixteen hours. The girl was missing in a very flat environment of farmland. Multiple aircraft were in the air, and nobody found her that first day—why not? The Border Patrolmen are absolute professionals at searching the ground with FLIR from the air; this is their expertise. The fact she was found in a field only a mile from home and across a deep drainage ditch only makes the story that much more confusing.

Owen Castle
Missing 2/3/09–5 p.m., Llano County, TX
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

The exact location of this incident was sixty miles northwest of Austin in a very rural area. Owen Castle and his mother were on the Graham family's 220-acre ranch. Ms. Graham went to the ranch with her son to visit relatives.

The ranch is surrounded by dozens of small bodies of water, and the huge Lake Buchanan is just to the west. The Llano River goes through the city of Llano, which is the closest city to the Grahams' property. The ranch is also fifteen miles west of the Balcones Canyonlands National Wildlife Refuge.

Ms. Graham and Owen were at the family residence when she received a phone call from her insurance agent asking for information that she had in her vehicle. She went to the car parked near the front of the residence with Owen close behind her. An article on the KXAN.com website dated February 4, 2009, had the following about the disappearance: "After one or two minutes she looked around and noticed Owen had vanished." Ms. Graham immediately started yelling for Owen and then got family members to assist. There were no other homes, people, or vehicles anywhere in this area. After several minutes of searching, the Llano police were called, and later the sheriff and state police were notified.

A Texas Department of Public Safety (DPS) helicopter made it to the ranch and used FLIR to detect body heat on the ground. The helicopter could not locate any heat signature that matched Owen's.

Dozens of ground teams were scouring the ranch, calling the boy's name and searching the bushes and ground for any trace of the boy, while equestrian teams had a higher perspective as they rode the area looking for Owen.

Searchers were quickly getting very perplexed about the ability of a two-year-old boy to get away from his mother's presence as quickly as she claimed. At 3 a.m., the helicopter pilots, ground searchers, and horse teams were exhausted and terminated their efforts for the night. The temperature that night went down to twenty-eight degrees, and this made searchers concerned that Owen may have a tough time surviving in his Croc shoes, long-sleeve shirt, and blue jeans.

At approximately 8 a.m. on February 4, the search effort resumed. The Texas DPS helicopter with Pilot Nick Granelli and Observer Ben Muller took to the sky and was flying a pattern almost two miles from the Graham ranch. The crew was hovering over a neighboring pasture when they saw something odd. The helicopter lowered and saw what appeared to be a body draped over a granite boulder. Muller advised ground searchers to converge on the body. As crews reached the boulder, they found the partially clothed Owen Castle. His body temperature was just seventy-five degrees, and he was in serious condition. The helicopter landed and flew Owen to Llano Hospital. Owen's condition was so serious he was immediately transferred to Dell Children's Center in Austin, where he eventually made a full recovery. The heroic efforts of the Texas DPS helicopter crew earned them the award of Helicopter Crew of the Year.

The ground teams that found Owen were surprised by where they found the boy. In the same article that is quoted above was the following: "Owen was exhausted and shocked, having gone well over a mile and a half and crawled under a barbed wire fence and into a neighbor's pasture and he had apparently climbed onto one of the rocks to stay warm during the night." Read this last sentence again. Even the writer of this article seems a little surprised about the facts of how Owen was found. The boy is allegedly almost near death and exhausted, yet has the strength, knowledge and ability

to climb a rock and fall asleep? I personally question that any two-year-old leaves the presence of his mother, travels almost two miles, and supposedly climbs under a barbed wire fence—really?

There was one article that I located that indicated that Owen was found without his shirt and shoes. Each time I read about a child that supposedly walked miles without shoes, I am always waiting to hear about the condition of his feet; there was no mention I could find in this case.

Summary

If you are a reader of my books about missing people, statements by parents that they had taken their eyes off a child for one to two minutes and they disappeared is not abnormal. The common-sense question we all need to ask is, how far can a two-year-old get in that time span? Can they get out of earshot? Would they not respond to the calls of help from relatives, especially in extreme darkness?

When Owen was found, he was not moving and was near death. He was allegedly missing clothing and had covered an exceptional distance considering his age and the terrain. If Owen was in the ranch area at the time the Texas DPS helicopter was searching for him the night he vanished, why didn't the crew see him? Every case I have ever covered in the "Missing 411" books where a FLIR unit was used in a helicopter, the crews have *never* observed the missing immediately after they disappeared. This should actually be the time the missing is seen, because they are supposedly the closest to the point where they were last seen. Why aren't these people observed? Are they even in the area when the crews are looking for them?

If we think about the amount of time where opportunity existed for Owen to vanish, how small this time was, and yet how quickly Owen escaped from the presence of his mother, could a two-year-old boy really accomplish this feat? The last point, why would a two-year-old crawl under a barbed wire fence? I almost believe that a child that age would try to go through the fence and end up with severe cuts and scratches.

West Virginia

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Richard Rucker	07/30/53–10:37 a.m.•2•M•Swiss, WV

Richard Rucker
Missing 7/30/53–10:37 a.m., Swiss, WV
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

The city of Swiss is located approximately fifteen miles southeast of Charleston, ten miles north of New River Gorge National River, and fifteen miles east of the Monongahela National Forest. The region around the city is filled with deep valleys, steep hills, and thick and wild creeks, rivers, and mountains. The actual location of the incident is where the Gauley River and Laurel Creek come together. Locals call this area Gauley Bridge.

On July 25, Charlie and Irene Rucker had their seventh child, baby daughter Emma Jean. Irene was in bed taking care of Emma as Irene's sister-in-law, Jesse Rucker, was watching Irene's other children.

On the morning of July 30, Jesse was in the home taking care of chores and occasionally going outside to watch the kids. Richard was near the barn playing. At approximately 10:30 a.m., Jesse momentarily lost track of where Richard was and started to look throughout the yard. She couldn't locate the boy and notified Irene, who in turn notified a neighbor, who then started to search the area. After approximately an hour of comprehensive searching, the local sheriff was contacted, and volunteers started to converge on the area. The West Virginia State Police was notified, and a group of patrolman converged on Swiss to aid in the search.

There were two different canine search teams that responded to the Rucker home in the first two days after the disappearance. Police dogs went straight from the Rucker home and down to the bank of the river. Searchers placed their resources into the river area. They placed a fence across the water downstream to catch

anything floating downriver. They then started to drag every conceivable area in the water where Richard may be located.

Charlie Rucker didn't believe his son went to the river, and he made those feelings known. A few law enforcement sources and Charlie believed that Richard had been kidnapped, and those rumors were starting to leak. Amid the chaos of searches and rumors, the West Virginia State Police brought in Richard's aunt, Jesse Rucker. Jesse was asked to take a polygraph exam about her knowledge of Richard's disappearance. She did take the test and proved to authorities that she didn't play any role in the boys disappearance.

During the week that Richard had been gone, hundreds of volunteers and professionals hadn't found one clue of where the boy might be. On August 10, searchers were a mile and a half from the Rucker home on a mountaintop when they found Richard's sunsuit. They stated that the suit appeared to be balled up as though someone had thrown it on the ground under a tree. An August 10, 1953, article in the *Charleston Daily* had the following about the discovery: "After the boy's sun suit was discovered yesterday, Bloodhounds were taken to the mountain but failed to pick up a trail." Later in the same article was this from the state patrol corporal: "He added that officers and other persons assisting in the search believe that the child did not go up where his sun suit was found. The officer said it had rained in the area and that it couldn't be determined how long the clothes had been in the woods." Yes, bad weather had hit the search area after Richard had vanished, and this had compromised much of the search effort. The corporal never clarified how the sunsuit got to the top of the mountain if Richard hadn't carried it there. If Richard hadn't taken it there, then wouldn't it indicate a possibility of foul play?

Twelve days after Richard Rucker vanished from his mountain home, his father was with searchers near the bottom of Buzzards Rock, five miles from the Rucker home, and found his son. An August 11, 1953, article in the *Charleston Daily* had this description of the find: "His bruised and broken naked body was lying face downward at the foot of a 70-foot cliff. The wooded, rocky, and almost inaccessible site was about five miles from the Rucker home and about two miles from the mountain top where the boy's sun

suit was found." An autopsy revealed Richard had a fractured skull and multiple internal injuries. There was a coroner's inquest that lasted several days. The result of the inquest leveled a decision that Richard had died from an accidental fall.

Even before the autopsy and the inquest, there were rumors in the Swiss community that Richard had been murdered. Specifics about the murder allegation were never printed in any news article I could locate.

Summary

Mr. and Mrs. Rucker always suspected that Richard was murdered and had posted a $1,000 reward, quite a lot for a coal miner in the 1950s. Law enforcement obviously thought something was wrong, because they brought a family member in for a polygraph. Once the sister-in-law was cleared, it appears they had no other obvious suspects.

Richard's sun suit was found on a mountaintop, and law enforcement states that they don't believe he had been in that area—what? You either have to believe that Richard was there and dumped the sun suit, or you have to surmise that foul play was involved.

The topic of this event is a two-year-old boy. If you have children, imagine how far a two-year-old can travel. Can he or she climb multiple mountaintops? Could he or she get to the top of Buzzards Rock, which searchers described as "almost inaccessible"? Why would Richard want to climb these multiple mountains?

Richard Rucker's disappearance mimics many I've written about in mountainous areas. Small children inexplicably vanish, and people try to put a common-sense spin on an event that makes zero sense. A review of multiple search guideline manuals indicates that two-year-old children don't climb multiple mountaintops in their time away, and very, very few ever walk five miles in their journey.

Lastly, I have written before about canines that track a missing child straight to a river or creek, and searchers apply their efforts to the water. This is another event where that exact scenario played out. Does the result of this search mean that Richard didn't go in the water? No. Being a parent, I know that Richard didn't go in that

water alone, or he would've drowned. How Richard Rucker went into the water, how he managed to get through the river and up to mountaintops, is the million-dollar question, to which we will never know the answer.

CHAPTER FOUR:
EASTERN UNITED STATES

Connecticut

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Mrs. John McClaren	04/24/1886-Unk•Unk•F•Wallingford, CT
Jackie Grady	03/23/39-PM•4•M•Waterbury, CT

Mrs. John McClaren
Missing 04/24/1886–Unk, Wallingford, CT
Age at Disappearance: Unknown

In the twenty-first century, we, unfortunately, have become accustomed to seeing homeless people in many of the big cities of America. It's almost routine to see people at stoplights asking for money. As this story will explain, homeless and less-fortunate people also lived on the fringes of life in the late 1800s.

I could find only one article about this event, a May 17, 1886, piece that ran in the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*. The article started by explaining that a woman, Mrs. John McClaren, was a known person in the community of Wallingford, Connecticut. The article described the lady as "poor, decrepit, and a weak minded old woman." The community hadn't seen her in several days, and many were concerned about her welfare. It would've appeared that she was very well known and was a frequent visitor to many.

Two boys and their dog were trekking through the swamp on the outskirts of town and came across a horrific smell. The boys investigated and worked their way through a difficult region and came across the bloated body of Mrs. John McClaren. The article describes the find: "All around the body were broken twigs. Dried

grass had been pulled up. Everything about the body indicated a long and prolonged struggle before death had relieved the sufferer. Her clothing was scant and she was without shoes or stockings. Not less than three weeks had elapsed since she was last seen."

The article described the area as still cold and appearing quite wet from winter, as the body was found in a puddle of water.

Summary

This story would probably never have been written about again except for the specific facts of Mrs. McClaren's disappearance and location where found. The vast majority of anyone reading this would agree this was a horrific death in a gloomy area. I don't believe women walk into swamps during the cold of spring, or maybe anytime for that matter. Hunters sometimes go into swamps looking for prey, but a woman? The description of the area around the body indicates some type of struggle for life took place. The article never indicated a cause of death, only that the body was in an advanced stage of decomposition.

Questions that concern me about this case: What dragged or carried the lady into the swamp? What was the cause of death? What happened to her shoes and stockings? The description of the area around the body reminds me of a bedding area made with the best available material in the region.

Jackie Grady
Missing 3/23/39, Waterbury, CT
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

Jackie and his dog were playing near the Scoville Pond when they were last seen late in the afternoon on March 23, 1939. Jackie lived in the general area and was sometimes seen near the pond. The area around the water was extremely rugged and swampy, but Jackie usually played in the open area with his dog. When Jackie didn't return home for dinner, law enforcement officials were called.

Neighbors confirmed that they had seen Jackie and his dog near the swamp and pond late in the afternoon hours. It was puzzling to law enforcement that both Jackie and his dog had vanished, and they could not find a trace of either. Firemen, police officers, neighbors, and Bloodhounds all searched nearly nonstop for twelve days to find the boy. It was near the end of the first day of searching that Jackie's dog returned to the family's residence, completely soaking wet. Searchers felt that was an indicator that Jackie was in the pond or swamps. Jackie's parents reiterated that Jackie knew not to go near the swamp or pond and that the water was dangerous; he knew this very well.

Searchers emptied Scoville Pond the best they could and could not locate the boy. Volunteers walked hand-in-hand through the swamp to chest-deep depths, all looking for the boy, but they couldn't find him. They did a grid search up to a ten-mile radius and found no evidence that Jackie was in the area.

Near the end of the twelfth day of searching, Mr. and Mrs. John Grady made a public statement that they felt Jackie had been kidnapped. Law enforcement officials agreed with the Gradys, because they were sure the area within the search grid was thoroughly covered, and Jackie was not there.

After twelve days and six hundred volunteers, rescue workers, and firemen looking for Jackie Grady, the family agreed the search should be terminated.

Six weeks after Jackie disappeared, a citizen of Waterbury was walking by another pond near Scoville Pond when he thought he saw something unusual floating in the middle of the water. Searchers responded to the pond and recovered Jackie Grady. I could not find one article describing Jackie's condition or how long they thought the boy had been in the water; there was essentially no information about him.

Suffice it to say, the community was shocked that Jackie's body had appeared in a pond after all their searching. How he got in that pond, where he (or the body) had been while they were searching, and what really happened to Jackie Grady are questions that will never be answered.

Maine

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Unknown	09/07/1895–Unk•Unk•M•Bradford, ME
Gerald "Terry" Cook	04/28/48–4 p.m.•3•M•Moosehead Lake, ME
Teddy Barnard	06/17/51–PM•3•M•Gray, ME

Unknown
Missing 09/07/1895–Unk, Bradford, ME
Age at Disappearance: Unknown

This isn't our usual documented case of a missing person. This case is included because of the facts behind the discovery of the body and where the person was located.

Bradford is located in a swampy region ten miles north of Bangor. The exact location of this incident is two miles south of Bradford.

On September 7, 1895, the coroner for the Bradford region received a call that a body was found in a swamp just south of Bradford. Local resident Whitman Southard found the body at 10 a.m. Southard contacted the town selectman.

The coroner was taken to a location approximately one-third of a mile off the roadway. The following is a description of what the coroner found as was described in the September 9, 1895, *Bangor Daily Whig and Courier*: "The body was entirely nude and at short distances from it were piles of the shreds of his clothing which he had torn up in bits. There was not a piece of cloth over three quarters of an inch wide." Later in the same article was this: "The buff slippers which he had worn were also torn up into small pieces." To add even more strangeness to this story was a description of the ground around the body: "The man before his death had dug into the grass and ground and made an excavation eight or ten feet wide in which he laid himself down and died. There were marks upon the trees round about which he had made while in a frenzy."

The man was approximately 5'10" tall and one hundred and fifty pounds.

Summary

An investigation by local town authorities found that there was a strange man hanging around the community before this body was found. Nobody knew the man, and nobody knew if the body they found was this man.

There are multiple strange aspects to this discovery of the body. The location of the body in a remote location of the swamp where an eighty-square-foot area had been excavated is highly unusual. When coupled with the man being found nude and with pieces of his clothing ripped to shreds, this story sounds truly bizarre. There were also marks found on adjacent trees that were never fully explained. The fact that the man's slippers were found also shredded makes me wonder if the man could've done this. Slippers are usually thicker and made of more durable material compared to clothing. It would've taken considerable strength to shred slippers.

News articles stated that the man shredded his own clothing and that he was insane. There was never a statement about how the man died or what led locals to believe the man did this to himself. It almost appears that local officials tried to spin the story that this man did this to himself to calm a community who was disturbed by this death.

I could never find any information that would lead locals to believe that the man did this to himself or made the marks in the tree.

Gerald "Terry" Cook
Missing 4/24/48–4 p.m., Moosehead Lake, ME
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

The Cook family lived near a small cove on Moosehead Lake, the largest lake in the far northwestern section of Maine.

On April 24, 1948, Gerald "Terry" Cook was playing outside the family residence. At 4 p.m., Mrs. Velma Cook realized her three-year-old boy wasn't in the yard and started to search the area. Once Velma realized she couldn't find Terry, she called the Maine State Police and the Maine Warden Service (Fish and Game Law

Enforcement). The state police called two different sheriff's offices, which also participated in the effort to find the boy.

Terry went missing on Saturday, and the weather turned extremely cold very rapidly, odd for a late-April date. On Sunday there were two hundred searchers scouring the woods and dragging the lake for Terry. The local sheriff had summoned Bloodhounds to respond, and they were given a scent of the boy at his residence. One of the canines tracked the scent to the edge of the lake and stopped, indicating the boy may have gone into the water. Velma was interviewed about the dog's finding, but she was adamant that Terry was very afraid of water and would never go near it. Dragging efforts of the lake continued throughout the search.

Not all of the searchers had the same opinion about where Terry may be. In an article in the April 27 issue of the *Lewiston Evening Journal*, the following information was revealed: "Gray and other wardens, however said last night they think the boy, or his body, is on a rocky, wooded Blue Ridge. They have expressed doubt he could have survived. Each night has brought frost and sub-freezing temperatures. Footprints found Sunday on a seldom-used road leading to a ridge are definitely those of a lost child, in the opinion of warden supervisor Elmer Ingraham."

The Blue Ridge that the wardens mentioned runs lengthwise in an east-to-west direction and rises to five hundred feet above lake level.

On Tuesday, the conditions went from freezing to snowing. Searchers were compromised because they couldn't see tracks on the ground. It was at this point that all state, federal, and local efforts to find Terry were terminated. The effort to find the boy included three different airplanes with spotters looking at the ground attempting to find the small boy. Bloodhounds were on the ground trying to pick up a scent. The one scent that dogs supposedly acquired led to the lake, but four days of dragging failed to find the boy's body.

The informal search to locate Terry lasted for weeks. The Cook family continued to attempt to rally friends in the effort to find its son, but that continued effort never produced results. Based on information from every archive we could locate, Terry was never found.

Summary

In a five-mile radius from where Terry vanished, there are over thirty lakes and ponds. The region is extremely swampy with few hills and no large mountains. The population in this area of Maine in 1948 was sparse. It's also very important to mention that just east of the Moosehead Lake area is the region where two Maine wardens vanished under extremely unusual conditions. North of Moosehead Lake is where another boy disappeared at a small state park and was never found. These disappearances were documented in *Missing 411-Eastern United States.*

Teddy Bernard
Missing 6/17/51–PM, Gray, ME
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bernard and their seven children were visiting friends on the outskirts of Gray, Maine. Late in the afternoon of June 17, 1951, Teddy went with other kids on a trip to pick wild strawberries. The children picked their share of berries and then started to return to their home and realized that Teddy was gone. The kids called for the three-year-old boy but never got a response. The group went back to their house and notified their parents who then called law enforcement.

Gray, Maine, is located ten miles northwest from Portland. It sits inland and is surrounded by hundreds of small bodies of water. The home that the Bernards were visiting was in a very rural area outside of Gray.

The sheriff in Gray called for National Guard troops and also made a special request for two Bloodhounds from New Hampshire.

Just as searchers were getting organized, dark clouds quickly enveloped the search area, and heavy winds coupled with severe rain hit the region. Three hundred searchers kept up the hunt through the night without any success.

The morning of June 18, three different aircraft joined the search for Teddy. By mid-afternoon, one searcher was approximately one mile from the location where the boy was last seen and saw him on Mosquito Road. A June 18, 1951, article in the *Newport News*

describes what searchers found: "After being lost nearly 24 hours in rainy wilderness near Gray, Maine, the little boy was found with his shoes gone and half asleep by two volunteers, who with 300 others had been searching during the night." Teddy was brought to his mother with mud on his face, wet clothing, and no shoes.

Summary

The disappearance of Teddy Bernard is an absolute classic case as is described in earlier "Missing 411" books. A child is berry-picking, disappears, and the weather quickly turns bad for searchers. Bloodhounds respond and are unable to find a scent. The child is later found without pieces of clothing or missing shoes, and is located sleeping or in a hazy or semiconscious condition. Teddy was found after being gone for twenty-four hours and was located approximately one mile from the location he was last seen.

Maryland

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Russell Dunham	11/25/58–4 p.m.•3•M•Upper Marlboro, MD

Russell "Rusty" Dunham
Missing 11/25/58–4 p.m., Upper Marlboro, MD
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

On November 25, 1958, Rusty Dunham was spending time with his grandparents at their home in a rural area of Upper Marlboro, Maryland. The area has many ponds and swamps and sits just southeast of Washington, DC, and just west of the Chesapeake Bay.

Rusty was playing in the grandparents' yard with his dog, Poochie. At approximately 4 p.m., the adults came into the yard, and the boy and the dog were missing. The grandparents wasted no time in calling law enforcement and initiating a massive search.

The local police brought three hundred volunteers, police officers, firefighters, and others to assist in finding Rusty. At approximately 5 p.m., Poochie returned to the grandparents' residence, wet

and without Rusty. This concerned searchers. Nobody believed that the dog would voluntarily leave the boy, unless he had drowned in the swamp. Searchers had several hours of daylight to search the area before darkness hit. The police determined they would continue to search through the night for the boy, but they found nothing. The Bloodhounds brought to the area were ineffective in finding Rusty's scent and thus couldn't track.

At 7:45 a.m. the following morning, a volunteer firefighter found Rusty asleep in a brush next to a swamp, approximately one mile from the grandparents' residence. A November 26 article in the *Cumberland Evening News* had the following description of what the firefighter found: "Russell 'Rusty' Dunham apparently was in good condition despite the forty degree temperature. Searchers found him huddled in some brush wet from the waist down from tromping in the swamp about one mile from the grandparents' home. He was fully clad except for his boots which he had lost." Rusty was transported to Prince George's hospital for observation.

Rescuers attempted to question Rusty, but he didn't speak. He just shook his head in response to their questions.

Summary

This is another classic case of a child's disappearance, which has been documented time after time. The child disappears from the backyard with his or her dog. Child is missing overnight and is found the next day missing shoes or clothes. He/she is found asleep on or near a swamp, wearing wet clothing. When the child is found, he/she does not speak or cannot speak. Bloodhounds utilized in the search couldn't or wouldn't track. I want everyone to think about this additional fact: why would a boy enter a swamp on a very cold November day, and then how could that boy survive the night without freezing?

As dog owners know, a dog will usually not leave its young friends under any conditions. The fact that Poochie left Rusty means that he couldn't follow the boy where he went. It's apparent that Poochie went into the swamp, as he returned wet. Why Rusty was in the swamp and why Poochie couldn't or wouldn't follow is a million-dollar question. There is no doubt Poochie could swim

much better than Rusty. It's also hard to imagine that three hundred searchers couldn't find the boy just one mile from the point last seen.

Massachusetts

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Andrew Amato	09/30/78–10:30 a.m.•4•M•Webster, MA

Andrew Amato
Missing 9/30/78–10:30 a.m., Webster, MA
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

Webster is located in an extremely unique location. The city sits on the northern Connecticut border and is just one mile northwest of the Rhode Island border. Highway 395 borders the city as it travels north and south to its east. There is a thickly forested area just to the east of the city that runs for tens of miles north and south. There is a very thick forest immediately to the east of Webster, and it stops when it meets Highway 395. Immediately on the east side of 395 is the very large Lake Chaubunagungamaug (yes, that is the correct spelling). Worcester is approximately twelve miles north of Webster. There is a group of homes and a small trailer park just to the west of the forested area near Highway 395, and this is where this story starts.

On September 30, 1978, Andrew Amato and his seven-year-old sister, Michelle, and his six-year-old cousin went into this forest area. The Amato children had been warned on prior occasions about not traveling in this area. As the kids were walking through the thick vegetation, Andrew tripped and fell and appeared to injure himself. Andrew started to cry and get upset because he had also lost a toy he was carrying. Michelle and Andrew's cousin attempted to get Andrew to leave with them, but he refused because he couldn't find the toy. The cousin told Andrew to sit and stay put, and they were going to get his mom. It was now approximately 10:30 a.m.

Shortly after the kids left Andrew, they walked the three quarters of a mile back to his home and retrieved his mother, Marie Amato. The trio went back to the location where Andrew was left and could not locate him. They yelled for the boy and searched the area without finding a trace of him. Marie Amato went with the kids back to her residence and contacted the Webster police, who then called the Massachusetts and Connecticut state police. In a matter of a few hours, there were hundreds of searchers scouring the woods just to the west of Highway 395.

Almost as soon as the search for Andrew formally got going, it also started to rain. It rained and then got extremely cold, and it continued that way for many days. It rained so hard at one point that searchers had to call off the effort to find Andrew, because it was too hazardous for people to be in the field.

State police brought in helicopters equipped with FLIR, and multiple helicopters were covering the ground looking for any traces of heat. There were dozens of hotspots that were located, and they were all checked by ground searchers. There was nothing of any evidentiary value found. To explain how thorough and how extreme this search was, at one point a helicopter lost a small lens off its FLIR unit that was actually found by a ground searcher looking for evidence—amazing!

Multiple teams of Bloodhounds were brought to the location Andrew was last seen, and not one team could locate a scent they could track.

An example of how difficult the search terrain was in the area where Andrew vanished is described in this October 6, 1978, article in the *Kokomo Tribune*: "'Some of that brush in there is like a jungle,' said Stephen McNally, a 24-year old Webster man who has been searching for four days. 'It's humanly impossible to walk through some of it, and it's swampy, I've been in water up to my neck.'"

Hydroplanes were searching local lakes and dams and even the French River. There were up to three thousand searchers on scene some days. Every foot of the region was covered. In the end, it was estimated that over twelve thousand professional and volunteer searchers assisted in the effort to locate Andrew. The search was one of the largest in the history of the tristate area.

Summary

Over the course of over thirty years of investigation in the Andrew Amato case, there have been a handful of suspects to a supposed crime. Forest area has been excavated, a suspect admitted to killing the boy but couldn't locate the body, etc., etc. It is not abnormal for convicted criminals that are serving life sentences for other crimes to admit to crimes that have major notoriety, such as the disappearance of Andrew. Once the allegations are followed up on by law enforcement and claims cannot be validated, most claims are then dismissed.

It would seem highly, highly unusual for a perpetrator to be following three kids in the middle of the woods and just be lucky

enough for two of the kids to leave one behind. For those of you who have read my other books, there is a long history of children who have permanently vanished when walking alone in thickly wooded areas. I know it doesn't seem natural or possible, but it is fact.

Almost every conceivable factor that we've tracked on missing persons exists in the Andrew Amato case. Andrew has never been found, and Webster police department still has an open case file on the incident.

In a concluding thought, I'd like all readers to ponder an idea. Andrew disappeared involuntarily in that he didn't want to vanish. A child as young as Andrew is an innocent victim of whatever happened in the forest. My question is who should be the individual that decides when the search for the little boy should be terminated? Should we really ever terminate a search for a young child when we know exactly where they were last seen? I ask this question, because I've seen the pain on the parents' faces when they are left not knowing what happened to their child, the worst possible conclusion to a search. People need closure in their lives, especially when it comes to missing children. Should we ever stop searching for children when they vanish in the wild?

Michigan

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Unknown Name	08/04/1909–Unk•18 mos•Unk•Cheboygan, MI
Jacqueline Simons	04/19/49–4 p.m.•3•F•Colfax, MI
Douglas Stofer	09/28/49–6 p.m.•2•M•Lawton, MI
Beverly Ann Bradley	05/20/53–Noon•2•F•Menominee, MI

Unknown Name
Missing 08/04/1909, ten miles from Cheboygan, MI
Age at Disappearance: 18 months

The location of this incident is just twenty miles south from a documented cluster of missing in northern Michigan. Cheboygan sits at the northern point of a peninsula on Lake Huron. The city sits just

north of the Atlanta State Forest and is surrounded by significant open space, thick forests, and dozens of small lakes and swamps.

On August 4, 1909, an unnamed Polish mother of two was picking huckleberries on the Macintosh Plains ten miles outside of Cheboygan. The mother left her eighteen-month-old child sleeping in the presence of an eight-year-old while she quickly picked berries. An August 6, 1909, article in the *Trenton True American* described what happened: "The bear suddenly appeared from the bushes and started away with the little one, frightening the older child nearly to death. The mother went into hysteria and was scarcely able to tell what really happened."

The mother contacted the local sheriff, and he sent ten deputies to the area to search for the bear and child. After an extensive search, nothing was found.

Summary

There have been many stories over the years of strange abductions in the Michigan area. One of those stories involved a girl taken by a "giant wolf" as is chronicled in *Missing 411-Eastern United States*. This disappearance in 1909 is in close proximity to an identified cluster in the northern Michigan area, and the topography of the area matches other disappearances. The other odd coincidence in this case that has been found in many other cases is the activity of the adult: picking berries, specifically huckleberries. I understand that berries are an important food source for many animals in the region, but it's hard to comprehend what is the triggering mechanism that causes the children to permanently vanish. There were very few articles about this story and the description of the suspected mammal has to be questioned because of the swift nature of the abduction. I could not find an article indicating that the child was located.

Jacqueline Simons
Missing 04/19/49–4 p.m., Colfax, MI
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

The Simons family lived in the Manistee National Forest near the town of Colfax. The husband, Carl, was working in Jackson,

and Mrs. Simons was usually home alone with Jacqueline and her sixteen-month-old toddler. On April 19, 1949, Mrs. Simons' grandfather came to their residence and was babysitting while Mrs. Simons went to town for shopping. At approximately 4 .pm., Mrs. Simons' father realized that Jacqueline was not in the yard playing and started a quick search. The girl didn't respond to calls of her name and wasn't in the immediate area, so the state police were called.

By 7 p.m. on April 19, there were over twenty-four Michigan state police cars surrounding the Simons residence. Officers made a call to all local towns for additional assistance. Before the clock struck midnight on April 19, over two hundred searchers were scouring the forests and swamps yelling for little Jacqueline.

Mrs. Simons soon arrived back from shopping and summoned her husband. The Simons residence was like a police station and command post for the enormous search that was taking place. Captain Orva Jackson took command of the situation and ordered all searchers to walk in lines hand in hand, ensuring they would not miss the small two-year-old. At approximately 7 a.m. on April 20, searchers made a startling discovery, as is described in this April 20 article in the *Mt. Vernon Register News*: "A group of searchers came upon the little girl about 7 a.m. three-quarters of a mile from home. She was huddled against a fence on her hands and knees. She was crying and one of her boots was missing. She was suffering from exposure when taken to the hospital."

Summary

This is another in a long line of missing-persons cases where the child disappears while in the temporary custody of the grandparent and the mother and/or father are gone.

There are so many children that I've documented who disappear and are later found in a swamp, disoriented, and missing shoes or clothing, it's really hard to believe. In Jacqueline's case, the news articles stated that her red-checkered dress was muddy. Many people who disappear are wearing bright colors.

The location of the incident is extremely significant. Five miles north of Jacqueline's residence is the location where Katie Flynn

disappeared from her father's sawmill in 1868. Katie was three years old (*Missing 411-Eastern United States*).

Douglas Stofer
Missing 8/28/49–6 p.m., Lawton, MI
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

One mile north of Lawton, Mrs. Harold Stofer took her two-year-old son, Douglas, with her as she picked grapes in a vineyard. The pair was adjacent to their farm as Mrs. Stofer gathered food. Just several minutes into picking, she realized that her son wasn't answering her calls, and she couldn't see him. She rapidly searched the area and realized she needed more help and summoned neighbors and family. This group of family and friends searched until 7:30 p.m. and then called for local law enforcement, which in turn called for assistance from Lawton and Paw Paw residents. Within just one hour, there were over one thousand people searching for the two-year-old boy.

The scenario as to how Douglas disappeared is described in the *New Palladium Newspaper* on September 28, 1949: "Mrs. Stofer told searchers she and members of her family had been picking grapes and suddenly noticed that Douglas was missing."

Michigan state police, local sheriffs, local residents, and friends all arrived en masse to cover the woods and swamps with a blanket of people. Douglas had not responded to any of the frantic calls to him. At approximately 10:30 p.m., the Stofers' cocker spaniel puppy, Taffy, somehow realized her assistance was needed and suddenly wanted to help in the search. The puppy led one dozen searchers through thick woods until they came to Douglas's jacket, which was hanging in a bush. The sighting of the coat was a clue but a disheartening clue, because it was quite cold. Taffy continued on, smelling the ground, until she started to walk in circles in the woods and then started barking. A September 28 article in the *Milwaukee Journal* had the following: "Roy Noble of Lawton dashed to the spot and picked up the child. Sleepy and hardly aware of what had happened, Douglas was rushed home to bed." Later in the *New Palladium* article was the following: "The child was found

lying face down. Leaf mold and tears dirtied his face. He was found about a mile northwest of his home."

Summary

At first glance, and without the knowledge gained from reading the other "Missing 411" books, the disappearance of Douglas Stofer may seem normal. It's when you start to look at all of the elements involved in the disappearances that certain facets start making regular appearances in many of these missing-persons cases.

I want everyone to look at the ages of the missing in this chapter; there is a specific cluster of two- to three-year-olds. Douglas vanished while his parents were picking food; grapes and berries seem to be one food source around which children seem to disappear. As in many of the cases, a family canine is involved in the disappearance. The time that Douglas went missing is inside the prime time that is identified in the "Missing 411" books. One thousand searchers look for the boy for almost four and one half hours and cannot find him, and he doesn't respond to their calls. It does seem odd that Douglas would vanish, wobble one mile, hang his coat in a bush, walk more distance, and then fall facedown in leaves, asleep. Hanging his coat on a bush—is this two-year-old behavior?

Douglas disappeared in a farming area with three lakes (Buck, Mud, and Sand Lakes) and a large swamp in the vicinity. The exact location he was found was thick with trees, bushes, and foliage.

Beverly Ann Bradley
Missing 5/20/53–Noon, Menominee, MI
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Menominee sits on the east side of Lake Erie and directly on the lake in northern Michigan, twenty miles north of Green Bay. The area is extremely rural with forests just miles out of the urban area. The region is also noted for the Menominee Indian Reservation.

This specific area has notoriety to me, as the area of northern Michigan has a history going back over one hundred years of very, very unusual abductions and disappearances. I wrote a story about a disappearance that occurred in this city in *Missing 411-Eastern*

United States about an 18-month-old girl that disappeared and was eventually found under very unusual circumstances. I know this specific area can be very interesting and dangerous.

On May 20, 1953, Beverly Kay Bradley was visiting her grandmother's cottage on the outskirts of Menominee. The girl was playing on the perimeter of the yard, and somehow she vanished. The grandmother spent considerable time trying to find the girl and then called law enforcement.

It started to rain soon after the search started, which compromised trackers and Bloodhounds attempting to track the small girl's travels. The United States Coast Guard, state police, county sheriffs, and volunteers all converged on the cottage, yelling and calling for Beverly Kay.

The first forty-eight hours, searchers never found one clue of where Beverly may have been. The forty-ninth hour had the Coast Guard helicopter hovering approximately one and a half miles from the grandmother's cottage when they saw a small figure lying in the swamp. The helicopter directed ground searchers to the bundle and through the swamp. Searchers arrived to find Beverly Kay lying on the lone dry spot in a surrounding area of wet, marshy ground. The *Lowell Sun Newspaper* featured an interview with Sheriff Edward Reindl: "Reindl commented, 'The place in the swamp where Beverly was found is muddy, wet and full of slashings and slabs yet her shoes were dry and there was no mud on them.'" Another article in the *Waterloo Courier* on May 24 had additional comments from the sheriff: "Reindl stated it was impossible that the child wandered into the dense woods by herself." Searchers were questioned and stated they had walked directly past the location where the girl was found earlier, and she hadn't been there.

When Beverly was found, every newspaper reported that she was wearing underpants and a shirt, nothing else. Another paper stated that her overalls had disappeared and another stated that her pants were lying in the swamp five feet away from her. I'm not sure what is fact.

Once Beverly was found, she was taken directly to a hospital and examined and placed with her mother. Sheriff Reindl had requested that Beverly and her mother return to the scene where

she was found and have Beverly explain what had happened to her. The sheriff believed the girl was kidnapped, and he wanted to get additional information. It was never clear if the sheriff got his wish and Beverly went to the scene, but several papers indicated that the mother questioned the girl, and the girl made the following statement: "carried away by car." Later, she stated she stayed in a house. On May 24, 1953, the *Cedar Rapids Gazette* had the following statement about Beverly explaining the incident: "Sheriff Edward Reindl said her statement supported the theory that she was kidnapped and was left to die in the woods. But her story was incomplete because doctors gave her a sedative." There was no other information about any other statements made by Beverly Kay.

Summary

I want to first compliment Sheriff Reindl for recognizing facts about this case that have existed in dozens of other cases I've chronicled. Few other law enforcement officers have recognized them as Reindl did.

I find the words that Beverly used—"carried away by car"—to be interesting. Granted, the girl was just over two years old and her language was not well developed, but "carried away" is a unique description of riding in a car. Children that are very young use words they know to explain a variety of situations and objects. If they only know red fruit as an apple, a large berry could be a small apple. Law enforcement officials have to be very careful not to lead small kids when they are being questioned, as they may state what they believe the interviewer wants to hear.

I find it very difficult to believe that someone in a vehicle kidnapped Beverly Kay, transported her from the scene, and then carried her over a mile into the woods and placed her in a swamp with searchers in the immediate area. If someone wanted to dump the girl, just pull into a turnout and wait for no traffic and dump her out the side of the car. Carrying a girl into a swamp—where hundreds of searchers are covering every square inch—makes zero sense.

I would agree with the sheriff that there is no way that Beverly Kay made it to that position in the swamp under her own power.

How she got to that place without a majority of her clothing and without getting her shoes muddy is the million-dollar question.

Minnesota

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Jim McGrath	06/10/40–Noon•80•M•McGrath, Minnesota

Jim McGrath
Missing 6/10/40–Noon, McGrath, Minnesota
Age at Disappearance: 80 years

When an elderly person spends his entire life walking, hiking, and working the same land for over eighty years, it is quite doubtful (absent some disability) he would get lost, but stranger things have happened. Jim McGrath was born and raised in a region of northern Minnesota just ten miles east of Millie Lacs Lake and seventy miles north of Minneapolis. The family settled in this area in the late 1800s. The land had plenty of timber to harvest, fish in nearby Snake River, and significant populations of deer and bear. The McGrath family was considered wealthy by the amount of land they owned. The McGraths donated all of the property to establish the town of McGrath, Minnesota.

Jim was eighty years old and still hiking the woods and managing the timber company that he and his son, Jay, operated. At noon on June 10, 1940, Jay and Jim were ten miles north of McGrath, examining a tract they were considering selling. Jim told Jay he was going to examine an outer area and asked Jay to wait for about an hour, and he'd be back. He set off down an old logging road and into dense brush. A June 21, 1940, article in the *Bismarck Tribune* described the physical fitness of Jim and actually stated that he "walked briskly down an old logging road." Jay waited for almost two hours for his dad and then started to aggressively search. After looking and calling out Jim's name in all of the obvious places, Jay left to call law enforcement for assistance.

Aitkin County Sheriff Ned Price took over all aspects of the search for Jim McGrath. The sheriff dedicated almost every resource

at his disposal, including Bloodhounds, forest rangers, deputies, National Guard, Civilian Conservation Corps, and volunteers, all working in grid patterns trying to find Jim. Bloodhounds couldn't pick up Jim's scent, and searchers were not finding any evidence of where the man may be. After eleven days of exhaustive searching, Sheriff Price terminated the search for Jim McGrath.

Summary

The decision to cease the search for Jim wasn't an easy one for Sheriff Price. Jim was one of the county's most prominent people and one of the wealthiest.

One of the major complications in the search for Jim was the area in which he vanished was very thick with vegetation and very wet and swampy, making it treacherous for searchers. Knowing the Bloodhounds couldn't pick up the man's scent was perplexing to the sheriff. Everyone knew that Jim didn't get lost; he knew the area like we know our backyards. It's always possible that Jim died in the woods and wasn't found, but you'd think cadaver dogs or searchers would start to smell his body in the humid Minnesota landscape.

The area that this disappearance occurred is one hundred and fifty miles south of an area in northern Minnesota where a series of disappearances happened and are described in *Missing 411-Eastern United States.*

I could never find any documentation that Jim McGrath was ever found.

New Jersey

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Mary Jane Barker	02/25/57–AM•3•F•Bellmawr, NJ

Mary Jane Barker
Missing 2/25/57–AM, Bellmawr, NJ
Age at Disappearance: 3 Years

Bellmawr is located just across the Delaware River from Philadelphia. It is a small city that is surrounded on three sides by

two sizeable creeks and rivers that all flow to the Delaware. Each of the creeks has significant bogs and swamps surrounding them, even today.

On February 25, 1957, in the morning hours, Mary Jane Barker was in the yard of her home playing with her cocker spaniel named Dee Dee. Mrs. Barker lost sight of the girl for a few minutes and when she returned, Mary Jane and Dee Dee were gone. The mother made a search of the yard and the area behind the house near a creek and was unable to find the girl or get her to answer to her calls. Mrs. Barker called Bellmawr police, and they in turn called the state police and the Camden County Sheriff's department.

Police were at the Barker house quickly and immediately started searching. The number of searchers soon got into the hundreds, and people were everywhere, looking in creeks, the newly built house next door, and just about anywhere a small girl and her dog would travel. After achieving no success on day one of searching, days two and three started to change the opinion of police that Mary Jane may have been kidnapped. The local police called the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and agents were soon on the scene.

Several days after Mary Jane had vanished, searchers found what they believed to be the large tracks of what appeared to be a man with a small child and a dog walking along in the mud of Big Timber Creek. It was never confirmed that this had anything to do with Mary Jane, but it was noted in reports.

Six days after Mary Jane vanished, another small girl was with her mother and visiting their new home that was just recently completed. This home was approximately two blocks from the Barker residence. The girl was walking through the home and opened a closet door, and Mary Jane's dog Dee Dee jumped out of the closet into the girl's arms. A March 4, 1957, article in the *Cedar Rapids Gazette* noted the following about the discovery: "A playmate found Mary Jane's fully clothed body huddled alongside a puppy, six days after she disappeared from her home less than two blocks away." An autopsy revealed that Mary Jane had not eaten since the morning that she vanished. Later in the same article was the

opinion of the coroner: "Coroner Robert Blake said there were no signs of foul play. A spokesman for the coroner's office expressed the opinion that the child had wandered into the closet, become trapped and then died of fright and starvation. But police chief Edward Garrity stressed that his men had searched the house at least three times since the child disappeared. He said he was almost positive that searchers had checked the closet." Articles do state that the closet was unlocked. Searchers and workmen in the building claimed they never heard any whining or barking from Dee Dee. Investigators who examined the closet reported that there was no excrement at all from the dog or Mary Jane. Read that previous sentence again.

A March 5 article in the *Gettysburg Times* had another statement from the coroner: "Camden County Coroner Robert J. Blake yesterday issued a certificate of death by starvation and exposure to officially clear up the mystery of how the honey haired four-year-old died." Later in the same article was this: "There was some doubt as to whether the child had wandered into the closet herself or had been placed there by someone else."

Statements by county prosecutors indicated that there were scuff marks on the inside of the closet door from what appeared to be Mary Jane trying to kick open the door. There was not a handle on the inside of this door.

A March 7, 1957, article in the *Record Argus* had a photo of a veterinarian and Dee Dee and the following statement: "Dr. Robert M. Sauer, veterinarian, examines puppy which frisked from the closet where the body of missing four-year-old Mary Jane Barker was found in Bellmawr, N.J. Authorities were unable to explain how the puppy, which disappeared with child a week ago lived."

Summary

I've included this case in the book even though it doesn't exactly fit the mold of what we've described in the past. Mary Jane did disappear near water and with her puppy, consistent features of many in the books. She also was found in an area searched multiple times by different teams. There was a consistent

feeling among family and some police that Mary Jane had been kidnapped.

Construction workers at the residence and searchers both claimed they never heard any sounds consistent with a child or a canine in the closet of the home where the girl was found. How could Mary Jane have died of starvation and Dee Dee survived? Dee Dee not only survived but also was fairly vigorous when that closet door was opened. Various articles stated that Dee Dee was never housebroken, yet there was no canine urination or defecation in the closet—how could that happen? This fact concerned investigators who even consulted with multiple veterinarians, and it didn't seem as though anyone had an adequate explanation.

If we take into account that nobody that was inside the home heard any sounds of a child or a human in the residence, and there was no urination or defecation in the room, can we determine that Mary Jane may not have been in that room the entire time? It would appear that somehow Dee Dee was not in that room a long period of time, since there was no urination or defecation. Where was Dee Dee during the six days the two had vanished? The coroner made a statement that Mary Jane had not been molested, and news articles specifically stated that Mary Jane was fully clothed. I believe the mere statement that she was fully clothed was odd, and something I rarely if ever see in any article about any disappearance.

One of the biggest questions that nobody in any article ever asked was why would Mary Jane ever leave the safe confines of her yard, enter a vacant home, and climb into a dark closet?

We will never know what happened to Dee Dee and Mary Jane during the six days they were missing.

New York

**New Cluster: Adirondacks

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Daughter of Harry Baker	06/02/1897•2•F•Kaaterskill Junction, NY
Brenda Doud	07/06/58–PM•5•F•Eagle Pond, NY

Patricia Graham	05/31/59–10:30 a.m.•6•F•Camden, NY
David Raleigh	06/13/59–8 p.m.•5•M•Lake Winnisook, NY
Stephen Papol	08/19/62–PM•3•M•Hecksher State Park, NY
Steven Paul Thomas	04/12/76–3:30 p.m.•19•Mount Marcy, NY
Joseph David Helt	01/16/87–4 a.m.•17•M•Ellenville, NY
George Woltjen	10/24/92–Unk•60•M•Pine Lake, NY
Thomas Carleton	10/09/93–Unk•44•M•High Peaks Wilderness, NY
Colin Gillis	03/11/12–1:45 a.m.•18•M•Tupper Lake, NY

Daughter of Harry Baker
Missing 6/2/1897, Kaaterskill Junction, NY
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

On June 2, 1897, the Harry Baker family was at their farm in a rural area just outside Kaaterskill Junction in New York. The boys were in the barn milking the cows, and their two-year-old sister was in their house. When she asked her father if she could go to the barn and watch the boys, he said "sure." Fifteen minutes after the girl went to the barn, the boys returned to the house. Mr. Baker asked the boys where their sister was; they stated they never saw her. The entire family now went into the barn and the adjacent field calling the girl's name and frantically looking for her.

After a few hours of searching, the Bakers asked for the assistance of other family members, neighbors, and friends; they got it. The search for the little girl went through the night with people walking the woods with torches and calling her name. None of the searchers were getting any response.

In the morning hours, the search expanded with some of the volunteers going far outside the normal search area and getting lucky. A June 3, 1897, article in the *New York Times* described the search: "The little girl was found in a bear cave, a distance up the mountain, about four miles from her home. Barring badly scratched feet and swollen limbs, she appeared no worse for her night on the mountain."

Summary

It is an absolute miracle that searchers found Harry Baker's daughter. I doubt that many searchers would think of going four miles up a mountainside to look for a two-year-old girl who asked to go to the barn. The statement about badly scratched feet indicated she wasn't wearing shoes, and the article did not make any statements about the clothing she was wearing.

Rational thought tells us that the girl knew the way to the barn. Would a girl two years old take a trip four miles deep into the mountains and just happen to find a bear cave to sleep through the night?

Kaaterskill is just outside Kingston, adjacent to Ashokan Reservoir and dozens of small creeks and streams. The location sits just to the east of miles of open space and dense mountains and some of the wildest regions of New York.

I have chronicled other stories in my "Missing 411" books where people believe that their child was abducted by a bear and taken to a cave. Bears are not comforting-type creatures to small children; they would eat them more often than comfort them. I find it difficult to believe that Harry's daughter traversed the mountain and found the cave on her own. In *Missing 411-Eastern United States*, I wrote about the daughter of Millard Davis, who was abducted in Boiceville, NY, by a bear and supposedly cuddled with the bear through the night. A fisherman eventually found the girl alive in a creek bed. This incident happened in Boiceville on May 9, 1888, and was printed in the *New York Times* on May 14. The Baker girl disappears from Kaaterskill just ten miles to the northeast nine years and eighteen days later, with a remarkably similar story. Is it a coincidence?

Brenda Doud
Missing 07/06/58–PM, 16 miles south of Malone, NY (Eagle Pond)
Age at Disappearance: 5 years

On July 3, 1958, the Doud family left their home in far northern New York and made the relatively short drive south to Malone and then traveled an additional sixteen miles south to Eagle Pond. The pond is a small body of water approximately three thousand

feet long and fifteen hundred feet wide. It sits just east of the larger Deer River Flow Reservoir. Eagle Pond sits on the western end of Titusville Mountain State Forest and just to the south of a few very rugged mountains. Lake Placid sits thirty-five miles to the south, and "The Peaks" are fifty miles south.

The family was building a summer camp at Eagle Pond, and Brenda was having fun in the wilds of New York. During the late afternoon on July 6, Brenda seemed to vanish. The family looked, yelled, and screamed for Brenda; she didn't answer. The Douds now contacted the forest service, county sheriff, and state police, and enlisted the assistance of local vacationers to search for their daughter.

It wasn't long after the call for searchers went out that the Army sent one hundred and fifty men, the National Guard sent eighty-five, and local departments of emergency services committed hundreds. The searchers were not just up against rough terrain and sometimes-impassable swamps, but they also had to deal with two days of heavy rain. Bloodhounds were brought to the scene, but they seemed unable to find any scent, or else they didn't want to track. Helicopters and airplanes were continuously circling the pond and surrounding forests, all attempting to catch a glimpse of the young girl.

Two days after Brenda disappeared, the *Bradford Era* ran an article on July 9, 1959, describing two searchers who were working their way through a swamp and found the following: "The men found her in a swampy area about two miles from her parents' camp at Eagle Pond. To get there she had to cross a ridge and negotiate a swamp." Airplanes, helicopters, and Bloodhounds couldn't find Brenda in the swamp, but two men digging their way through the swamp did.

Searchers described Brenda as badly scratched with many insect bites. The *Newburgh News* ran a story on July 8, 1958, about Brenda's condition: "She had seen three bears, two were asleep and one was awake. But she was awfully disturbed about her shoes and what her mother would say. Scott related that Brenda lost them along with her blue shorts and blue blouse." Brenda was found just wearing panties.

Summary

The story of Brenda Doud's disappearance matches so many of the criteria I have written about in my past books that this could be a classic case. She disappeared near a body of water. Once she vanished, the weather turned bad, and it rained for two days. Aerial reconnaissance couldn't find the girl, and Bloodhounds couldn't track her scent. Brenda had to maneuver through almost impossible terrain to reach the destination where she was found, in the middle of a swamp. She was found nearly naked, just wearing her panties. Her shoes and other clothes were never found.

One of the more unusual statements by Brenda was her observation of three bears. In past books I have written extensively about kids seeing a bear while they were missing, sometimes multiple bears. Many children claim they saw a bear, were cuddled by the bear, and sometimes were fed by the bear—that's what they say. I believe that Brenda saw something sleeping, and in her mind, the best definition was a bear. I don't know of any hunter or outdoorsman that has ever seen a bear sleeping, unless you are a wildlife expert and venturing into a den.

This region surrounding Lake Placid has had many, many unusual disappearances of children, some chronicled in *Missing 411-Eastern United States.*

Patricia Graham
Missing 5/31/59–10:30 a.m., Camden, NY
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Camden, New York, sits five miles northeast of Syracuse, on the southern edge of nine state forests, with the Mad River State Forest being the closest. The area has many creeks, rivers, and swamps and borders some very wild areas.

On May 31, 1959, Patricia Graham was playing in her rural backyard with two other friends, picking wildflowers. At approximately 10:30 a.m., Patricia went into her home and told her mom she had lost her shoelace. Mrs. Graham told the girl to go back

outside and find the shoelace. Patricia went into the backyard and disappeared.

The area behind the Graham residence is very thick with bushes, shrubs, bogs, and swamps. Mrs. Graham went into the backyard and searched for two hours and could not locate her daughter. Local police and sheriff's deputies responded to the Grahams' call for assistance. The first twenty-four hours produced nothing. In the following twenty-four hours, rescuers thought they heard muffled crying emanating from the swamp. The best description of the area where Patricia disappeared was in the *Times Recorder of Zanesville* on June 3, 1959: "Searchers trying since Monday to trace the elusive sound of a child crying in the wilderness so rugged it is used by the Air Force for survival training." Monday saw the skies turn dark; there was a heavy rain that soaked the search area, which tended to compromise search efforts.

The Air Force put planes and helicopters into the sky to look for Patricia. Bloodhounds were brought in an attempt to pick up a scent; none was found. Ground searchers were traveling through hip deep water, trying to work toward the center of the swamp toward the muffled crying.

At dawn on Tuesday, searchers were nearly seven miles into the swamp and found little Patricia Graham sitting next to a small brook, crying. The girl had scratches over her entire body. She was wearing only a small dress and had lost her shoes and socks. They were never found, and she never did find her shoelace.

Patricia was taken to a hospital in Rome, New York, and kept overnight for observation. She was released the following day.

Summary

This case exemplifies many elements we've found with children who go missing in the swamps. The children lose shoes and other clothing. The location where they are eventually found makes no rationale sense. They are found in or near water, usually a creek or river. Soon after the people disappear, the weather turns bad. The victims rarely, if ever, talk about the experience.

David Raleigh
Missing 6/13/59–8 p.m., Lake Winnisook, NY
Age at Disappearance: 5 years

Lake Winnisook is located in the Catskill Mountains, approximately seventy miles southwest of Albany. The lake is known as the highest manmade lake in the Catskills, but it's not huge, approximately one thousand feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. Slide Mountain is one of the largest mountains in the entire area at 4,200 feet of elevation, and it sits directly to the southeast of the lake. The region is known as being extremely wild, and the lake has notoriety for its excellent fishing. The lake sits at an elevation of 2,660 feet.

David Raleigh was vacationing with his mom, dad, brother, and sister and staying at the lodge at Lake Winnisook. On the afternoon of June 13(there is some discrepancy on this date among various articles; some say it was June 12), David was with his seven-year-old brother, William, and their father fishing in a boat on the lake. At approximately 8 p.m., a large storm swept onto the water and started dropping heavy, cold rain and strong winds. Mr. Raleigh brought the boat to the dock one hundred feet from their cottage and told David to exit the boat and run to their house. Shortly after David exited the boat, William got out and also ran to the cottage.

As the boys were fishing on the lake, Mrs. Raleigh and her daughter had left the cottage and gone to the store to purchase supplies. When David exited the boat, he was running in the direction of the empty cottage. When Mr. Raleigh eventually tied the boat to the dock and made it to the home, William was waiting for him, but David wasn't there. Mr. Raleigh and William immediately started yelling for David and walking the paths in the area, looking for the boy. Once Mrs. Raleigh arrived, the entire family spent more than an hour searching every path in the area looking for David. The Raleighs then called law enforcement for assistance.

The county sheriff and the New York state police all assisted in the search for David Raleigh. The area around the cabin and surrounding the vicinity was thoroughly scoured during the first night David was missing. That first night snow actually fell on the top of Slide Mountain—that's how cold this storm was.

Within days after David vanished, over three thousand volunteers, police officers, forestry officials, Boy Scouts, Bloodhounds, and National Guardsmen were on the scene. Air defense command pilots from Pittsburgh flew the sky, while others scoured the basin of Winnisook Lake. Searchers climbed adjacent mountains and ravines looking for the small boy; they didn't find a clue, nothing. At one point search supervisors believed David had drowned, so they drained the lake; nothing was found. On June 20, 1959, there was an article in the *Oneonta Star Newspaper* that expressed the mystery and drama and the three elements that comprised the belief system of many of the searchers: "One. The boy disappeared from a lakefront at the base of Slide Mountain, highest in the Catskills just after he had caught his first fish. Two. His father, Stewart (Pete) Raleigh and older brother, sister and friends saw him run from the lake and seek shelter. That's the last they saw of him. Three. There are no clues. No tracks, no pieces of clothing. It's as if the mountain swallowed him up. Four. More than 3000 searchers have combed the wild terrain in day after day in cold rain. They've found nothing." This type of statement was a sobering reminder to everyone involved in the effort to find David that something very strange had happened. Whatever the feelings were from involved searchers, the effort to find David Raleigh was the largest search up to that point in New York state history.

The formal search for David went on for several weeks. Mr. Raleigh never gave up hope of finding the boy and returned every weekend to continue his personal search.

On Saturday, October 3, 1959, Mr. Raleigh, along with members of a variety of search and rescue organizations and the New York state police, again trudged the mountains surrounding Winnisook Lake looking for David. At approximately 1:40 p.m., Captain Nicholas Leakes of the New York State Police was nine hundred feet up the side of Slide Mountain in Neversink Creek when he saw a small shape in a hollow—it was the skeletal remains of David Raleigh. David was lying on his back in a five-foot by three-foot indentation on the bank of the creek near a large boulder. The coroner responded to the scene and made a determination that David had died the first night of exposure and shock.

David's body was found approximately a mile and a half from the cottage where his family had been staying, but an unreal nine hundred feet straight up Slide Mountain, just seven hundred feet shy of the summit. An October 5, 1959, article in the *Oneonta Star* had the following statement about the location of David's body: "He was found underneath the base of a tree in a place which had been gone over many times before."

Summary

Without years spent researching the topic of missing people in the wilds of North America, the disappearance and subsequent discovery of David Raleigh may seem a typical case; it is not. David disappeared from his dad and brother, mere feet from the cottage where they were staying. There is no way in the world that David believed his cottage was up the side of a steep and foreboding mountain. When David disappeared, it was raining hard and would have been snowing at the top of Slide Mountain. We are led to believe that David voluntarily walked uphill into a colder climate with snow, instead of staying low and looking for his cabin—does this make any sense? Please remember it was starting to rain hard when David disappeared, meaning that Neversink Creek was probably flowing quite full when David supposedly walked in it that first night. This does not make any sense.

Referring back to the June 20, 1959, article in the *Oneonta Star*, a comment was made about another disappearance in this region of another small boy: "In May of 1955, Fred 'Tookie' Holmes disappeared near Grahamsville at the other end of this Slide Mountain dirt road. He was never found." In *Missing 411-Eastern United States*, I chronicled the disappearance of Tookie, not knowing that just over the mountain was another highly strange disappearance of another boy. Four years and sixteen days separate the disappearances of the two boys, an unusual set of events for anywhere in the world.

The story I wrote about Tookie says that the boy disappeared one mile from Neversink Reservoir—David was found in Neversink Creek. Do you believe in coincidences?

Stephen Papol
Missing 08/19/62–PM, Hecksher State Park, NY
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Hecksher State Park is located on Long Island between the cities of Islip and Sayville on the south side of the peninsula. The park is 1,600 acres of river, swamps, and bogs.

On August 19, 1962, the Papol family and their eight children took a trip to the park for a day of fun. Sometime in the afternoon hours, three-year-old Stephen inexplicably disappeared from the family group while in a play area a quarter mile from the beach. The older kids and parents looked for the boy and could not locate him. They notified state police.

The search for Stephen went on for three days and nights and utilized hundreds of volunteers, state police, sheriff's deputies, local police, and volunteers. On August 21, 1962, an article appeared in the *Ocala Star Banner* that described the police's theory: "Outlining the abduction theory Monday, police sergeant Gil Senan said: 'We've pretty well covered the area. That's about the only possibility left, unless he went into the water.'" Searchers had been compromised during their efforts—a series of thunderstorms had rumbled through the parks area while the effort to find Stephen was happening. Bloodhounds never found a scent they could track, and airplanes and helicopters in the sky never saw anything of value.

One of the groups searching for Stephen almost nonstop was auxiliary police sergeant Raymond C. Finger and his wife. On the morning of August 22, Mrs. Finger told her husband they were going to search the areas around the parking lots, because she had a premonition the previous night about finding the boy there. An August 23, 1962, article in the *Anderson Herald* had the following: "Stephen Papol, his clothes in tatters, his body scratched and bruised was found lying in a thicket. He was so weak from hunger and exposure that he could not speak but he smiled at his rescuers." This location was approximately one and a half miles from the point he was last seen. Stephen was never able to give an account of what happened to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Finger stated they heard a faint wail in the weeds, and it slowly got stronger as they got closer until they eventually saw the boy.

A further description of Stephen appeared in the August 23, 1962, edition of the *Spokesman Review*: "Mrs. Finger detected the child's thin wails and her husband plunged into the underbrush and came upon Stephen, lying down without shoes or socks."

Stephen was transported to the hospital and made a full recovery.

Summary

The amazing part of this story is that the park where Stephen vanished is only 1,600 acres. With hundreds of searchers on the ground and planes in the air, how could the boy evade detection? The elements that comprise this disappearance are again classic. Something unusual happened to Stephen Papol.

Steven Paul Thomas
Missing 4/12/76–3:30 p.m., Mount Marcy, NY
Age at Disappearance: 19 years

Mount Marcy is located in the High Peaks area of Northern New York. According to Encyclopedia Britannica, Mount Marcy is the tallest mountain in New York at an altitude of 5,344 feet, a very small mountain in West Coast terms but a giant on the East Coast. The first ascent was supposedly completed in 1837 and was named for the governor of New York, William L. Marcy. The mountain is just twelve miles southeast from Lake Placid.

On April 12, 1976, five college friends from Onondaga Community College (Syracuse, NY) and Steve Thomas (a friend of one of the five) joined them on an excursion to summit Mount Marcy. The five friends were Mark Seymour, James Thackaberry, Ken Sherwood, Robert Bromley, and Bruce Weaver. The guys were all from New York and understood where they were heading.

STEVE THOMAS

At 3:30 p.m., the men arrived at the shelter named the "Hopkins Lean-To." The Mount Marcy summit was approximately one mile away, but the majority of the guys were too tired, wet, and cold to travel on and decided to nap at the lean-to for the night and build a fire.

Steve sat with the rest of the guys looking at a map and drinking his tea. After a short period of time, Steve told the group that he was going to walk up the trail. He placed his yellow rain slicker over his down coat and headed toward the summit.

As Steve started walking, the rest of the guys were putting up their tents and getting comfortable for the night. None of the guys was too worried about Steve, because he had major hiking and climbing experience in Washington.

As darkness began to descend upon the mountain and the winds started to roar, the group started to worry about Steve as the temperature dipped to ten degrees. At 10 p.m., the guys decided to make an attempt to walk toward the summit to look for their friend. They were driven back by severe winds and extremely cold temperatures. They didn't find any indicators of where their friend may be. An April 22, 2001, article by the *Times Union* had the following description of the group's condition that night: "One of the hikers had brought a dog. 'I remember the dog freaked out that night,' Sherwood said. 'He just kept whining, he wouldn't leave the tent.' They hunkered down and hoped Steve had found shelter. Nobody slept that well."

At daybreak the group made another attempt to find their friend yet found nothing. At 3 p.m., three of the men left the mountain and notified authorities. Later in the same *Times Union* article is the following statement regarding the group's inability to find Steve: "'He had a yellow rain slicker on and everyone was like: Why can't we see this thing?' Sherwood recalled. "

The New York Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC), the forestry service, the state police, and the military dropped rangers, searchers, helicopters, and hundreds of volunteers in an effort to find Steve. This was one of the largest searches in New York history. In an ironic twist, on April 18, the temperature hit eighty-three degrees in Lake Placid and started a significant snowmelt.

If there was one hero in this event, it was Bob Thomas, Steve's brother. Bob took Steve's disappearance to heart. Bob was seven years older than Steve, in excellent health, and a devoted brother. Bob quit his job near Utica, moved to the Mount Marcy area, and stayed on site until the snow returned in August.

Veteran state park rangers have stated that Bob Thomas now knows the mountain better than just about anyone because of the hundreds of trips he's made in an attempt to find his brother. Bob's efforts were not in vain. In July, he found the remains of Buddy Atkinson, who was lost while on the mountain in March 1973, quite a find for an "amateur." Bob gave most of the credit of the find to his dog, Winter, who started digging in the snow until the body was located. Bob has estimated that he's logged over six hundred miles on Mount Marcy, exemplifying an incredible devotion to Steve.

Summary

Since Steve's disappearance, the New York DEC has not allowed camping on Mount Marcy above the tree line. It was unclear why this policy went into effect.

There are several aspects of this story that are troubling. The location of the event is in the immediate area where Douglas Legg supposedly was lost during a search (refer to *Missing 411-Eastern United States*.)

The behavior of the dog in the men's tent is highly unusual. The refusal to leave the tent and the whining are not normal for a dog who would usually want to be with the men if they were leaving.

The cold weather and severe wind definitely crippled the group's chances of finding Steve on the night he vanished. Steve was wearing a bright yellow rain slicker; I have written before about people disappearing wearing bright colors. I know that this is counterintuitive, but it occurs too many times to ignore. I also found a description of Steve that stated he was also wearing yellow rubber gloves.

The fact that extremely warm weather hit the Mount Marcy area after the disappearance, coupled with the dozens of flyovers of the mountain made by state police, it's unbelievable that Steve wasn't found, unless he somehow got off the mountain.

My prayers are with Bob Thomas and his family for the heroic effort he made in trying to find Steve.

The Adirondacks have evolved into a significant cluster.

Joseph David Helt
Missing 01/16/87–4 a.m., Sam's Point Ice Caves, Ellenville, NY
Age at Disappearance: 17 years

Approximately ninety miles northwest of New York City is the small town of Ellenville, New York. The town has a population of 4,100 and sits at the eastern base of the Catskill Mountains and is approximately one hundred miles southwest of Bennington, Vermont. It's also home to one of the largest clusters of missing people on the East Coast.

On January 15, Joseph Helt traveled with friends to the abandoned Mount Cathalia Lodge in the mountains above Ellenville. This was a location where local kids would often go, hang out, and party with friends. It got to be early the next morning when Joseph took a ride with Kelly Diaz, Wade Marks, and John "J.P." Forge. The guys decided not to go directly home but to drive toward Sam's Point. While the men were driving in J.P.'s Subaru, the car got stuck in the ice and snow. All of the guys attempted to push the car out of its hole but to no avail. Joseph was the first to decide to hike the five miles back to Ellenville, and he left alone. Twenty minutes after Joseph left, Kelly and Wade also started hiking back.

On the morning of January 17, Joseph didn't arrive at work, and this set off alarms. Work associates tried reaching him at home. They couldn't find him, and they called his friends, who in turn called the police. Phillip Mattracion was a new police officer in Ellenville when the disappearance occurred and is now the town's police chief. Police officers, parents, friends, state police, and forest service personnel all made an effort to find Joseph. A July 24, 2011, article in the *Daily Freeman* explained what happened just after the disappearance: "Mother Nature, however was cruel to searchers. Over the next several days, more than two feet of snow fell on the area. Rescue workers worked through the storm for nearly a week,

but with snowdrifts more than ten feet deep in some places, they were forced to call off the search."

The search for Joseph resumed during the spring months, and still nobody found any evidence that he was even in the area, nothing. There were many rumors about Joseph meeting with foul play; none were proven. Chief Mattracion made a statement about the case later in the same *Daily Freeman* article: "This, right now is a missing persons case, plain and simple. We have no evidence to suggest that anything other than a missing persons case is afoot." The New York state police technically still have the case, but it is still just a missing-persons investigation.

There has never been any evidence of where Joseph Helt went after leaving the car stuck in the snow.

Summary

Joseph was attending Ellenville High School when he vanished. Several fellow students still keep his name in front of the public, and in 2011, his case was highlighted on the *Nancy Grace* show.

The car was stuck on Sam's Point Road, which is in an area with many large exposed rocks and borders Lake Maratanza. Just northeast of the road is Witches Hole State Park, an interesting name for an otherwise peaceful-appearing wilderness area.

Readers should understand that Joseph knew this area well and spent a lifetime driving and riding these roads; he knew how to get home. The police have studied this case for over twenty-five years and are still claiming it is just a missing-persons investigation, essentially clearing all other witnesses of criminal involvement. The question that law enforcement needs to answer is where is Joseph Helt?

George Woltjen
Missing 10/24/92–Unk, Pine, NY
Age at Disappearance: 60 years

George was a baker by occupation. He lived in Glendale in Brooklyn but also enjoyed the outdoors and was a longtime hunter.

The sixty-year-old baker and four other friends traveled to Indian Lake and then made a trip six miles into the wilderness, stopping at Pine Lake near the Cedar River. The men decided to split up to hunt and meet back at camp at the end of the day. George never made the late-afternoon meeting.

The location from which George vanished has dozens of small lakes and ponds and several peaks that summit near two to three thousand feet. The men were approximately ten miles southwest of Newcomb.

The New York Department of Conservation, United States forest rangers, New York state troopers, and a variety of volunteers spent weeks looking for George without finding a clue of where he might be.

There were no developments in the George Woltjen disappearance until almost four years later. A May 22 article in the *Adirondack Journal* explained what was found: "The body was discovered late on May 8 by two fishermen, but because of the remoteness of the area, the authorities were not notified until the morning of May 9." In the same article was this information about the body: "An autopsy was conducted at the Albany Medical Center by Doctors Barbara Wolf and Lowell Lavine, forensic pathologists, and the cause of death was determined to be asphyxia because of drowning. The death was ruled accidental." I read this article four times and then walked into the next room to tell a family member. A body is found almost four years after it disappears, the body is found in a remote river, and there is enough left of the body to conduct an autopsy and determine a cause of death? I could believe this possibility in the far Canadian north, but New York? I am not doubting the findings of the pathologists, but I'm questioning that the body could've been in the water for four years.

George did have an ailment: he was diabetic. Searchers never found George's rifle, supplies that were with him, coat, nothing. This area of northern New York has as many strange and unusual disappearances as any region in North America. Start plotting these disappearances on Google Earth, and you'll understand my concern.

Thomas James Carleton
Missing 10/09/93–Unk, High Peaks Wilderness, NY
Age at Disappearance: 44 years

Tom Carleton was a psychologist for the New York state prison system and assigned to Auburn. He was married to Dea and had a four-year-old daughter, Ashley. Tom was a man who got his emotional release from hiking rural areas alone. He was a member of the Adirondack Mountain Club (a hiking club) and the Civil Air Patrol. He enjoyed going into the wilderness and getting into remote areas that were sometimes off the beaten track.

On October 9, at 6 a.m., Tom left his home in Skaneateles and drove to the trailhead that is the primary path to Mount Marcy. He exited his car and started to hike but didn't take a tent. He was carrying a teal backpack, food, water, a sleeping bag, and other essentials. Tom never returned from his weekend, and his wife called the state police and the New York Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) on Tuesday, October 12. Friends from the

prison where Tom worked responded and assisted in the search along with sheriffs, state police, DEC members, and others.

On October 16, a team of canine handlers entered the search. An October 16 article in the *Post Standard* explained the behavior of the canines: "The 5 ½ year old dog has picked up Carleton's scent, starting from the trail head where his car was left. On Friday was Mr. Flash's third attempt at following the scent, the team accompanying him had to turn back when it reached impassable terrain, about 1 ½ miles past Marcy Dam, said Jason Matson, the dog's owner and trainer."

Search coordinators read hiker logbooks located at lean-tos along the trail and came across two names to check for possible witnesses. An October 25, 1993, article in the *Post Standard* had the following information: "The two hikers, both from the Ithaca area said they had contact with Carleton at a lean-to on the Indian Trail Pass located about four miles away from the Adirondack LOJ. They remembered him by his teal colored backpack." This would indicate they met with Tom probably late afternoon the first day he was on the trail.

An article in *Adirondack Life* (September 2002) had an interview with searchers involved in Tom's disappearance. The team stated that a majority of the search was focused in the area of Mount Marcy. The search covered one hundred square miles and 256 miles of marked trails, and even more of unmarked trails and wildlife paths.

Searchers were compromised almost from the start of the search for Tom. The last day he was seen (October 9), it started to rain and then snow in the Indian Pass area. He had told others that he was planning to stay at lean-tos on the trail, so there was the distinct possibility he would have cover.

Summary

There was a massive two-week search for Tom. Helicopters, canines, professional Adirondack search and rescue personnel, and volunteers all worked in an effort to find the man. Tom was never found, and nothing belonging to him was ever recovered.

Tom's last contact with humanity was with the two hikers in the lean-to. He told the hikers that he was heading toward Indian Pass. Searchers focused on the pass and Mount Marcy; they couldn't find him. It was quite an interesting location that Tom's scent was tracked

to, a place where the tracker had to call off the search because of how rugged the terrain.

The Adirondacks and Mount Marcy are quickly becoming one of the larger clusters of missing people in the Northeast.

Colin Gillis
Missing 3/11/12–1:45 a.m., Tupper Lake, NY
Age at Disappearance: 18 years

Colin was a freshman pre-med student at State University at Brockport. He was an excellent student that did not show any indications of problems or issues in his life. On March 11, 2012, Colin came home from school for the weekend and attended a party Saturday night on Paskungameh Road, one mile west of the city of Tupper Lake and one half mile northwest of Racquette Pond. The location of the party was in a very rural location with thick forests surrounding the area.

According to New York state police, Colin walked away from the party wearing red high-top tennis shoes, a white shirt with black stripes, blue jeans, and was carrying an orange L.L. Bean backpack.

Shortly after Colin left the party, the editor of the *Lake Placid News,* Richard Rosentreter, was driving eastbound on Route 3 when he saw an individual dressed like Colin walking on the shoulder of the roadway toward him. NBC affiliate WHEC aired the following statement from Richard on March 14, 2012: "It wasn't like someone walking with a purpose straight down the road with a coat on. As I passed by I recognized it as something out of the ordinary, something that I didn't think it was safe to stop." Richard stated that he drove the short distance into Tupper Lake and called the New York state police and advised what he had observed. The police responded and were on scene in less than ten minutes. The police cruised the area of Route 3 where Richard had made his observation; they saw nothing unusual, and they never saw Colin.

Early in the morning of March 12, Colin had not arrived at his home. The Gillis family started to make calls, and eventually they contacted the state police and sheriff to make a report of a missing person.

A comprehensive search of the entire region was started immediately. Hundreds of volunteers and law enforcement personnel searched ponds, rivers, lakes, and swampy land. The state police put a helicopter into the air and slowly cruised the lush landscape for any sign of Colin.

Approximately one mile west of where Colin was last seen, police found two personal items. The location of the find was Setting Pole Dam Road, west of the party location and in the direction he was observed walking. I found one article that stated that one of the items police found was a temporary driver's license belonging to Colin.

Route 3 in the area Colin was walking was literally swarming with police looking for evidence in the water, on the land, and in the rivers. There were two large law enforcement jurisdictions looking for evidence. Lieutenant Patrick Ryan was from the New York state police and Captain John Streiff was representing the DEC. Two days after the disappearance, both officers held a press conference to report on their findings as was reported in the *Adirondack Daily Enterprise* on March 13: "Ryan and Streiff said they're looking

at every possibility, but so far there are no signs that Gillis went through the ice, was struck by a car, or any other theories flying around."

Over two thousand acres were scoured in the effort to locate Colin. Witnesses were interviewed at the party, friends and relatives were privately talked with, and no new leads were developed. Colin's uncle told the press that his nephew was not the type of person to vanish; he was a good kid.

Summary

When I first heard of this case, it reminded me of the disappearance of Christopher Thompkins on January 25, 2002, in Ellerslie, Georgia. Chris was working on a surveying crew in a very rural area. He was the last one in a line of surveyors walking back to their vehicle when he vanished. An investigation revealed coins and personal items on the ground next to a barbed-wire fence between the roadway and a swampy area. Fibers were found on the fence matching the color of the pants Chris was wearing. Months after the disappearance, the owner of the swampy land found a boot on his property, it was Chris's. His story is chronicled in *Missing 411-Eastern United States.*

The location where Colin vanished is very thick with vegetation and has dozens of small lakes, ponds, creeks, and rivers in the immediate area. All indicators reveal that Colin wasn't the type to voluntarily vanish, and the likelihood of traveling across the country in this area was minimal. It was a cold night; ice and snow were on the ground, and nothing in that area was disturbed.

This is another case of an odd disappearance in the Adirondacks. The real questions about this case are why did Colin walk away from a social gathering in the wee hours of the morning, and why was he walking in a direction away from his parents' residence? The other great question is how did Colin's driver's license end up on the highway?

This case could've been placed in the coeds section, as Colin was a pre-med major in college, a very bright young man. I placed it in New York because of the large amount of disappearances that have occurred in the area where Colin vanished.

Ohio

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Daughter of King	08/19/1859–Unk•6•F•Kalida, OH
Isabel Zandarski	09/21/1912–3 a.m.•30 mos•F•Orwell, OH
Ronald Arthur Boggs	05/02/44–11 a.m.•3•M•Portsmouth, OH
Henry Kellar	07/29/58–7 p.m.•16 mos•Bloomingdale, OH

Daughter of King
Missing 08/19/1859–Unk, 4 miles from Kalida, OH
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

This incident occurred four miles from the city of Kalida, Ohio. Kalida sits in the far northeastern section of the state and has four major rivers within three miles of the city limits. Kalida is thirty miles southwest of Toledo.

On August 18, 1859, Mrs. King and her six-year-old daughter took a trip four miles from their home to an area outside of Kalida to visit a neighbor. The King daughter accompanied the neighbor's daughter as they were to carry water to her father, who was working in a nearby field. There was some type of disagreement among the children, and the King daughter decided to return to the home rather than continue into the field. Other children stated that the home was in view when the King child turned to walk back. After a short time, the other children returned to the home and found that the King girl never made it back to the residence. All members of both families searched for the six-year-old through the first night. At the end of that first night, more searchers were summoned.

Search parties continued to look for the King girl for nine days. What was found on the ninth day was described in a September 2, 1859 article in the *Daily National Intelligencer*: "On the ninth day the little one was found, lying over two logs—where it had fallen, too weak to proceed, within two miles of the spot where it was last seen—dead. It had removed all its clothing, and when found was quite naked." Later in the same article was also this: "It had died within a few hours of the time in which it was found. The spot

had frequently been passed, but the most of the search had been extended too far."

Summary

The King girl disappeared under very unusual circumstances. She was at another person's property and in an area where she was not familiar. People searched for nine days, yet the girl never called out to anyone, and she never responded to anyone's calls to her. She had removed her clothing and was found naked.

In another twist that seems to be a very common theme in missing-children cases, the girl was found draped over a log. The article stated that she had died within hours of being found, a highly unusual coincidence, especially since the area where she was found had been search many times in the past, and this just happened to be the time she was found, after she had just supposedly died.

This is one of the earliest cases I have found to contain many of the common elements that are found in cases of children disappearing.

Isabel Zandarski
Missing 09/21/1912–3 a.m., East Orwell, OH
Age at Disappearance: 30 months

In the thousands of missing-person cases I've investigated, the disappearance of Isabel Zandarski has more twists, turns, and changes in theories than any I've ever read. If you start to become confused because of the endless changes of theories about what really happened to this girl, you are in good company. The brightest police officers in Ohio were quite perplexed by what really happened in East Orwell, Ohio, in September 1912.

The Zandarski family rented a farm in the far northeastern area of Ohio. Their residence was just eight miles from the Pennsylvania border and was surrounded by ponds, swamps, bogs, and wilderness. Orwell is surrounded by many open forests: Orwell Wilderness Area to the north, New Lyme Wilderness to the northeast, Mosquito Creek Wilderness and Lake to the south,

Grand River Wilderness to the southwest, and three other wilderness areas to the west.

On September 21, 1912, the Zandarskis had a family uncle, Frank Knurick, visiting. He was staying in the bedroom directly adjacent to the room where the three Zandarski children were sleeping.

At approximately 3 a.m., the family dog started to bark outside the home. Mrs. Zandarski rose from bed and walked to the children's room to check on them. She found that Isabel wasn't in bed with the other two children and started to check the home. Once she couldn't find the girl inside the residence, the father was wakened from his sleep, and both started to search. It wasn't long before the entire home was awake, and the family was all looking for Isabel.

Once the Zandarskis had exhausted all possible places that little Isabel may be, they called their local sheriff. The local press really gave the disappearance minimal coverage. They did state that the sheriff had brought the uncle, Frank Knurick, in for questioning but that he had stated that he had heard nothing suspicious during the night. An October 13 article in the *Xenia Evening Gazette* had information regarding what the other children in the room told law enforcement officials: "The child disappeared during the night from the home of her parents on September 21 and other children sleeping in the room reported that 'A big black man carried Isabel away.'" It doesn't appear that the sheriff placed much credibility in this statement, because he continued to hold their uncle. In the over two dozen articles I reviewed for this case, this is the only statement in any paper that addressed what the children saw in the room.

Searchers scoured the farm, neighboring rivers, bogs, and swamps for nearly two weeks without finding any evidence as to where the girl was located.

On October 12, 1926, squirrel hunter Floyd Congdon was tracking through a swamp one and a half miles from the Zandarski farm when he found a body. Floyd contacted law enforcement. The *Morning Republican of Findlay* had the attached description of what Floyd observed in its October 13, 1926, edition: "She was lying face down, dressed in her flannel night gown without shoes or

stockings." Later in this same article was this: "Officials had at first believed the girl was kidnapped but Sheriff Hannum later developed the theory that she might have been murdered." The paper chronicles a convoluted story that someone may have been mad at Mr. Zandarski, but the story wasn't very clear or convincing.

Officials stated that they found three tears in Isabel's nightdress that may have been made by going over barbed wire. In the earlier *Xenia Evening Gazette* article was this about the condition of Isabel's body: "Indications were that the girl had been murdered and her body carried to the swamp immediately after her disappearance, as her feet and clothing showed no sign of her having walked through the thick swamp undergrowth to the spot where she was found," (10/13/26). This same article stated that a "blow from a club" crushed Isabel's skull; apparently two physicians initially performed the autopsy and stated that the girl died from a blow to the head.

On October 14, a second autopsy was completed on Isabel's body. The *Zanesville Signal* on October 14 ran a story that had additional information regarding the second autopsy: "Additional evidence revealed by physicians here who have performed a second autopsy, disclosing that three of the child's ribs had been broken prior to her death." Later in the same article was this statement by the sheriff: "It looks to me as if that child was murdered and that persons already questioned have not told the truth," alluding to Isabel's uncle.

On October 13, Sheriff Hannum had contacted Cleveland police and asked them to dispatch two homicide detectives to assist in understanding this case. Late on October 14, the detectives arrived and started to review the reports. The subtle admission by the sheriff that this case was too complex for his small sheriff's office is very admirable and not seen much.

The morning of October 14 also brought an article in the *Findlay Morning Republican* regarding what was found near Isabel's body: "Two footprints were discovered near the spot where the body of Isabel Zandarski, two and a half years old, was found. Cleveland Detectives investigating the case reported today. Patrick McNeely and Gus Funk, assigned from the Cleveland Detective Bureau,

declared the tracks were those of child or a small person. One was within twelve inches of where the body lay and the other was 400 feet distance." Later in the article a physician assisting on the autopsy stated that Isabel's body might have been transported to the location where it was found after the search had started. The article states: "The condition of the body, he said, seemed to indicate that it had been protected from the weather for some time. Ross said that the body might have been buried." You heard this correctly—buried. One day investigators are saying that Isabel's body was so clean that they believe she was carried into the swamp, a few days later they believe she may have been buried?

On October 15, Isabel's case took yet another strange turn. On that day the *Chronicle Telegram* ran the following story explaining the most recent theory: "Sheriff HD Hannum and two detectives who have been aiding him in attempting to solve the muck lands mystery, announced this morning that new evidence indicates that the child was trampled to death beneath the hoofs of a herd of cattle. 'While it may seem improbable that such a small child would leave her bed in the night and start afoot through the swamps, we now believe that the new evidence shows she did do this,' declared the sheriff. 'A third autopsy has revealed all of the ribs on the left side of her body were torn loose from the backbone. The round deep hole at the base of her skull looks like that of a cow's horn.'" The uncle was released from custody, and the case was closed. The last paragraph in the same article was this: "The detectives again questioned Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Zandarski and then announced: 'if the girl was killed we will have to look outside the family for the fiend.'"

Summary

If any reader doesn't believe there was huge pressure on Sheriff Hannum to clear this case, read this October 13, 1926, article in the *Morning Republican*: "When a crowd of more than 1000 persons attending the autopsy took up a cry of 'lynch him' after it was learned that the skull was fractured, Sheriff Hannum, fearing violence, hustled Frank Knurick, uncle of the girl into his auto and to the Jefferson Jail 19 miles away." Sheriff Hannum initially had laid

the groundwork for the community to believe that Isabel's uncle had killed her.

What is absolutely baffling to me is that only one article explained what witnesses inside Isabel's room had seen: "a big black man." Not a small black man, "a big black man." That description is explicit and easily comparable to others if the sheriff wanted to understand their perspective. Sheriff Hannum could've had the kids lay in their beds and walked people into the room until they found an individual big enough to match the children's version of what they saw.

Law enforcement stated that they didn't believe Isabel walked to the swamp location, because she wasn't dirty, but they later stated that they believed she had been buried. What is interesting about the observation that Isabel may have been moved is that many, many of the cases that I cite in the previous two books would indicate that the person had been moved into a position closer to the location from which they initially disappeared in order that they may be found. Yes, purposely found after they died.

If cows had stepped on Isabel, you would think that mud and possible hoof prints would be on her clothing. If the base of her skull had been penetrated by the horn of a cow, you'd think they'd look for a cow horn that had blood or body tissue on it. In my humble opinion, I believe the sheriff and the Cleveland detectives conjured up the cow story to put the community at ease; the proof of this is the last statement made after the cow hypothesis: "The detectives again questioned Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Zandarski and then announced: 'if the girl was killed we will have to look outside the family for the fiend.'" Why further complicate the situation with this statement if they truly believed Isabel died by cow stampede? Lastly, a question for all parents: How many of you believe a thirty-month-old girl would voluntarily leave the comfort and safety of her room and walk into a dark, cold swamp in the middle of the night? Why would Isabel voluntarily do this? Lastly, why would the children lie about a big black man coming into their room in the middle of the night? Maybe the sheriff discounted the kids statement about a big black man in the room because there statement seemed too unbelievable to be fact and just maybe their statement was sanitized

when given to the press. I'm making this statement in an effort to understand in my mind why this isn't a major break in the case.

Ronald Arthur Boggs
Missing 5/2/44–11 a.m., Portsmouth, OH
Age at disappearance: 3 years

Portsmouth sits at the extreme southern end of Ohio, directly on the Kentucky border. The town of twenty thousand people is at the confluence of the Scioto and Ohio Rivers and is surrounded by eight different state parks and wilderness areas.

On May 2, 1944, at approximately 11 a.m., Ronald Boggs was playing with his dog in the yard of his residence, which was in a rural and hilly section on the perimeter of Portsmouth. Even today when you get to the outskirts of town, the region gets very rural with heavy brush and timber quite quickly. Mrs. Boggs went into the yard to get the boy and couldn't find him or the dog. She searched the yard and surrounding woods without success and called for neighbors and law enforcement to assist.

Hundreds of volunteer and professional searchers were covering the woods calling for little Ronald; they never heard a response. By the middle of the day on May 3, over one thousand people were covering forty square miles and still were not finding any trace of the boy.

Thirty-three hours after Ronald vanished, two searchers were on a trail and what they found was described in this *Delphos Daily* article of May 4, 1944: "He was found by three boys and another dog at the head of Heutter's Hollow, a heavily wooded section about four miles north of his home. The boy had apparently spent Tuesday night in a cave with his dog. He was scratched from briars and sunburned."

Articles stated that Ronald was unharmed and otherwise in decent condition when he was found.

Summary

Robert Koester wrote a book titled *Lost Person Behavior*, and on page 130, he states that a child between one and three years old

will be found 95 percent of the time less than 2.8 miles from the point last seen if they are located in the mountains. Just to review, Ronald was found four miles from his home; he was 25 percent farther away than Koester stated he would find kids 95 percent of the time. It's also interesting to note that Robert stated that he spent the night in a cave with his dog, a cave that the searchers could never find.

Other articles in same time frame indicated that the boys found Ronald on a trail, a trail that many other searchers undoubtedly used. When Mr. Boggs was later interviewed about his son's disappearance, he stated that Ronald had disappeared one other time but was found soon afterward. How far and how fast can a three-year-travel through a rugged wilderness? Why wouldn't Ronald have answered his mom's and rescuers' calls during the night? Is it plausible that a three-year-old could travel four-plus miles? He was found on a trail four miles from the house, but how far had he traveled before he was found?

I remember one other boy that disappeared and claimed he went to a cave, a cave that was never located. This story can be found in the California chapter of this book.

Henry Kellar, also known as John "Bud" Kellar
Missing 7/29/58–7 p.m., Bloomingdale, OH
Age at Disappearance: 16 months

The Kellar family owned a farm in the hills just west of Bloomingdale on Unionport Road. This is an area of dozens of ponds and small lakes, many abandoned mines, and rolling hills. The region has many farms but is also littered with extremely thick vegetation. The farm is located just seven miles from the Pennsylvania border and almost directly west of Pittsburgh, near an area where other children have vanished in the Keystone State.

On July 29, 1958, at approximately 7 p.m., Henry was playing in the yard of the farm and being watched by his six brothers and sisters while his parents were in Knoxville visiting friends. It was at 7 p.m. when the other kids realized that Henry wasn't in the backyard and started to search the area. At 8 p.m., the kids called

police, and by 9 p.m., an all-out search of the Kellar farm was underway.

The Ohio state police, Jefferson County Sheriff's department, Winterville police, and a variety of volunteers converged on the Kellar farm to look for the boy. Sheriff's deputies brought a group of Bloodhounds to attempt to track the boy's scent, but nothing was found. Other volunteers were dragging nearby ponds for a body and found nothing.

The search for Henry continued through the night, and by morning, 1,500 people had arrived to scour the nearby farms and hills for the tot. People were in the woods calling Henry's name and listening for crying or screaming, but nothing was heard.

The search for Henry brought in resources that many in law enforcement had never expected. Jim Pahl was vacationing from Toronto and decided to take his private plane to look for Henry. Jim had Roy Hoover as his passenger at 11:15 a.m. when they were flying near the Kellar ranch approximately one mile away. Roy saw a small figure in a briar thicket, which surrounded the boy. The plane got the attention of searchers on the ground, who were directed to Henry. He was found with many scratches, poison ivy, and mosquito bites, but otherwise in good shape.

Summary

There are some unusual yet consistent aspects to the Kellar disappearance that need to be addressed. This is another case where Bloodhounds couldn't find the victim, and an airplane needed to be used. The victim was found in an area covered extensively by searchers. He was found in the middle of a briar thicket, yet open fields and farms were in the immediate area.

The time that Henry vanished is in the prime time spot for child disappearances (*Missing 411-Eastern United States* and *Missing 411-Western United States*). The location of this case is extremely close to Pennsylvania, a state where more children vanished in the 1940s and 1950s than any other state in the United States.

It does seem odd that 1,500 searchers on the ground cannot hear or see Henry, yet an airplane finds the boy in an area where there is extensive searching being conducted.

Pennsylvania

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
James Carroll	04/15/1916–7:15 p.m.•4•M•New Castle Junction, PA
Jerome Coonan Jr.	04/29/37–5 p.m.•2•M•Tamaqua, PA
Donald Eugene Sell	02/01/46–12:30 p.m.•2•M•Biglerville, PA
Lawrence Fustini	09/05/48–6 p.m.•30 mos•M•Brockport, PA
George Bell Jr.	11/22/52–2 p.m.•2•M•Avella, PA

James Carroll
Missing 5/14/1916–7:15 p.m., New Castle Junction, PA
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

James was playing in the yard of his home in a rural area of New Castle Junction on the evening of May 14. James's mom got busy with household chores and then returned to the yard to find the boy missing. The family searched for James with the assistance of friends and neighbors until nearly 1 a.m. when they called law enforcement for assistance.

The boy was last seen in the backyard, and the yard backs up to a heavy swamp area. The local officer from Hillsville had a Bloodhound and brought the canine to the scene to see if it could pick up a track. There was not a trail through the swamp, so the dog was released in the general vicinity of where the boy was last seen. The Bloodhound did not react to the boy being in the area. A July 17, 1916, article in the *New Castle News* stated the following about the disappearance of James: "Several theories are advanced as to the cause of the disappearance of the child. One theory, which is believed by some people, is that the boy was abducted. In support of this contention it is reported that footprints of a grown person were found near the home of the Carrolls." This is an interesting statement—it specifically stated "footprints" and not "tracks," "boot marks," etc.

Searchers brought in hundreds of professionals that continued to completely cover the swamp and reach areas inaccessible to the common man. People believed that all areas near the Carroll home had been completely searched.

A May 6, 1916, article in the *New Castle News* had the following article about two men searching the swamp for mushrooms: "Several men were in the swamp hunting for mushrooms about noon following what is known as English's Run, about a half mile from New Castle Junction when they accidentally discovered the body of the missing lad. The remains were in a state of decomposition, and were only partially covered by the muck of the swamp, it being considered rather peculiar that with the alarm that was given at the time, use of Bloodhounds and the apparent search made in the swamp; that the boy's remains were not discovered heretofore."

Police officers and searchers were very perplexed by the discovery of James's body, because the area and location of the find was a place searchers had been several times. How the body got to the location where it was found was a major question. The other major question that was put forth by involved searchers was the location of the body in relationship to the difficulty of getting there. Nobody believed that a boy of James's size and age could manipulate his way through the swamp and to the location where it was found.

Summary

On July 27, 1978, in Fombell, Pennsylvania, Duane Scott disappeared from a dance; he was thirty-one years old. Duane was a disabled man, and his disappearance caused much consternation in this community ten miles southeast of New Castle. Duane was eventually found in an area where nobody believed he could travel because of his severe disability. How Duane arrived at that location was never solved, but this story was chronicled in *Missing 411-Eastern United States*. It is a very interesting coincidence that Duane and James disappeared under highly unusual circumstances ten miles apart and separated by sixty-two years. If people disappear in close proximity to each other inside of a decade or two of each other, locals and news people remember. If the disappearances

are adequately spread out, it would be quite odd that anyone could put the pieces of the puzzle together.

The case of James Carroll's disappearance doesn't pass the common-sense test. The boy was found in an area that was previously searched. Bloodhounds were brought to the Carroll home and couldn't pick up James's scent. Local residents actually openly talked about the possibility that James had been kidnapped. People from the area and searchers did not believe the boy could make it to that location in the swamp on his own, and in one of the most unusual twists of the case, searchers found adult-size "footprints" around the Carroll property.

Is it a mere coincidence that Duane Scott and James Carroll disappeared in such close proximity to each other?

Jerome Coonan
Missing 04/29/37–5 p.m., Tamaqua, PA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Tamaqua is located approximately fifteen miles northwest of Allentown. The city sits in a one-mile-wide valley that has over six large bodies of water within two miles. The region around the city is very rough and very wild, even today.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Coonan Sr. were the parents of Jerome and always left him with his grandparents during daylight hours while they worked. In 1937, the grandparents (Mr. and Mrs. James Berry) lived in an area near the perimeter of Tamaqua. There were homes in the area. At approximately 5 p.m. on April 29, 1937, Mrs. Berry went to look for Jerome and could not locate the two-year-old. She contacted friends and relatives and searched the surrounding alleys and neighborhood for the tot and could not find a trace of him. The Berrys contacted Tamaqua police.

Police officers and state troopers responded to the initial search for Jerome. Within hours there were three hundred local coal miners scouring the hills and abandoned mines for the boy. Several miners volunteered to go deep inside abandoned mines to search for the boy. They found nothing.

A neighbor that lived nearby told police that he had heard a small boy crying, and then a scream, in a wooded area near the baseball fields. The neighbor, Charles Jeffries, stated that he initially thought it was his son and searched the area, found nothing, and returned home to find his boy. He didn't realize that Jerome was missing at the time. He took search teams deep into the woods in that area, and they still could not find a trace of the lad.

The May 4, 1937, edition of the *Gazette Bulletin* had a statement from Jerome Coonan Sr. stating that he and his family felt that Jerome had been kidnapped. Mr. Coonan made a public plea stating that they just wanted their boy returned, and no questions would be asked.

On May 5, 1937, the chief of police from Tamaqua requested that the Federal Bureau of Investigation send assistance to his city and investigate the disappearance. On May 6, FBI Special Agent Herbert Cronin arrived and immediately interviewed all family members. The agent also interviewed all periphery witnesses and quickly came to an interesting decision. A May 8, 1937, article in the *Gazette Bulletin* had the following statement from Agent Cronin: "There is no evidence of a kidnapping, this is merely a missing persons case." After two days, the FBI confirmed that no crime had occurred and backed out of the case.

The search for Jerome went on for over a month. Storms had hit the area of Tamaqua immediately after Jerome vanished, and the surrounding creeks and rivers had risen. Some feared the boy had somehow managed to get to one and drowned. There were no rivers or creeks in the immediate area where the two-year-old disappeared.

As the search plodded on, some placed emphasis on the south side of the city and an area of thick woods. This area was combed numerous times without anything of evidentiary value being found.

Jerome Coonan was never found.

Summary

Jerome's disappearance fits perfectly with the mass of children that disappeared in Pennsylvania during this time period. His age, location, time of disappearance, heavy rains occurring after

disappearance, and parental belief of kidnapping all mimic dozens of cases in the Keystone State very similar to this.

This case has seen some revitalization in recent years, and a few stories have been written about it. One story I found stated that the FBI did claim that it appeared Jerome was kidnapped—I could never find such a statement, only one to the contrary.

The articles I reviewed stated that miners searched every old mine and hole in the entire area. Some articles stated that there were a few deep mines that were still not closed and were searched.

I believe that statement from Charles Jeffries was credible and important. He stated that he heard a boy crying, and then one article stated that he heard a scream. If children are merely lost, crying is understandable, but why a scream?

The disappearances I write about in Pennsylvania are unusual, because they cannot usually find any evidence of where the child had traveled. Remember, the boy was two years old, and searchers were looking just hours after he had vanished. They should have easily have caught up to the boy's pace unless he was somehow assisted. Hundreds of people from all walks of life—law enforcement, miners, professional searchers, and volunteers—trekked throughout the Tamaqua area and mountains and found nothing, not even a footprint. It is obvious that the boy disappeared through the hills and not the streets, if we are to believe Mr. Jeffries. Searchers should have found some evidence Jerome was in the forest, somewhere.

Donald Eugene Sell
Missing 2/01/46–12:30 p.m., Biglerville, PA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Biglerville, Pennsylvania, is located three miles north of Gettysburg and is in an area surrounded by dozens of small ponds and swamps. In 1946, the population of this area was not large, and back then, there were vast amounts of open space.

On February 1 at approximately noon, Donald Sell was playing in his rural backyard with his dog. The residence was just on the outskirts of the city, and it was just Donald and his mom living at the house, as his father was overseas for the Army. At 12:30 p.m.,

Mrs. Clyde Sell went into the backyard to check on Donald and his dog and found that both were missing. She immediately contacted law enforcement.

Neighbors, friends, law enforcement, and older children from Arendtsville responded to search for Donald. Four hours after the boy disappeared, searchers made the following discovery as is described in this February 2, 1946, article in the *Gettysburg Compiler*: "It is believed the youngster traveled about four miles during the afternoon. He was located by searchers along Boyd's Run above the Narrows, unsuccessfully attempting to crawl up an ice embankment." Donald was located at 4:30 p.m., meaning he traveled four miles in four hours at two years old. He was located at the base of the closest mountain range in the area, adjacent to the Tumbline Run Game Preserve and just east of the Michaux State Forest.

There are no mentions in the articles of Donald suffering any exposure or other injuries.

Could your son or daughter have covered four miles in four hours through mountains at two years of age? Why would he be crawling up an ice embankment?

This incident is at the southern fringe of a mass of disappearances in Pennsylvania during the 1940s. It is truly unbelievable how many children disappeared under almost-identical circumstances as are described in the Donald Sell incident. There were never any statements about what clothing Donald may have been missing or if the family dog was ever found.

Lawrence Gerald Fustini
Missing 09/04/48–6 p.m., Brockport, PA
Age at Disappearance: 30 months

Brockport is at the southeastern edge of the Allegheny National Forest. The location is significant because there are five other disappearances that surround the same forest. The years of the other disappearances are 1938, 1950, 1968, 1976, and 2005 (refer to *Missing 411-Eastern United States* for details).

On September 4, 1948, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Fustini of Brockport took their son, Lawrence, to his grandparents' farm while they

attended a wedding. At approximately 6 p.m., the grandparents realized they couldn't find Lawrence, and they called the sheriff. The sheriff summoned every able-bodied citizen in the area to respond to the farm and assist. Six hundred people responded and blanketed the countryside. Many of the searchers stayed on during the night, calling for Lawrence but never getting a response.

On September 5, searchers again spread out into the fields, hills, and creeks looking for Lawrence. At approximately noon, the sheriff was advised of the following as is outlined in the *Spokesman Review* article of September 6, 1948: "The child was found six miles from his grandparents' farm. Barefoot and clad in a light shirt and shorts, he appeared a little the worse for his experience." Other articles indicated that the boy was found standing in the middle of a rural country road when he was found. I couldn't find any more information that spoke to the boy's physical condition.

Summary

This is another example of a case where a child disappears from their grandparents' rural residence, farm, or ranch. The fact that the thirty-month-old child is found six miles away after being gone eighteen hours seems far outside the norm of reality.

I have made a point of highlighting disappearances that occurred within a tight time span of each other. I want readers to look at the disappearance of Madeline Sowers from north of Stuart, Virginia (documented in the Virginia section). Madeline disappeared September 3, 1948. She was two years old.

George "Butchie" Bell Jr.
Missing 11/22/52–2 p.m., Avella, PA
Age at Disappearance: 2½ years

Avella, Pennsylvania, is a small community in the far southwestern portion of the state, just two miles from the Ohio border and fifteen miles southwest of Pittsburgh. The city sits in Washington County and is known for being a very old coal-mining town that still has dozens of old mines and caves that have never been capped.

It was on November 22, 1952, when George "Butchie" Bell Jr. was playing in the rural yard of his home on the outskirts of Avella. His twenty-two-year-old mother, Betty May Bell, came into the yard at 2 p.m. to look for her son and couldn't believe that he and his dog had both disappeared. She did a thorough search of her yard, calling her son and his dog's names and didn't get an answer.

After a quick search of the yard, Betty May called the local sheriff and reported her son as missing. Just as Butchie had been gone approximately one hour, his dog ran into the family's yard. Betty May tried to get the dog to lead her to the boy, but the dog wouldn't comply.

The police and sheriff soon arrived, and volunteers quickly started to gather and search for the two-and-a-half-year-old boy. After searching into the early evening hours, The *Long Beach Press Telegram* ran an article on November 23, 1952, explaining the feelings of law enforcement officers: "Constable Henry Lonick said, 'The case has us stumped. We just don't know where the boy could have gone.'" When a law enforcement officer makes a statement like this to the press, it indicates that the police are really confused.

There were many obstacles in the search for Butchie, but one of the most uncomfortable for searchers was a cold rain that hit the area just after the boy vanished.

Butchie had been gone for approximately twenty-four hours when a searcher was looking through an area two and a half miles from the Bell residence. A November 24, 1952, article in the *Billings Gazette* had the following details on what was discovered: "His face, hands and legs bore scratches from thorns and twigs. He was found in a thicket so densely grown and difficult to access that one of the searchers said: 'I don't see how he ever got in there.' Norman E. Walker, a steel machinist, was the first to sight Butch." Another article offered further details of the rescue: "George didn't say anything. He tried to speak but his voice came out in a hoarse croak. He could only cling to his rescuers and sob." Butchie was taken to Washington Hospital, where his condition was listed as "good" with no complications.

Summary

The disappearance of George "Butchie" Bell is a classic missing-child case for the state of Pennsylvania. The classic elements that are present in a majority of the Pennsylvania cases include:

Child disappears with a dog
Inclement weather is evident while child is missing
Child is found in or near a thicket or creek bed
Child has many scratches over a majority of his or her body
Child can't explain what happened
Child can't speak
Child is found outside the normal search range for someone his or her age

This case sits just twenty miles west of a tight cluster of four missing children that is centered on the town of Connellsville. All of the cases in this tight cluster are explained in detail in *Missing 411-Eastern United States.* Here are the basics of the victims of this cluster:

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex
Stephen Ford	8/1880•9•M

Berry-picking with family and disappeared; never found.

Anna Thorpe	5/50•6•F

Missing from residence twenty-four hours; case is highly suspicious.

Emma Bowers	7/53•5•F

Missing from area of house; found after five-day search.

Ronald Rumbaugh	9/40•2•M

Missing three days from residence; eventually found.

I won't go into specific details on all of the cases, but suffice it to say that the majority of the elements where the children were found match each other.

According to our study, having five children disappear in such a tight geographical area over any time span is almost unheard of.

Rhode Island

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Nancy Marshall	09/17/34–3 p.m.•22 mos•F•Richmond, RI

Nancy Marshall
Missing 9/17/34–3 p.m., Richmond, RI
Age at Disappearance: 22 months

On September 17, 1934, Nancy Marshall was playing at the rear of her family's 150-year old farmhouse with her brothers and sisters. At 5 p.m., Mrs. Marshall called the kids into the home for dinner and found that Nancy wasn't with the group. After questioning the other children, Mrs. Marshall realized that nobody had seen Nancy since 3 p.m.

Mrs. Rose Marshall ordered her family into the backyard and the marshy area that borders their farm property with orders to call for Nancy. By 10 p.m. the family was sufficiently frantic that someone ran to the Rhode Island state police barracks in Hope Valley and requested assistance. On that first night, the searchers were challenged not just by the swampy environment but by also rain that hit the area. By 9 a.m. on September 18, over three hundred searchers were on the Marshall property looking for little Nancy.

Searchers were very perplexed because of Nancy's young age; they didn't believe she could get far. All searchers were yelling for the girl, listening, and hoping for a response; they got nothing. Three hundred searchers were now covering one half of a square mile looking and calling for the tot and getting no response.

At 6:20 p.m. on September 18, Civilian Conservation Corps workers pushed their way through heavy thickets and found Nancy.

In another glaring example of how the media manipulates what you hear, here are two newspaper articles describing what searchers found, first a September 21 article in the *Newport Rhode Island Mercury*: "A CCC member, Joseph Couillard of Pawtucket, found the child in a patch of weeds and brambles yesterday, about a half a mile from her home. The little tot was badly scratched about the head and feet." Another article in the *Olean Times Herald* on September 19, 1934, had this: "Civilian Conservation Corps workers found the curly haired baby standing in a damp thicket last night. She suffered only from minor scratches and bruises." Which story are we to believe?

Summary

The Marshall family lived on Carolina Road on the outskirts of Richmond. Just to the west of the home were two small lakes, and swampy areas were scattered throughout the territory. Just to the west of one of the swamps was a cemetery. The entire area is surrounded to the west by the Carolina Wildlife Management Area, a very, very wild region.

After researching dozens of cases almost identical to Nancy's, I can guarantee that the girl was badly scratched from head to toe. Please understand, I do not believe that small children run through thickets, arbitrarily cutting themselves and inflicting pain; they are much more careful than that. There is something at work in each of these cases that we still do not understand. I believe that Nancy could not have traveled outside the range of her mother's screams and yells for the girl inside the time parameters that she was missing. We must remember how clumsy and uncoordinated a 22-month-old really is; they are not fleet afoot.

In a vast majority of cases exactly like Nancy's, immediately after the person disappears, the weather turns bad—it rains or snows or something equally as treacherous. The missing person/bad weather correlation has played itself out too many times for it to be pure chance.

I could not find one article that explained what, if anything, Nancy was wearing when found.

Vermont

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Evelyn McDermott	09/18/28–11:30 a.m.•16•F•Bennington, VT
Nancy Jean Walker	05/08/51–8:15 p.m.•2•F•Williamstown, MA
Betty Joslyn	07/24/51-p.m.•5 •F•Terrible Mountain, VT

Evelyn McDermott
Missing 09/18/28–11:30 a.m., Bennington, VT
Age at Disappearance: 16 years

The disappearance of Evelyn McDermott will be added to the cluster of missing in the greater Bennington area between November 1926 and October 1950. As I stated in *Missing 411-Eastern United States*, this cluster is one of the tightest, considering both geographical and time constraints, that I have ever investigated. The addition of the McDermott disappearance enhances a cluster that already stood strong on its own.

On September 18, 1928, sixteen-year-old Evelyn was attending Sunderland High School in Bennington and living in a rural farmhouse with her parents. At approximately 11:30 a.m., Evelyn was last seen wearing light clothing and walking toward the foot of the Sunderland Mountains, two miles from her home. She was alone. Her parents realized that she had disappeared and called the local sheriff. The sheriff reacted immediately and put two Bloodhounds on Evelyn's trail at the point she was last seen.

The sheriff interviewed the parents for background on where the young girl might have gone. Evelyn's parents couldn't believe that she had gone anywhere voluntarily, because she had been in poor health in the previous weeks. Her parents actually told the sheriff that she must have been kidnapped. The sheriff grew quite concerned and ordered all high schools in the Bennington area closed, and all able-bodied students were used to scour every inch of the mountains near where Evelyn vanished.

Two hundred searchers throughout the area, including the Bloodhounds, had no success at finding any trace in the area where

Evelyn was last seen. Searchers were in groups trying to clear every inch of the grounds and mountains near and far from the McDermott farm. The local sheriff got quite concerned that Evelyn could not survive the inclement weather that was present in the area, coupled with her ill health. Three days after Evelyn vanished, two farmers were two miles from the McDermott farm and were going through a barn and found Evelyn asleep and alone. On September 21, 1928, the *Lebanon News* had the following information about finding the girl: "Two farmers discovered her and took her to a nearby house. The girl refused to tell them anything concerning her whereabouts the last three days or why she left home. She was in a dazed condition the two men said." Another article appeared on September 21 in the *Daily News* had this description of finding Evelyn: "Sixteen-year-old Evelyn McDermott, Sunderland high school student, missing for three days, staggered out of the woods two miles from her home today and collapsed on the doorstep of a farm house. The girl had been unable to tell where she had been but Sheriff T.V. Gardner of Bennington County expressed the belief that she had been wandering in the woods without food." Two different articles; two different stories.

Summary

There are significant discrepancies between the *Daily News* and *Lebanon News* articles even though both were printed the same day. The one consistent item in both articles is that Evelyn never said where she was or what happened while she was in the woods.

It's important to note that the region just outside Bennington in 1928 was extremely thick with vegetation and got wild very quickly. The fact that the sheriff knew exactly the point where Evelyn walked into the woods would support the assertion that he knew exactly where to place Bloodhounds to pick up a scent. The fact that the canines couldn't track a scent under these conditions is highly unusual. There was even a note in one article that stated the searchers had summoned a special search dog from New York; that didn't even work.

Evelyn's case is very similar to many cases I've highlighted in both "Missing 411" books. It was very, very lucky that Evelyn was found alive.

Nancy Jean Walker
Missing 05/08/51–8:15 p.m., Williamstown, MA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

This Massachusetts case is included in the Vermont section because of its proximity to Bennington and the cluster of disappearances that happened between 1926 and 1950. This case extends the cluster to 1951.

Nancy and her family lived near the Hoosac River just outside the town of Williamstown. On May 8, 1951, just after dinner, Nancy went with her brothers (ages seven and five) on a short violet-picking expedition. The brothers returned, and Nancy did not. Brothers William and Charles stated that Nancy was following them home and somehow disappeared (The last in line scenario). Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Walker immediately started to search for the girl and asked neighbors to assist; they were yelling for Nancy and searching the path she was last seen. At 9:30 p.m., Williamstown Police Chief George Royal was notified, and he called for additional assistance. Police cars and fire engines with lights were all used to alert the girl as to where they were and where she could walk to safety. Police officers were concerned that Nancy had fallen into the river, and this was extensively checked and dragged.

After several hours of searching, Chief Royal called for more assistance from the county sheriff, and they joined the hunt. Two different canine teams were given the girl's scent, and neither could track her.

As daylight was approaching, Chief Royal asked for more assistance from Williams College and its dean. Several fraternity and sorority groups joined the hunt for Nancy for a total of four hundred students looking for the young girl.

At 8:45 a.m., Williams College student George Hoplenbeck Jr. of Denver, Colorado, was searching for Nancy one mile from the

point she was last seen. He was uphill on a knoll when he found her. George carried the girl back down the slopes to her home where a physician examined her. A May 9, 1951, article in the *North Adams Transcript* had the following details of the doctor's exam: "Dr. Adolph Saloman of Williamstown arriving in answer to an emergency call said the child's general condition was good, though she had a bruised forehead and her feet and hands were cold from exposure." George stated that he found the girl shivering in her sleep on a pile of leaves.

In the same *North Transcript* article, Rufus Walker made an interesting statement about where Nancy was found: "Oddly enough, Mr. Walker and other searchers last night passed several times near the spot where the child was found without having noticed her." The fact that missing children are found in locations where searchers had already been is a consistent fact in many of the disappearances I have chronicled. It does seem abnormal that a small two-year-old girl would climb a knoll, lie under a tree, and then not respond to her dad and others that were in the immediate area calling her name, unless she wasn't there at the time.

Nancy spent one night in the hospital and fully recovered.

This is the second child I have written about that had a bruised forehead.

Betty Joslyn
Missing 07/24/51, p.m., Terrible Mountain, VT
Age at Disappearance: 5 years

Terrible Mountain is located just twenty miles northeast of Bennington and seventeen miles northeast of Williamstown. This is a very rural location with thick forests and few roads in the region. This mountain is twenty eight hundred feet tall and is just south of the Okemo State Forest.

In the afternoon hours of July 24, 1951, Mrs. Herbert Joslyn and her son, David and daughter, Betty went with their neighbor (Mrs. John Gammell) on a fern picking expedition on Terrible Mountain. The mountain is located behind the Joslyn residence and was a place that the family traveled many times. It should

be noted that several articles stated that the group was fern picking and others stated berry picking, not sure which statement was correct.

The group made their way up the mountain while Betty was supposedly continually falling behind. As the group was descending, Mrs. Joslyn got to the roadway near her residence and counted the group. She turned and looked behind her to realize that Betty had disappeared. The pickers looked throughout the area for the young girl and couldn't locate her. Local law enforcement was now called.

The local sheriff enlisted the assistance of the Civil Air Patrol, Bloodhounds, helicopters and over two hundred ground searchers. Search officials made several statements indicating that there was an abundance of wild raspberries growing on the mountain that could sustain Betty's life for several days.

On July 26, two woodchoppers were in a ravine approximately one half mile from the Joslyn residence. This was an area that had been searched extensively in the previous days. The men found Betty and described her as "Extremely Tired", according to a July 26 article in the *Pittsburgh Press*. More information on Betty's condition was reported in a July 27 article in the *Post Standard*: "The youngsters clothing was ripped and her face laced with bramble cuts but otherwise she was in good condition." Where Bloodhounds and helicopters could not locate Betty, two woodchoppers found her in a small creek bed in a ravine.

On July 27 there was a photo of a man carrying Betty that was in the *Cumberland Evening Times*. The photo caught my interest as it appeared as though someone had wrapped something around Betty's lower body, as though she wasn't wearing anything underneath the garment. There were no articles stating how Betty was dressed when found.

Summary

Bloodhounds couldn't track the girl and aerial surveillance couldn't see her. Betty is found with scratches on her face and over much of her body. Berries are growing on the mountain and a small girl evades searchers for two days. The location of this incident is in

close proximity to one of the larger clusters in the area, Bennington, Vermont. The Betty Joslyn disappearance fits the criteria for missing in the Vermont area.

Readers go back to the previous case of Nancy Walker and make special note of the date and the location. The proximity of the locations and date of the disappearance compared to Betty's case cannot be ignored. Also pay special attention to the facts of both cases. Both disappearances have elements surrounding them that are very similar.

Virginia

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Emmet Cline Powell	11/09/1891•PM•4•M•10 miles southeast of Buena Vista, VA
Eliza Darnel	02/20/39–PM•25•F•Keokee, VA
Madeline Sowers	09/03/48–Noon•2•M•North of Stuart, VA
Earl Funk	09/29/08–PM•49•M•Shenandoah National Park, VA
Scott Lilly	07/31/11•30•M•Mount Pleasant National Scenic Area, VA
Robert Wood Jr.	10/23/11–2 p.m.•8•M•North Anna Battlefield Park, VA

Emmet "Ottie" Cline Powell
Missing 11/8/1891–PM, Dancing Creek, 10 miles southeast of Buena Vista, VA
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

The facts surrounding this case came from four different sources. The finite points of the disappearance were chronicled in 1925 by a teacher (J. B. Huffman) from Buena Vista who took an interest in the story and wrote a thirty-page book about it, *The Little Lost Boy Lost in the Mountains of Virginia.* The library in Richmond, Virginia, has the only known copy of this book.

The location of this case is ten miles southeast of Buena Vista, Virginia, and thirty miles northeast of Roanoke. The location sits in the middle of the Appalachian Mountains. Today, the Appalachian Trail goes through the primary location, later identified in this story, Bluff Mountain.

The Powell family lived in a very rural location adjacent to Dancing Creek. Edwin Powell was a farmer and stonemason, and Emma Belle took care of her children. On November 15, 1886, Emmet Cline Powell was born, the sixth of eleven kids. He would forever carry the nickname of "Ottie."

On November 9, 1891, Ottie was headed for the Tower Hill School, which he attended, when he saw his dad husking corn and asked him if he needed help. His dad declined and told Ottie he needed to get to school and get smart. Ottie walked down the road with his brothers and sisters and arrived at the one-room schoolhouse. Everything was fairly normal during the morning hours until the teacher, Miss. Nannie Gilbert, realized the room was getting cold and more firewood was needed. At the afternoon recess, the teacher asked the boys to go into the forest behind the school and collect firewood.

Ottie and the boys left the school and made their way into the woods and started to collect wood. The kids returned to the schoolhouse, and it was soon after that Miss Gilbert realized that Ottie hadn't returned. The teacher had several of the boys go back into the woods and bring Ottie back to class. Ottie couldn't be found. Miss Gilbert now had the entire school formally search the area for the boy; again, he couldn't be located. At about this time, one of the older students ran to a neighbor's place and advised them to bring community members to look for Ottie. By late in that first afternoon, the entire community near Dancing Creek was searching for little Ottie Powell.

Late the first night of the search, a man married to Ottie's sister brought his dog, which the boy had played with many times. When the dog arrived at the location where Ottie had been collecting firewood, the dog started howling and took off running toward Bluff Mountain. People with the canine couldn't keep up with the dog and eventually lost him. It was over seven miles to the top of Bluff Mountain, and eventually the men couldn't hear the dog howling anymore. Nobody in the group believed Ottie could get anywhere near the top of Bluff Mountain because of the steepness of the hillsides and the distance needed to travel—no four-year-old could

make it. As the night got later, rain started to fall in the area, and it was getting much colder. After several hours, the dog returned without Ottie.

During the next several weeks after Ottie's disappearance, over fifteen hundred volunteers searched around and on Bluff Mountain. It is a steep climb from the base of the mountain to the top of its 3,372-foot elevation. The area around this mountain was known to be a location of large wild animals and an area that was extremely wild.

It was at about this point in the search process that Mr. and Mrs. Powell and other members of the community started to talk openly about the possibility that Ottie had been kidnapped. The Powell family routinely went to church and prayed that they could find the boy, dead or alive, so they could give him a decent burial.

On April 3, 1892, approximately five months after Ottie disappeared, two men and their dog were walking on an old bear trail that sits on the ridgeline of Bluff Mountain. The men would normally walk around the peak of the mountain so they didn't have to walk up to it, but not this time; their dog ran to the peak. The men followed their dog to the absolute peak of Bluff Mountain. Once at the very top, the men looked down and saw the gruesome sight of Ottie's body. The boy's feet had been chewed or torn away; there was very little flesh on his face and on one leg. There were small bits of clothing around the perimeter of the body. The men knew this was probably Ottie Powell, and they made the trip to his residence to notify Edwin and Emma.

The neighbors of the Powells made the trip to the mountaintop and confirmed it was Ottie; there was relief. Ottie was found lying on his back with one arm stretched out from his body and one arm removed and lying nearby. Ottie's two legs were removed from the body and lying nearby, and his feet were removed from the legs. The body was examined by a Dr. Cobb from Big Island, Virginia. The physician somehow determined that Ottie died of exposure. The doctor examined the remnants of Ottie's stomach and found that there were only three chestnuts inside, something classmates remembered he ate just before he disappeared. The coroner

estimated that the boy died soon after he vanished, because the chestnuts were not digested. Dr. Cobb's theory was that Ottie died of exposure the first night he went missing—meaning he made it to the mountaintop the first night and perished.

Ottie was buried on his parents' farm adjacent to Dancing Creek. In 1917, the United States Forest Service placed a fire tower on Bluff Mountain that was later removed. There is a plaque at the top of the mountain showing the exact spot that Ottie's body was found. The Appalachian Trail passes directly over the top of Bluff Mountain.

Summary

The Dancing Creek community believed that the summit of Bluff Mountain had been searched in their effort to find Ottie. Many members of the community never believed the boy could get to the top, because the sides of the mountain were too steep and got steeper the higher you ascended.

If Ottie did make it to the top of the mountain on his own power, he had to have made it the first night, according to the physician who performed the autopsy. It was late on a November afternoon when Ottie vanished. In this area of Virginia with steep mountains, the sun goes away quickly in the winter. I cannot understand how a four-year-old boy could ever get to the top of Bluff Mountain in the time frames described. I don't really believe that any four-year-old would attempt that ascent when getting lost. He knew he was close to the schoolhouse, and he knew the schoolhouse was not up the steep mountain. Searchers with lanterns were covering nearly every foot of Bluff Mountain that first night; Ottie was never heard.

It's important to make a note about the location of this disappearance. In *Missing 411 Eastern United States*, I describe several people who have disappeared on or near the Appalachian Trail. Some were never found, and a few were. The number of disappearances in this mountain range is staggering—something is happening.

People in the community along Dancing Creek had openly talked about the possibility that Ottie had been kidnapped. I don't think that anything they found in this case excludes kidnapping as a possibility. Many, many of the cases I research where a small

girl or boy disappears, bad weather occurs just after the disappearance. Rain inundated the area of Bluff Mountain the night that Ottie vanished.
Do you believe in coincidence?

Eliza Darnel
Missing 02/20/39–PM, Keokee, VA
Age at Disappearance: 25 years

Keokee, Virginia, is located just one mile from the Kentucky border and in one of the few areas in the entire region that has several large bodies of water. The small town sits between Lake Keokee and Kentucky. This area of the United States is very wild with extremely thick woods, many rocks, and few roads.

Eliza was a schoolteacher by profession and an extremely bright woman who lived in the rural mountains of Virginia. During her early teaching days, Eliza developed an extreme nervous condition that necessitated her leaving teaching and going to work at her father's store.

On February 20, 1939, Eliza had worked at her family's store and then went to their rural home in the late afternoon. The remaining family members closed the store later in the day, cleaned the floor, and then headed to their home. When Mr. Darnel arrived home, he was shocked not to find Eliza anywhere. The family searched the area around their property, searched surrounding hills, and then called the local sheriff. Mr. Darnell found ten dollars in cash and the girl's wristwatch still locked in the trunk of her car, possibly indicating that whatever happened occurred right after she drove up to their rural home.

Lee County Sheriff R. G. Giles was the leading law enforcement officer that was in charge of the search. It was determined early in the rescue effort that Eliza had not changed clothes when she arrived at her home and was still wearing store attire when she vanished. A February 27 article in the *Bee Danville* had the following information about Eliza's disappearance: "The girl's father, R. H. Darnell, well to do merchant and landowner expressed fear his daughter was kidnapped." As I have stated many times, parents

usually have a special sense about what has happened to their children. Parents know a child's behavior, desires, and attitude. Law enforcement should pay special attention at these points in an investigation to the fears and feelings expressed by family members.

Sheriff Giles put 250 searchers in the hills walking arm-in-arm, looking for clues and physical evidence. The weather was very cold, and at times they probably faced rain and snow. Later in the same *Bee Danville* article was the following opinion of Sheriff Giles: "The sheriff said he had studied numerous angles in the case and had reduced the possibilities; either that the young school teacher had been slain and her body secreted in some unfrequented spot, or that she had been kidnapped." Readers, remember Sheriff Giles's statement as we move forward with the story.

Sheriff Giles did go to the Federal Bureau of Investigation for assistance. A February 26 article in the *SW Times* (Pulaski, VA) had the following information about the FBI's involvement: "W. S. Devereaux, Federal Bureau of Investigation agent arrived yesterday to study the case at the request of Eliza's brother, R. H. Darnell Jr., a student at Johnson Teacher College in Tennessee. Devereaux yesterday mapped roads, telephone lines, and other details of the Keokee community. He told Darnell the FBI would enter the case officially seven days after the disappearance, provided local authorities failed to find the girl and her parents contended it was kidnapping." Sheriff Giles searched for slightly more than two weeks and found nothing of Eliza's whereabouts. The FBI did enter the case.

There were no new details about Eliza's disappearance for nearly seven months. On September 3, 1939, Mckinley Clark, a rabbit hunter, was on the Kentucky side of Black Mountain, near the top of a high ridge, when he walked around a large boulder and found a body. The corpse was in a small field near heavy timber. A September 4 article in the *Middleboro Daily News* had this information about the identification of the body: "The girl's father accompanied the officers to the place and identified the remains as those of his daughter by some dental work."

The location of Eliza's body is baffling. It was approximately three air miles from her home, but many, many more miles over at least two large mountain ranges and some very rugged and

treacherous areas. Readers need to go back to the previous paragraph and read again how the body was identified. Mr. Darnell didn't identify his daughter by way of her clothing or her shoes—that would've been easy. The article stated the body was identified by "dental work." While it is possible that clothing may have decayed away in seven months, it is doubtful it all went away, especially shoes. I guarantee that shoes can last decades in the wild. There is not one mention about any clothing or any shoes in any article I researched. Was she wearing shoes or clothes when found? It is a flat guarantee that Mr. Darnell would've identified the body if it had been wearing the work clothes that they knew Eliza was wearing when she vanished.

An extensive archival search failed to find one mention of the condition of Eliza's body, the cause of death, what she was or was not wearing, or any other details.

Summary

Keokee is located just ninety miles northwest from the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, a location I have written extensively about

I have also written about other disappearances between the park and the location of Eliza's disappearance. There seems to be almost a line of strange disappearances that starts in the Smokies and extends north and south. Refer to *Missing 411-Eastern United States* for additional details on Smokey Mountain disappearances.

Madeline Sowers
Missing 9/03/48–Noon, 23 miles north of Stuart, VA
Age at Disappearance: 2 years
**Note: Some reports give the family's name as Sowders

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Sowers established their residence twenty-three miles north of Stuart, Virginia, in the Blue Ridge Mountains close to the Appalachian Trail. The Sowers had twelve children, with the youngest being Madeline Cassell, age two.

On September 3, 1948, at approximately 11:45 a.m., Mrs. Sowers left Madeline with her twin three-year-old sisters

and other children playing in the yard of the farm. Mrs. Sowers returned in fifteen minutes and realized that Madeline had vanished. She asked the twins where the Madeline went; they had no idea. A search was made of the immediate yard, and then the Patrick County sheriff was called.

Sheriff Richard Fulcher responded with a full contingent of deputies, state police, and volunteers. Search and rescue personnel spent the entire day covering over forty acres with more than fifty searchers. The sheriff was interviewed late in the night of the first day of searching, and his feelings were published in an article on September 4 in the *Bluefield Daily*: "'The child has simply vanished,' said Sheriff Richard Fulcher of Patrick County tonight as he prepared to continue to search. 'We covered every foot of the mountain, land about the farm for 25 to 40 acres.'"

The first night that Madeline was missing, a family living across the Smith River from the Sowers thought they heard a loud cat crying late at night. The family didn't think much of it that night, but when they heard that a child was missing, they called the sheriff's office and advised them about what they heard. Here is the explanation of the find in the September 6, 1948, edition of the *Spokesman Review*: "The searching party was led to the hay field by a family living across the river, who said they had heard something crying in the field Friday night. They said they thought it was a kitten." Searchers were led to Madeline, who was lying on the bank of the river, alive.

Madeline was found adjacent to a Lespedeza field. She had numerous cuts over her body but was otherwise in good condition. To imagine what Madeline overcame to get to her location, here is a description in the September 6, 1948, issue of the *Portland Press*: "Rugged ridges and stone cliffs lay between the spot where Madeline was found and her home two miles away." I do believe that searchers and the sheriff were quite surprised that Madeline was found where she was. I couldn't find one article that directly addressed the location of where she was located.

The location of the Sowers residence is approximately one hundred and twenty miles northeast from the Great Smoky Mountain National Park.

Earl Funk
Missing 9/29/08–PM, Shenandoah National Park, VA
Age at Disappearance: 49 years

Shenandoah National Park sits in eastern Virginia and has over one million and two hundred thousand visitors annually. The lowest elevation in the park is 561 feet and the highest is 4,049 feet. The park was officially dedicated on December 27, 1935. The park is called home by twenty-seven species of reptiles, over two hundred types of birds, and fifty different mammals including white-tailed deer, black bears, bobcats, squirrels, chipmunks, and skunks. The entrance fee to the park is ten dollars.

Earl lived in Stauton but had a hunting cabin just on the outskirts of the park, and when the ginseng was available to harvest, Earl went to the perimeter area and into the park to harvest the herb. He knew that area well, as it was within the region of the cabin. On September 29, 2008, Earl left his cabin on his all-terrain vehicle en route to find the herb. Family and friends knew that Earl would return after a few hours and were expecting him late that afternoon. When Earl didn't return, friends contacted the National Park Service and the Albemarle County Sheriff's department.

The search for Earl lasted twelve days and utilized hikers, law enforcement, the National Park Service, Bloodhounds, the Green County Sheriff's office, Appalachian Search and Rescue, and a variety of volunteers and relatives. One search group came from as far as Rhode Island to assist. Search coordinators found Earl's ATV in the general area where they thought it would be.

On day nine of the search, coordinators decided to maintain their search grids at a one-and-a-half-mile radius from the ATV. They found a trail of unusual items as is described in the *Star Exponent* article of October 15, 2008: "Last week searchers found a machete, hat, keys, a pack of cigarettes, a tent stake (used for digging) and a boot within the original radius." The listed items were all identified as belonging to Earl and were strewn along a remote area just on the outskirts of the park. On the twelfth day, searchers expanded the grids further and made another discovery as is described in the same *Star Exponent* article: "On Saturday, searchers went a little

beyond areas already combed in that radius. That's when they found Funk's body in a thick and dense area at the bottom of about a 100-foot rock face. Harding and Albemarle police spokesman Hopwood declined to talk about the potential cause of death."

A December 15, 2008, article stated that an autopsy concluded that Earl had died of exposure.

Summary

As I was reading this case I actually got shivers in my spine, and at one point I thought I was reading about the case of Michael Herron, who disappeared on the outskirts of the Great Smoky Mountains (*Missing 411-Eastern United States*). Michael was fifty-one-years old when on August 23, 2008, he drove to his rural retreat, parked his car, and pulled out his ATV to scout the neighborhood. As Michael was driving, something catastrophic happened. The ATV was found in another cabin's driveway, in gear with the keys in the ignition. A massive search never found Michael. Two men disappear thirty-seven days apart, both riding ATVs, both just outside the perimeter of national parks, and just two years apart in age—coincidence? The parallels in the two cases are baffling. I think the fact that both men disappeared just outside a national park is an important fact that can't be ignored.

When I hear about items scattered along a trail that would normally be found in an individual's pockets, it makes me think that the person had been carried, as outlandish as that sounds. When vehicles strike pedestrians, the collision is sometimes so strong they are knocked out of their shoes; I learned this as a policeman investigating several dozen fatal accidents. I'm not stating that this is what happened to Earl, I am just thinking out loud about the known possibilities for someone scattering items and leaving a shoe behind.

The idea that Earl would walk to a cliff, lay down, and die is absurd. If he was conscious and walking, he would have seen that cliff from hundreds of yards away as he approached. He would know exactly where that cliff was located and wouldn't go that direction, if he was conscious. Remember, Earl knew this area very well. It's possible for anyone to get temporarily lost, not twelve-days lost,

and wander up to a cliff and die in an area you've hunted hundreds of times.

I believe there is a strong correlation between the disappearances of Michael Herron and Earl Funk.

Scott "Stonewall" Lilly
Missing 7/31/11, Mount Pleasant National Scenic Area, VA
Age at Disappearance: 30 years

Scott was a very intelligent hiker who wanted to visit battlefields along the Appalachian Trail. Just prior to embarking on his trip, he made a visit to Walmart and purchased a variety of supplies, including new hiking shoes. The truth behind this story is that Scott was never reported missing though he'd been on the trail for several weeks prior to July 31. The last confirmed sighting of Scott was in late July near a mountain called "The Priest." Hikers who saw Scott stated that he was traveling alone with his gear.

On August 12, another hiker happened to stumble upon Scott's "partially" buried body off the Appalachian Trail in an area north of US Highway 60 and east of the Blue Ridge Parkway, an approximate two-day hike from where he was last seen. Just by coincidence, Scott's body was found just seven miles north of where Ottie Powell's body was found on Bluff Mountain.

People who found the body called the United States Forest Service, who then called the FBI. The FBI processed the scene and stated nothing about the case for many months other than saying the scene was "suspicious." A press release was given to the media stating that Scott had died of suffocation.

In April 2012, the FBI held a joint press conference with local Amherst County law enforcement officials. The FBI confirmed that Scott had been murdered and stated that they had not found a majority of his equipment at the crime scene. During the presentation, the FBI agent held up a pair of shoes and stated that Scott had purchased new hiking shoes just prior to his departure; they did not find any shoes on Scott's feet.

Various press reports stated that FBI officials wanted to speak to other hikers who reportedly had been in the general area where

Scott was traveling. There were never any official suspects named in this case.

It is very possible that Scott's case is a random murder along a remote trail. The issue to me is that boots disappeared, a consistent theme with people we've identified who go missing.

Summary

The area where Scott was found was almost identical to where Ottie vanished. This region can get very wild very quickly. In past books I've written about other hikers on the Appalachian Trail who claimed that unidentified "men" chased them on the trail, and the incident scared them greatly. I think it's quite a coincidence that 120 years after one suspicious death, darkness invades the area again with the death of Scott Lilly. Maybe I should send the FBI a copy of my last two "Missing 411" books and let them know that missing shoes are a lot more common than they realize. Ah, but we have already surmised that the FBI has a very large file of cases just like these (see *Missing 411-Eastern United States*).

Robert Wood Jr. (also known as "Robbie" or "Bud")
Missing 10/23/11–2 p.m., North Battlefield Park, Doswell, VA
Age at Disappearance: 8 years
**Disabled–Autistic

Robert Wood Sr. was walking in the woods with friends and family when a very strange incident happened with his autistic son, Robert Wood Jr. The website Fredericksburg.com on October 26, 2011, posted the following article: "Robert A. Wood Sr. said he was walking along a trail in the park with his two autistic sons and his girlfriend when Robbie, his older son, wandered off and ran into the woods around 2 p.m. while wearing a bright red long sleeve T-shirt. He told police that he tried to chase the boy but eventually lost sight of him."

When I first read this article I immediately thought of the disappearance of Samuel Boehlke from Crater Lake National Park on October 14, 2006. He was also eight years old (his story is chronicled

in *Missing 411-Western United States*). Samuel and his dad turned into a dirt pullout. Samuel exited the car, ran to a small bluff on the side of the road, and disappeared over the other side before his dad could reach him. A massive search failed to find the boy. Samuel Boehlke was also autistic.

Law enforcement officials were called soon after Robert Wood Jr. disappeared. The Hanover County Sheriff was the primary law enforcement authority on the scene and organized all search teams. During the following six days, over 1600 volunteers and professionals scoured the park and surrounding area looking for Robbie. Helicopters were put into the air in an effort to spot the boy; they could not locate him.

Searchers took Bloodhounds to the North Hanna River 150 yards from the location where his dad last saw Robbie. The terrain in this specific area is very rough with many briars and ravines. Over two thousand acres were searched in the effort to find Robbie Wood.

Six days after Robbie vanished, searchers were one mile from the point he was last seen, in an area that had been searched previously, when they found the boy. It was approximately 2 p.m. when they found him lying in a fetal position in a creek bed of a quarry. The boy was semiconscious and taken to a local hospital and listed in good condition.

After Robbie was released from the hospital, Robert Wood Sr. stated that his son couldn't speak, and his condition severely restricted his communication abilities.

Summary

I find it remarkable and almost unbelievable that searchers hadn't covered the area where Robbie was found numerous times in the previous days of the search, plus searchers claimed they had. If the area was searched, where was Robbie when they were at that location? With 1,600 searchers, it would be hard not to cover every square foot of the region around the river where Robbie was last seen. I did an exhaustive archival search and could not find any descriptions of what Robbie was wearing when he was found.

The similarities in the disappearance of Samuel Boehlke and Robbie Wood are eerily similar. Identical facts:

- Each boy is eight years old.
- Both disappeared in October.
- Both went missing in public parks.
- Each boy is autistic.
- Both were chased by their fathers.
- Each disappeared almost immediately after they started to run.
- Each disappeared in the afternoon: Boehlke at 4 p.m., Wood at 2 p.m.
- Neither boy's mother was on the scene at the time of the disappearance.

CHAPTER FIVE:
CANADA

Alberta

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Evelyn Rauch	07/15/34–9 a.m.•2•F•Rocky Mountain House, AB
Edward Schnaknacht	09/01/37–PM•4•M•Tiger Lily, AB
Kevin Reimer	06/29/79–Noon•9•M•Elk Island National Park, AB
Jesse Rinker	05/04/87–4:30 p.m.•2•M•Sunchild Indian Reserve, AB
Kevin Kennedy	08/21/11–Unk•59•M•Peter Lougheed Provincial Park, AB
Rhonda Cardinal	07/13/12–Unk•42•F•Calling Lake, AB

Evelyn Rauch
Missing 7/15/34–9 a.m., Rocky Mountain House, AB
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Rocky Mountain House is a small town at the base of the Rocky Mountains, fifty miles northeast of Banff National Park. Once you leave the outskirts of town, the area gets very wild quite quickly. The region is dotted with farms, ranches, and large wild mammals. The location of this incident was twelve miles south of Rocky Mountain House, in a very wet region with many lakes, creeks, and rivers.

On July 15, 1934, at approximately 8 a.m., John Rauch was on his farm with his two-year-old daughter, Evelyn. The pair was outside near their barn when John told his daughter to stay at that location while he went into his pasture to tend to the cows. After tending to his animals, John returned to the barn and could not locate Evelyn. He and friends searched the entire farm, barn, and personal residence throughout the night and couldn't find a trace of the girl. Late that first night, John contacted the local Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and they took charge of the search.

On July 16, the search for Evelyn started at dawn with 150 local volunteers. The area around the Rauch farm was covered by searchers, as well as local sloughs, rivers, creeks, and pastures. On July 17, the search gathered more steam, and over one thousand volunteers and RCMP from local cities responded. Now the entire area around John's property was completely covered with people.

At approximately 11 a.m. on July 17, fifty hours after Evelyn vanished, searchers were working a wet and damp bank near a local slough and found Evelyn. A July 17, 1934, article in the *Calgary Herald* had the following description of what searchers found: "Standing in tall grass beside a slough about a mile and a half from her home, she was crying bitterly when she was found by Joe Bertagnolli, a farmer who was one of the search party. She was hurried home and found to be suffering no ill effects except exhaustion and was put to bed. She was unable to explain where she had been and how she had lived through two hot days and two cold nights since she vanished early Sunday."

Summary

The area around Rocky Mountain House has been a region where people disappear under unusual circumstances. This region contains one of the clusters that extends into the Banff National Park area.

There are a few elements of Evelyn's case that strike me as unusual. The fact that searcher Joe Bertagnolli found her "crying bitterly" is unusual. Children cannot cry for days at a high pace. What Joe described was almost a fanatical crying, as though he just happened onto the girl as she started to break down, or just as her scenario changed and Evelyn had the opportunity to break down. If the situation had changed (possibly because Joe just happened onto the scene), and Evelyn was just left alone to her own emotions, maybe Joe just happened onto her at the optimal moment.

The fact that hundreds of searchers were just a mile and a half from Evelyn for two days and she was unable to call out

to them seems unusual, especially in an area that is farmlands, where sounds travel for miles. Why didn't Evelyn call out to other volunteers?

The last important fact is the location where Evelyn was found, on the banks of a slough. This is a location next to water, a location where there is access to other locations via the water, rather than having to walk across land. There was never any mention of what Evelyn was wearing or how she was able to survive the two very cold nights she was supposedly out in the elements.

There are too many incidents in these three books that describe small children who disappear for a few days. If they are found, the majority cannot remember or will not admit they remember what happened to them. Evelyn Rauch appears to be another in a long line of victims.

Edward Schnaknacht
Missing 9/01/37–PM, Tiger Lily, AB
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

Tiger Lily, Alberta, is located forty miles west of Westlock and seventy-five miles northwest of Edmonton. This is predominantly a farming area. Tiger Lily is a very, very small community, surrounded by hundreds of small bodies of water and a large river just to the north. The Holmes Crossing Sandhills Ecological Reserve is also to the north, and the Fort Assinboine Wildland Area lies to the northeast. The region is rich with water, wilderness, and open space.

On September 1, 1937, four-year-old Edward Schnaknacht was playing alone at the front of his farmhouse when he vanished. The farm is not located near any populated areas or major roadways. The parents initially felt that Edward had wandered away and asked local friends and other farmers to help scour the region looking for the boy. A September 7, 1937, *Lethbridge Herald* article highlighted the search efforts: "A posse of neighbors, farmers and residents in the tiny village of Tiger Lily joined Mounted

Police at the weekend and again Monday in combing the district for traces of the lost youngster. They dragged many sloughs and swamps near the boy's home." Other articles indicated that the Schnaknachts' farmhouse was bordered on three sides by some type of water, including sloughs, swamps, a creek, and a deep lake.

The formal search for Edward lasted a week but informally, the family searched much longer. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police made a statement early in the search that the boy was "lost." One of the later articles about Edward indicated that it was the feeling of the police that Edward had drowned, even though days were spent dragging every body of water in the area, and his body never did surface.

There is something about the northern reaches of Canada that has always had me interested in disappearances in that region. A four-year-old farm boy is well versed on the dangers that surround his home. He has been counseled extensively about not walking away from the confines of his home, and he is well aware of the dangers that exist once he leaves. When a child raised on a farm, ranch, or in a rural environment disappears, it always bothers me that it may not have been voluntary. With the absence of human predators in an area like Tiger Lily, what could have taken Edward? He was never found.

Kevin Reimer
Missing 6/29/79–Noon, the northern end of Elk Island National Park, AB
Age at Disappearance: 9 years

To understand the specifics of Kevin's disappearance, it's imperative to understand the location where this incident occurred. Elk Island National Park is located approximately twenty miles east of Edmonton. In the 1700 to 1800s, the area of the park was utilized as the point where the Blackfeet, Cree, and Sarcee First Nations People crossed into the hunting areas of Alberta. The park still maintains over two hundred campsites where these natives stayed, and they have been maintained as archaeological locations.

In July 1906, Elk Island received the status as a wildlife sanctuary. In 1930 the Canadian government passed the National Park act and applied that status to the island land and lakes.

Elk Island National Park is open year-round and is utilized for wildlife viewing, cross country skiing, and snow shoeing in the winter and kayaking, canoeing, hiking, and wildlife viewing in the summer. In earlier times, people used to be allowed to swim, but that is not recommended now because of bacteria in the water.

According to the Elk Island Park website, here is a partial list of mammals and their numbers that call the park home:

- Beaver (1,000)
- Elk (950)
- Bison (770)
- Moose (400)
- Coyote (100)

On Friday, June 29, 1979, Velma (age thirty-seven) and Peter (age forty-four) Reimer and their son, Kevin, traveled from their home in Edmonton and had established their camp at the northern end of Elk Island National Park. At 11 a.m., Peter and Velma realized that Kevin wasn't near their site, and they started to search for him. They were walking the local roadway, calling Kevin's name and not getting a response. As the Reimers were looking for Kevin, another female camper allegedly saw Kevin walking through the area. Kevin asked the woman for directions back to his camp, and she gave them. That was the last time Kevin was supposedly seen.

Peter and Velma soon realized that they needed assistance in looking for their son and contacted park officials. Inside of two hours, there were a hundred people looking for Kevin. The Reimers advised Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) officials that Kevin was wearing only a bathing suit and tennis shoes. He did not know how to swim and knew a little about being in the outdoors.

After four days of intensive searching, the RCMP was utilizing 350 searchers, aircraft, helicopters, and Bloodhounds. Rescue personnel were walking through the swamps with no more than two feet between each person in order not to miss anything. On July 3, Constable Donald Spitke made the following statement in the *Lethbridge Herald*: "It's most likely he drowned." Later in the article was the following description of the area that was being searched: "Some areas are so dense, searchers were required to register so they wouldn't get lost themselves."

RCMP put a series of divers in every pond and lake in the area. Survival experts told the press that the boy could live one week

without food and that there was plenty of water in the area for survival purposes. Equestrians were also brought to the park and were roaming the land areas, trying to spot anything out of the normal from their higher perch. Infrared scanners were used in the helicopters, which were continually in the air above the search quadrants. They could not find a heat signature.

On July 10, low-risk federal prisoners were brought into the search to assist weary RCMP members. One hundred and forty-four Canadian Air Force soldiers from Lord Strathcona Field in Calgary were also brought to the park to assist in the ground grid search process. The July 10 *Lethbridge Herald* had the following statement about the search commander's feelings about the incident: "The RCMP constable coordinating the search said the disappearance appeared to be more than just 'a boy lost in the woods.'" Commanders on scene at the park admitted that they had been investigating the possibility of foul play from the very onset of the disappearance but did not supply any clearer information.

After eleven nonstop days of searching for Kevin Reimer, the effort to find the nine-year-old boy was terminated. Searchers did not find one shred of evidence: not clothing, shoes, or even tracks.

Seven years after Kevin vanished, RCMP commanders working Kevin's disappearance made a public statement that they did not have any new clues as to what had happened.

The effort to find Kevin included fifteen thousand search hours, eleven initial days of searching, countless days of follow-up investigation, and an unknown amount of volunteer hours, which included continued searching days after the disappearance.

Summary

I reviewed a weather chart for this region of Alberta and found that for the weeks I checked, it rained six of the seven days. This specific area in and around the park has hundreds of small lakes and ponds inside of a ten-mile radius.

Searchers did not have an overwhelmingly large area to search. Elk Island National Park is approximately four miles wide and ten miles long. The Reimer family was camped at the north end of the park near Asotin Lake, and Kevin was last seen in the northern end.

For readers that have followed the missing-persons cases I have highlighted in past books, you will recognize several factors in this case. Many Bloodhounds were used to locate Kevin; none found his scent. Helicopters with FLIR were used; no heat signatures were found on the ground. Hundreds of soldiers, RCMP, prisoners, and volunteers combed the park for eleven days; they did not find one clue as to where Kevin was located. Finally, when search commanders get stressed and facts are few, they start to present the abduction scenario. Commanders believed that some type of foul play might have been afoot when Kevin vanished.

The area where Kevin disappeared is similar to many locations where kids have vanished in North America. It's mind-boggling. Nobody will ever convince me that any child Kevin's age or younger is going to voluntarily wade through smelly, dirty swamp water on the mere possibility his parents are somewhere where they cannot be seen. It doesn't seem reasonable that the child would leave the safety of the roadway or paved path to go cross-country through swamps into the unknown. In past incidents with topography similar to this park's, the child is found in an area where searchers did not believe they could possibly reach.

I did an extensive search of the archives, and I could not absolutely confirm that Kevin or his remains were ever found. I did find a website on missing people with a forum where discussions about Kevin's case were discussed. One of the contributors on the forum advised that Kevin's remains were found by a lone hiker in an extremely remote area of the park in June 1989. There supposedly was an article in the June 1989 edition of *The Record of Kitchener Ontario* that outlined the elements of Kevin's remains. I could not find or confirm this article's existence, but if he was found in an extremely remote area of the park, it matches the facts in past cases.

Jesse Rinker
Missing 5/04/87–4:30 p.m., Sunchild Indian Reserve, AB
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

The Sunchild Indian Reserve is located forty kilometers northwest of Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. The reservation is

fifty-two square kilometers in size and sits in an area just east of the Rocky Mountains and national parks. It is in a region where several other people have also vanished and never been found. The area around the reservation starts on the east as plains and quickly escalates in the west to large mountains and rugged terrain.

Roger and Karen Rinker were Christian missionaries that came to the Sunchild Indian Reserve to educate and inform the local First Nation Cree Indians of the Christian word. The Rinkers had one son, Jesse, who was just over two years old.

Jesse Mark Rinker
DOB: 12/31/84
Date Missing: 05/04/87
From: Sun Child Indian Reservation, Alberta, Canada
Age at time of disappearance: 2 years
Race/Sex: White/Male
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde (curly)
Height: 2' 11" Weight: 31 lbs

Identifying Marks: Last seen wearing a long sleeve gray hand knit turtle neck sweater (with reindeers with red noses, red and blue zig-zag markings across chest and cuffs), blue jeans (pamper underneath), and red gum boots with white trim.

Last seen: Last seen by his mother at 4:30 p.m. playing on a swing in front of his home.

Investigating Agency: Constable Dave Buchan
Royal Canadian Mounted Police
Municipal Detachment Rocky Mountain House
BAG 5000
Alberta, Canada T0MiT0
(403) 845-2882

The Rinkers lived in a home on the reservation that was situated adjacent to a very wild area. On May 4, 1987, at approximately 4:30 p.m., Karen left Jesse in the front yard playing on his swing for just a few minutes as she went to attend to family chores. When Karen returned, Jesse was gone. Karen hollered for Jesse, walked the circumference of the yard, and then started to get extremely nervous. Karen couldn't find her boy, and she soon contacted the local tribal police and Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) along with Jesse's father.

RCMP from Rocky Mountain House immediately took charge of the scene and assigned several canine tracking teams to search. There was also a call for multiple helicopters with forward-looking infrared radar (FLIR) to assist in the search. There were initially several hundred ground searchers that made their way to the reservation to assist in the search effort. After a week of searching, the numbers dwindled down to thirty to forty people.

The canine search teams and the helicopters could not find one clue as to where Jesse went. A May 8, 1987, article in the *Lethbridge Herald* outlined some of the difficulties searchers were confronting: "Searchers were being hampered by difficult terrain, including muskeg and bogs." The area was very thick with vegetation, and there were many swamps and bogs in the vicinity.

The search for Jesse was taking place on the Sunchild Reservation and on the nearby O'Chiese Indian Reserve; both are close to each other.

Throughout the search for Jesse, the RCMP continually made a plea to the community for additional searchers. This plea is an unusual gesture, and it shows that there were few leads and that the RCMP did believe that the boy was somewhere in the countryside.

Three full-time RCMP detectives were initially assigned to the Jesse Rinker case, and they interviewed dozens of members of the community. On June 15, 1987, almost five weeks after Jesse disappeared, Roger Rinker made a statement to the press that he was unhappy with the RCMP and its response to his son's disappearance. He stated that he didn't feel that the RCMP was doing enough searching, and they were not following up on some leads. The police force did respond and stated that it was their fault for not keeping the father more informed of what they had done, but they felt that they had been doing plenty.

Near the end of June 1987, the RCMP made a statement that they were concentrating their investigation on the Sunchild Reservation, as that was the place they felt they should be looking.

Summary

The manner that parents are informed and kept updated about the disappearance of their child has changed significantly

since 1987. Today, parents are briefed daily and sometimes more as details emerge. Police have agreements with family members that the information they are told must be held confidentially, and they aren't allowed to discuss much of what they know with the press. This is a two-way trust relationship between police and family.

In the many pages of documents I reviewed for this piece, I never found anything that indicated RCMP had a suspect in the case. Every article tended to indicate that volunteers and RCMP were still searching the swamps, bogs, and rugged terrain around the reservation for Jesse.

This is one of the rare disappearances where the news articles mention that family members were affiliated with any religion. I know that many readers of my past books have been interested to understand if there ever was a religious affiliation connected with the disappearance of a child.

Jesse Rinker was never found. His photo and personal information were placed on many milk cartons, bulletin boards, and public poles throughout North America. His disappearance will be added to the cluster of missing people in the Alberta Rocky Mountain area.

Kevin Kennedy
Missing 8/21/11–Unk, Peter Lougheed Provincial Park, AB
Age at Disappearance: 59 years

Kevin and his wife made the trip from their home in Australia to visit his wife's mother in Alberta. The trip was an annual summer affair and one that Kevin always enjoyed. He was in very good condition, enjoyed hiking, and liked the big mountains of the Kananaskis region. This area can be very rugged with many large mammals. The terrain is gorgeous, steep, and can be treacherous but is an area where someone who is lost should be found. The elevation where Kevin vanished was near 7,800 feet with dozens of small lakes in the vicinity.

On August 21, 2011, Kevin was dropped at the trailhead for Tyrwhitt Loop in the Highwood Pass area for his four-hour hike over Grizzly Col. Kevin's wife arrived back in four hours, but Kevin never arrived.

On that August 21 when Kevin was hiking the loop, there were a number of other hikers on the trail enjoying a beautiful day. The RCMP put sixty searchers into the mountains looking for Kevin; they found nothing. Search dogs were brought to the scene and could not locate Kevin's scent. The effort to find the Aussie went on and off until winter storms hit the region. In 2012, searchers went back into the area where Kevin had vanished and still never found the man. A September 27, 2011, article in the *Calgary Herald* had the following response from Royal Canadian Mounted Police: "'In virtually every search we are doing there is some sign of something,

but in this one we've got nothing,' said RCMP spokesman Patrick Webb. 'We've got no sign of him at all. We've got no indication of a bear attack, no indication of him falling off the mountain.'" Something very unusual happened to Kevin Kennedy.

Rhonda Cardinal
Missing 07/31/12–Unk, Calling Lake, AB
Age at Disappearance: 42 years

The disappearance of Rhonda Cardinal is not only highly unusual, but she survived to explain in slight detail what might have happened. The incident occurred at Calling Lake, approximately one hundred miles north of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Rhonda's case is one of the few where an adult goes missing and then can explain why she got lost. Rhonda was at a remote hunting cabin near Calling Lake when she disappeared. In a July 16 article in the *Globe and Mail*, Rhonda explains how she initially got lost: "Ms. Cardinal can't explain why she left the first cabin, she 'blacked out,' woke up lost and started wandering through the bush." A relative reported Rhonda missing, and the RCMP took the case and started to search. The eight-day effort to find Rhonda included ATVs, helicopters, and ground searchers. The effort to find Rhonda was terminated without finding any evidence of where she might be.

I'd like readers to recount in their minds all of the strange disappearances I have documented. Think about how many of the disappearances make no sense at all. Rhonda now comes forward and states that she somehow blacked out, got into the woods, and was lost. What caused Rhonda to black out? What prompted or forced her into the woods?

Later in the same story, it explains how Rhonda acted: "After a few days, she ditched her wet and torn shoes and ripped up her t-shirt to wrap around her blistering feet." Does this make sense to any of you? Later in the article, it says: "One day, a black bear startled her, she said. It aggressively stood up on its back legs." The bear supposedly walked away. Rhonda stated that she ate berries and drank water for the almost two weeks she was missing.

At one point in Rhonda's disappearance, she came across an abandoned cabin and forcibly entered and got supplies to stay alive. She eventually got enough strength to find a roadway, where she found someone driving on a rural road that stopped to assist her. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police made an estimate about how far Rhonda had traveled from the point where she vanished—it is explained in the same article: "RCMP estimate the location (where she was found) was about 22 kilometers from where Ms. Cardinal was reported missing." Rhonda was transported by helicopter to a hospital for observation and was subsequently released.

Summary

This case is disturbing, because it brings into the light that people may be "blacking out" in the woods when they are alone. They lose their memory and they somehow slip into a state where they do not remember what happened, why they were lost, or where they are. This "blacking out" may be one of the causes as to why people disappear in the mountains and woods. The real question is what is causing the "blackouts"? How do the people make their way from the location they are last seen to the place where they are eventually found? During the time people are missing, what are they doing?

British Columbia

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Kenneth Vanderleest	07/14/67–PM•3•M•14 miles northeast of Hudson Hope, BC
Brian Douglas Faughnan	07/12/02–Unk•35•M•Whistler, BC
Tyler Wright	08/10/10–Unk•35•M•Boise Creek Trail, BC
Darcy Brian Turner	06/20/11–Unk•55•M•Stein Valley Park, Lytton, BC

Kenneth Vanderleest

Missing 7/14/67–PM, 14 miles northeast of Hudson Hope, BC
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

The location of this incident is near the center of British Columbia, slightly on the eastern end. The site is just east of the

large Williston Lake and sits in an area known as Drayton Valley. The region is now known for farming, and much of it is settled. The part of the province that isn't farmed is predominantly swampland. Hudson Hope is approximately fifty miles from the Alberta border.

Leo Vanderleest was a construction supervisor for Kiss Construction in Edmonton and was in the Peace River Basin conducting a land survey. On July 14, 1967, Leo was traveling in a Jeep with another Kiss employee, Ray Penay, and Leo's three-year-old son Kenneth. The men were driving on a very muddy rural road when they got the Jeep stuck. Both men told Kenneth to wait in the Jeep, and they would walk down the road a short distance to ensure it was clear so they could pass.

Leo and Ray walked a few hundred yards down the muddy and rutted road and returned after ten minutes. The men found that Kenneth was not in the Jeep. In a very strange discovery, they found one of Kenneth's boots in the Jeep. The boot was a very unusual find, because the road and surrounding area was extremely muddy and swampy. Nobody could understand why Kenneth would remove his boot and walk off. Leo and Ray yelled for Kenneth, ran up and down the road, and tried to find tracks in the mud. After several minutes, one man left to get assistance.

The Peace River Project was under development several miles from where Kenneth was lost. The entire project was shut down, and all the employees started to search for the three-year-old boy. The region had temperatures that went into the low thirties and rain continued to inundate the search area. There were several helicopters put into the air looking for the boy; they found nothing. Bloodhounds were brought into the marshy area; they couldn't pick up a scent.

Searchers were covering a three-mile radius. Law enforcement felt they had the area saturated very well and had already searched many areas two times. Three days after Kenneth disappeared, searchers were walking through a cut-line area that had been searched two times en route to a new area, when they found the boy lying on the ground.

Kenneth survived his three days in the swamplands. A July 19, 1967, article in the *Brandon Sun* had the following: "The boy had said nothing about his experience alone in the bush near Hudson's

Hope in British Columbia's Peace River District." The same article explained how the boy was found: "He was sighted in a relatively open area 100 yards from a cut-line trail through the bush for seismic crews, in the same area where two previous parties had searched the previous day without success."

I looked extensively for any articles that described Kenneth's condition when he was found or explained what he may have been wearing. The only description given was that he was found with scratches and bruises, and obviously without at least one boot.

Summary

The story of Kenneth Vanderleest's disappearance defies conventional common sense. It's hard to believe that Kenneth removed his boot before stepping into the cold and wet mud. Kenneth obviously watched his dad and friend walk down the road—why wouldn't have Kenneth walked down that same road toward his father? His father and friend returned in just ten minutes and started to call for the small boy; he didn't answer. How far can a three-year-old travel on an isolated muddy road in the British Columbia wilderness? Two different teams specifically searched the site where Kenneth was found—why hadn't they found him?

It's amazing in the stories that I present how many of the children refuse to talk about their ordeal. It would be interesting to gather a number of these people together in a large room, where they would be supported by others who have survived equally disturbing disappearances, and hear their recollections.

Brian Douglas Faughnan
Missing 07/12/02–Unk, Whistler, BC
Age at Disappearance: 35 years

On July 9, 2002, Brian Faughnan left his residence in Montreal, Canada, for a trip to the opposite Canadian coast, British Columbia. On July 11, Brian left a youth hostel in Vancouver and traveled by bus to the vacation resort of Whistler.

Whistler is one of the most beautiful ski and mountain-biking resorts in the world. There is a village at the bottom of Whistler's

ski runs that includes some of the nicest hotels and condominiums you will find anywhere. There is great nightlife in the village during the summer or winter. During the summer, the ski resorts transform themselves into a mountain-biking mecca. You recognize the mountain bikers by seeing many them during the day walking the village in arm and shoulder braces, as so many crash and are injured.

Brian was with a small group (Bigfoot Adventure Tours) that checked into the Shoestring Lodge. The first night Brian was in the village, he talked with tour operators about hiking a nearby peak and asked about trails and directions.

On Friday, July 12, Brian told a roommate he was going climb a peak, and he may not be back until the next day. A security camera near the hotel captured him on video leaving the area with a full pack at 9:57 a.m. He was carrying a yellow daypack with some type of ax attached at the rear and a map, and it was believed that he was headed for the Valley Trail. When Brian left the lodge, the weather was pleasant and comfortable.

On July 13, the tour group was ready to leave the lodge, and Brian was nowhere to be found. A search was made of the area, and many of Brian's personal belongings were found in his room, including his passport. The hotel waited to see if Brian would arrive, and then, at approximately 3 p.m. on July 15, they contacted the RCMP and reported Brian as a missing person. The RCMP waited one more day before contacting the family, explaining the circumstances and asking if they had had contact with Brian. On July 17, the RCMP made a determination that Brian was missing and the following day, they activated local search and rescue.

The effort to locate Brian was initially hampered by bad weather. In fact, the weather turned bad early the first day that Brian was missing, as rain and fog hit the area. The search lasted for three days without finding any significant clue of where Brian may have traveled.

All indications were that the Montreal native had climbing experience and was in good physical condition. He had hiked many times in the New York Adirondacks and knew the associated risks of being in the woods. He was not carrying a sleeping bag, as one was found in his room. This is a puzzling point. Brian did tell his roommate that he might not be back till the following morning, yet he didn't bring a bag to sleep.

Summary

I have been to Whistler many times. I personally feel it is one of the nicest and most beautiful resorts in the world. I've seen bears on every trip to the resort, even though on a few of the trips, I spent the majority of my time at the hockey rink for a tournament or at the hotel sleeping. There is a lot of wildlife in the region, and the weather can change very quickly.

When I read the name of the tour group (Bigfoot Adventure Tours) that Brian was with, it reminded me of one of the first trips I took to Whistler with my kids for one of their tournaments.

We had a free afternoon with no hockey games, so I decided to find a fishing guide to take us up into the Canadian Rockies for a day of enjoying nature and fishing. The guide we had was a coach during the winter months for the Canadian national ski team and a fishing guide in the summer. We took a dirt road from the valley

floor for about an hour up into the wilderness. The road was very rough, and we slowly made our way with the four-wheel drive.

I was asking the driver general questions about his background and experiences in the woods as we drove on. About fifty-five minutes into our trip, I asked him what the wildest thing he had ever seen out here was. The guide told the kids and me that he was once on a road very similar to the one we were traveling, forty-five minutes outside of Whistler, when he saw a Sasquatch run from behind a bush across the dirt road in front of his car. He said it was unmistakable. It ran much like a man but was covered in hair and very fast. He said that he couldn't believe what he had seen, and he had never seen one again.

This guide reeked of credibility and integrity. We never prodded him about any topic related to Sasquatch prior to his claim; this was a totally voluntary statement that definitely shook up my kids the remainder of the day. This information about the guide isn't to insinuate in any way that what he saw had anything to do with Brian's disappearance, but it does go to show what people who regularly visit the woods sometimes claim to encounter.

Grizzly bears are a reality in British Columbia, and I have seen several. Many people believe that moose are beautiful and passive. Moose can be some of the most dangerous mammals in any community, and extreme caution should be maintained when you see one in the area.

There are so many ways to die in the mountains that the worst decision anyone can make is to hike alone. Always carry a personal transponder. As well, I always carry a firearm when the law allows.

Brian has a brother named John Faughnan who has maintained a website and vigil on information regarding his brother. If anyone has any information about Brian, contact John at jfaughnan@gmail.com.

Tyler Wright
Missing 08/10/10–Unk, Boise Creek Trail, BC
Age at Disappearance: 35 years

Tyler Wright was a big man. At 6'4" and with a size-fifteen foot, Tyler was very recognizable. On August 10, 2010, Tyler embarked on a six-day solo hike from north of Squamish to Coquitlam. Reports indicate that Tyler was taking the Boise Creek Trail toward Pitt Lake through Mamquam Pass, and eventually he would be picked up. He never came out of the mountains.

Tyler had a history of taking hikes alone and always prevailing. He was in very good physical condition. An August 30, 2010, article in the *Squamish Chief* had the following description of Tyler: "'Ty is a competent outdoorsman, and extremely fit. He is an incredibly resourceful and determined person,' said close friend Evian Macmillan. 'His determination fuels our search.'"

RCMP and Comox Valley search and rescue spent nineteen days searching trails and flying hundreds of hours of helicopter time all in the efforts to find Tyler. At one point they did find what they believed was a track left by Tyler's big foot. They also found a fifteen-foot slide area in a creek bed, where it appeared that Tyler tried to climb out and slid down. On August 23, searchers found an area in the grass where they believed a person was lying down and sleeping.

On August 29, Squamish RCMP terminated what they called one of the largest searches in British Columbia history. It was not only a huge effort by RCMP and search and rescue personnel, but Tyler's parents had also incurred huge expenses by paying for additional helicopter flight time.

Summary

Even though the area that Tyler was in was just fifteen miles from Vancouver and ten miles from a significant population base, this area is extremely wild. The area around Pitt Lake is very steep, very wild, and dangerous. This is another one of those areas where there is no way I'd hike alone.

As of the publication of this book, Tyler was not found.

Darcy Brian Turner
Missing 06/20/11–Unk, Stein Valley Park, Lytton, BC
Age at Disappearance: 55 years

The disappearance of Darcy Turner occurred in a park with multiple names. The location has been called Stein Valley Park and Stein Valley Niaka Pamux Heritage Park. It is located seventy miles southwest of Kamloops and eighty miles northeast of Vancouver in deep and rugged wilderness. The word "Stein" comes from a Canadian First Nations word "stagyn," meaning "hidden place." This is a location that has significant meaning to the First Nations People of British Columbia, as it has petroglyphs and other locations that link the people to their past.

The park has many open areas above the timberline with no trees and large boulders. The region has dozens of large and small lakes and rivers. The city of Lytton sits just a few miles outside the park's boundary.

On June 4, 2011, Darcy entered Stein Park on a multi-day backpacking excursion, a trip he had taken every year for the last five. His plan was to pack deep into the wilderness for three days, establish a camp, and spiritually rejuvenate his soul. Darcy was a very experienced backpacker and knew this region very well. He would not be the person you'd expect to disappear in the wilderness. Darcy lived in Kamloops, not far from the park, and was a person that knew the hazards of the terrain and the fickle weather that regularly changed in this area.

Darcy was supposed to meet a friend for the ride home on June 19. He didn't arrive. The RCMP was immediately notified, and they started an intensive search with Bloodhounds, aerial surveillance, and ground teams. The Lytton First Nation also sent experienced trackers into the wilderness. After eight intensive days of searching, nobody found any trace of Darcy.

Searchers stated that the majority of the trails and campsites had been covered, and the idea of going off trail to search was a near-impossibility because of the rugged and thick terrain.

As of the publishing of this book, there is not one clue as to where Darcy may be. None of Darcy's equipment, nor his campsite, has ever been found.

Manitoba

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Alex Thorne	10/04/58–Unk•44•M•Wanless, MB
Marcus McKay	07/15/00–PM•8•M•Waterhen Lake, MB

Alex Thorne
Missing 10/04/58–Unk, Wanless, MB
Age at Disappearance: 44 years

Wanless, Manitoba, is approximately five hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg and ten miles from the Saskatoon border. This

small city sits between Grass River/Wekuso Falls Provincial Park, Clearwater Lake Provincial Park, and Rocky Lake Provincial Park. The region is thick with wet and swampy ground and hundreds of small lakes.

The missing person in this case, Mr. Alex Thorne, was identified in archives with two different first names, Alex and Alec. For ease of documenting this incident, I will call him Alex.

Alex lived on the outskirts of Wanless with his wife and eight children in a small home. Alex was a trapper by trade and was able to support his family through his ability to live off the land. On October 4, 1958, in the morning hours, Alex grabbed his .22-caliber rifle and told his wife he was going out to check his traps and he'd be back in a half hour. In my years of writing about missing people and trappers, going out only that short of distance to check trap lines really doesn't sound realistic; it is normally an all-day or several-day trip. Whatever the case, Alex didn't return, and his wife told the kids to start the search. Two days later, the family gave up their search and notified the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP).

The RCMP responded with canines, helicopters, and ground searchers. Dogs couldn't find a scent, and the helicopters found nothing from the air. Special canines were transported from Dauphin; they also failed to find Alex.

Alex's father-in-law knew of an Amactek First Nations Indian that was a specialist in finding missing people. A call was made to Louis Prince, and he responded to the Thorne residence. Reporters watched as Louis sat on a blanket on the floor of the Thorne residence and drew figures in charcoal on the floor. Louis stated that Alex was across the railroad tracks northeast of the settlement and that an animal had killed him. RCMP sent dozens of searchers into the area described by Louis and found nothing. Louis told them to go further out into the bush in a southerly direction. The RCMP found nothing again.

It appears that reporters started to make a mockery of Louis's efforts even though he had never failed to find a missing person up to this point. An October 16 article in the *Winnipeg Free Press* explained the feeling of the family: "Mrs. Thorne has told her

sons and daughters that there is to be no information given to the press at present. Whether this is Prince's instructions, is not known."

Summary

I searched three years of archives on the Thorne case and could not find any articles declaring that Alex was found. I did find one article in November 1958 explaining that searchers were making one last attempt to find the body. They found nothing.

I do believe that if I were the Thornes, I would've tried just about anything to find my father. I probably would've tried Mr. Prince first, just because of his track record. I think it's interesting that he told the RCMP that Alex had been killed by an animal but failed to say what type. I find it doubtful that Alex was in the area where Louis stated to look, as a standard animal attack would've been a gruesome scene and one that canines would find. No locations were found that could be attributed to Alex or an animal attack.

The far north of Canada has consistently produced unusual disappearances, including the bizarre. The amount of small lakes, ponds, swamps, and areas of vast desolation make this area very intriguing.

Marcus McKay
Missing 7/15/00–PM, Waterhen Lake, MB
Age at Disappearance: 8 years

Waterhen Lake is located approximately two hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg in a very remote, wet, and desolate area of the far north. There are thousands of small lakes, ponds, creeks, and rivers within one hundred miles of the lake. Articles about this incident identified the exact location as one hundred kilometers northeast of Dauphin.

Rilley Chartrand was the stepfather of Marcus McKay when the two decided to go deer hunting on the eastern side of Waterhen Lake. It was July 15, 2000, when the two left their residence in Mallard and drove a lonely road up the eastern side of the lake, stopped, and headed into the bush. The two guys were also meeting other friends in the area and would split up to hunt the region. It was a fairly warm day, and both were wearing only T-shirts and blue jeans, and Rilley was carrying a rifle.

As Rilley and Marcus were in the bush, Rilley shot and killed a deer in the afternoon. Both tracked the deer through very thick and swampy vegetation that was tiring even for an experienced man. Marcus was exhausted. The two did locate the deer. Rilley knew the deer was large, and he would need help. He realized it was necessary to go back to the vehicles and get the other men for assistance. Marcus stated that he was tired, and he'd wait with the deer for Rilley to come back.

Rilley went back to the vehicles and returned in one hour. The weather had turned bad, and it had started to rain. When Rilley returned to the deer, he found that Marcus was gone. He frantically searched the area, yelling for the boy, but didn't get a reply. More men were summoned, and soon the area was crawling with hunters and friends. On July 16, in the area where Rilley shot the deer, sixty Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) and their search dogs responded and covered a five-square-mile area looking for Marcus. The landscape in the area of the search was extremely thick vegetation, swampy ground with small ponds and lakes.

Darlene Dumas was Marcus's mother. She had just moved herself and her two boys to Mallard from Winnipeg two weeks earlier. She was on the scene daily asking for additional assistance from volunteers and getting it.

As the search moved into the third and fourth days, the weather would continue to worsen with heavy rain and lower temperatures. Searchers were constantly being challenged at some level in their effort to find Marcus.

As the search was ongoing, RCMP officials were conducting background checks on Rilley. Newspapers at the time indicated that the armed hunter had a conviction that prohibited him from possessing firearms. Rilley did not back down. He admitted to possessing the firearm and the facts surrounding the event; he was not shying away from the truth. The RCMP did focus on Rilley and his background but appeared to back away from naming him a suspect, even though there was a Manitoba law stating that adults cannot leave children unattended under the age of twelve. Rilley was right there with every other searcher in his effort to find Marcus.

The RCMP was into its fourth day of the search and managing eleven different search organizations trying to find the boy. It was felt that Marcus could not survive the elements in the T-shirt and jeans he was wearing with the rain and cold that was present in days following his disappearance.

The RCMP flew in a specially designed helicopter with forward-looking infrared radar (FLIR) to look for heat signatures on the ground. But the FLIR unit broke, and it was never utilized. Forty soldiers from Base Shiloh of the Canadian Armed Forces searched the area for two days and didn't find anything. Elders from a local First Nations tribe sat in the bush at night listening for indicators; they heard nothing. At one point, one hundred searchers joined arms at the point of the kill and walked a line directly to the roadway; they found nothing.

Agnes Beaulieu was Marcus's great-grandmother and only slept intermittently during the search, but she had a dream as is explained in the following July 20, 2000, article from the SARINFO. BC.Library: "The little boy was laying down beside a bear to be warm."

In total there were six hundred people during the official search for Marcus. The RCMP brought in divers that cleared every lake, pond, creek, and water source in the area. A new FLIR unit was brought into the search, and they found only rabbits. A famous seventy-one-year-old tracker, Joe Anderson, was brought into the search. He had found two children lost in the bush before, along with a variety of other successes. At the end of two days of nonstop searching, Joe stated that this was the first time he had ever failed to find the lost person.

Five days after the search started, it was terminated. The RCMP felt that Marcus could not have survived, and they didn't know of any area that had not been covered, even though they had expanded their search to eight square kilometers.

The search for Marcus continued even after the RCMP officially called an end to their work. Marcus's mother made a public cry for additional help, and even more volunteers responded. The RCMP felt the public pressure, and they continued with limited manpower. There were three additional cadaver search dogs brought into the

search zone to see if they could find a scent; nothing was found. There were over twenty people on the search for an additional two months after the RCMP terminated the effort.

Marcus was never found.

Summary

The area where Marcus vanished matches areas where other children have disappeared almost to perfection. The elements of the search almost seemed to be scripted, as they match many, many of the failures seen in other searches for children who disappear in the wild. Bloodhounds cannot find a scent, the weather turns to rain and cold, and no evidence of the boy being in the area is ever found. There was a very brief statement in one article about searchers finding a different "footprint" in the area, but nothing more was ever said about it.

There were other hunters and friends in the area besides Rilley, and considering the fact that everyone knew the boy was with him, I don't believe Rilley purposely harmed the boy. The area was searched for over two months, and Marcus was never found, meaning he somehow got out of the region. Rilley admitted to another felony: carrying a rifle while hunting.. I understand the RCMP's interest in Rilley, but him harming his stepson doesn't make sense.

The dream of Marcus's grandmother struck a memory with me. There have been several cases where children were abducted and later claimed they were cuddled and kept warm by a bear during the nights they were missing. The behavior of a wild bear is not consistent with cuddling a child.

Readers of my past books will immediately recognize Marcus's age as a number that continues to show its ugly face on cases of boys that disappear and are never found. For some unknown reason, boys around eight years old that vanish are very rarely ever found.

The search for Marcus was one of the longest and most intense in the history of Manitoba. The RCMP, soldiers, local volunteers, and family members never wanted to give up on finding Marcus. My personal prayers are with everyone in that community.

Saskatchewan

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Irene Rempel	10/10/50–2 p.m.•3•F•Regina, SK

Irene Rempel
Missing 10/10/50–2 p.m., Regina, SK
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Regina is located approximately eighty miles north of the Montana and North Dakota borders. The city is located in an extremely marshy and watery environment, surrounded by hundreds of small bodies of water. Wascana Creek is located in the southeast corner of the city and flows toward the southeast.

On October 10, 1950, three-year-old Irene Rempel was playing with her four-year-old friend Annie Klain of 2444 McAra Street in Regina. It's completely unclear how or why the girls decided to take a walk from the yard, but they did. It wasn't long after they vanished at 2 p.m. that law enforcement authorities were called, and the search started for both girls. Volunteers and Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) started to comb the entire neighborhoods of both girls without having any success.

At 5:25 p.m., a motorist saw Annie walking in Douglas Park and gave the girl a ride back to her home. Irene wasn't with Annie. Searchers had no idea where she was, and Annie couldn't offer any clarity other than where she was walking. The park is located in the southeast corner of Regina and several blocks from the girl's residence but just two blocks from Wascana Lake, which empties into Wascana Creek.

At approximately 8 p.m., Irene still had not been found. The local RCMP commander went back to the barracks and emptied it of all twenty-five men and ordered them into the field to search. The call was also made for all canine search teams.

As the night got later, the temperature dropped, and it was getting quite cold. At just after 10 p.m., a canine team was one and a half miles outside the city limit of Regina, in a prairie near Wascana Creek, when they made a discovery. An October 11, 1950, article in

the *Leader Post* had the following description of the find: "When I walked up to the girl she didn't say anything but she whimpered a little. She was sitting in the pasture but quite close to the creek. She must have walked into it before because her feet were wet. She had her hands crossed in front of her and her head was hanging down. She had taken off her coat and overalls and she must have taken off her shoes earlier because they weren't around." Irene was taken to a local hospital, where she was determined to have a mild case of exposure. She spent one night in the hospital and was released the following morning in good condition.

Rescuers tried to question Irene about her excursion, but she didn't say anything. It was later learned that Irene came to Canada from Germany just two years earlier and only spoke German. Irene's mom did state that the girl said that she "ran and ran" and was never afraid.

Summary

This incident occurred on a cold October night in a creek. Irene's feet were wet, and her shoes were missing. She had removed her coat and overalls. She was over one and a half miles from the city limits of Regina in the middle of the prairie. How Irene got from a neighborhood in Regina to a creek setting in the prairie of Saskatchewan is the million-dollar question. This was quite a journey for any three-year-old.

The article reviewed for the incident did state that Irene was found shivering and cold. Why wasn't she wearing her coat and overalls? Where were Irene's clothing and shoes?

Irene was found heading out of the city along a creek line. This is a highly unusual incident for the "Missing 411" books. This girl goes missing near the center of the city and heads directly to its outskirts and then continues along a creek. The fact of following a creek seems to be something that is consistent with other cases. It is unusual that searchers found Irene's feet wet, and she was shivering. Why would Irene voluntarily go into the creek if it was cold outside? She was in a prairie, an easy location to walk. The creek bed offers good cover if you were trying to hide because of the foliage along most creek banks, and the creek itself conceals footprints. I doubt

that a three-year-old girl has the intellect to understand the concealment facts associated with a creek.

Irene was found with her head down and not saying anything. It didn't sound like she was happy to see searchers, or maybe she was in a semiconscious state.

Ontario

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Eva Hall	08/15/32–PM•13•F•Poverty Bay, ON
Adrian McNaughton	06/12/72-PM• 5•M•Holmes Lake, Calabogie, ON
Jessica Azzopardi	07/24/85–3:30 p.m.•20 mos•F•Elmstead, ON
Daniel Trask	11/03/11–Unk•28•M•Diamond Lake, Temagami, ON

Eva Hall
Missing 8/15/32–Unk, Poverty Bay, ON
Age at Disappearance: 13 years

Poverty Bay is an extremely rural community one hundred and fifty miles north of the United States, six miles west of Sundbridge, and sixteen miles west of Algonquin Provincial Park. There are literally hundreds of small bodies of water in the area of the city with the general landscape being extremely swampy.

On August 16, 1932, thirteen-year old Eva Hall went into the bush to pick huckleberries and never returned. A search party was soon organized and spent two days searching for any sign of the girl, finding none. There was much conjecture that she fell into Poverty Bay and drowned, or decided to go into the woods and live, or that she suffered sunstroke and died. None of these answers made any sense.

News articles indicated that over four hundred searchers from the United States responded to the area of Poverty Bay to look for Eva. If Eva decided to walk into the woods and somehow survived, there is no doubt that she would've responded to the searchers looking for her. Rescue personnel did drag Poverty Bay extensively and never found her body.

Summary

I have written extensively about the relationship between berries and missing people. There was an entire chapter written in *Missing 411-Eastern United States* about missing berry pickers. The most dangerous berries to pick are, without a doubt, huckleberries. I have no understanding why huckleberries represent the most dangerous berry, but people picking these berries who disappear are rarely found.

We actually spent considerable time researching Algonquin Provincial Park and were startled by what we found. There have been several savage attacks by black bears in the park, attacks that are out of character for the normally timid black bear. There was one attack at the park where two people died in one event, a highly unusual attack for black bears. I would invite readers to conduct their own Google search on the park and read about the attacks. It seemed slightly coincidental that we were researching the park and just happened to come across Eva's disappearance.

Adrian McNaughton
Missing 6/12/72-PM, Holmes Lake, Calabogie, ON
Age at Disappearance: 5 years

Holmes Lake is a small body of water 225 meters in diameter and sits sixty miles west of Ottawa and approximately one hundred and forty miles northwest of the high peaks of New York. Algonquin Provincial Park is twenty miles north west of the lake. Holmes Lake sits in a very isolated area with hundreds of small bodies of water within five miles. A small dirt road leads from Calabogie Road into the three small lakes in the immediate area. The entire region is nothing but a very swampy area extremely thick with vegetation.

On June 12, 1972, Murray and Barbara McNaughton were the parents of four small children. Barbara had decided that she needed to stay home with the smallest child (Shontelle, two years) while Murray took the other kids fishing.

Murray left the family home in Arnprior and drove the approximate ten miles west to Holmes Lake. Adrian at five-years old was

the youngest McNaughton to go on the fishing trip and was excited to make the journey. It would appear that Adrian's interest in fishing waned as it got into the afternoon hours. In a June 10, 2009, article in the *Ottawa Citizen Newspaper*, Murray described what happened just prior to Adrian vanishing: "I'd just baited the hooks for the kids. Adrian was sitting there with the new bamboo fishing pole I'd bought him. He had that funny look on his face so I knew something was bothering him. I asked him what was the matter and he said he didn't feel like fishing anymore. A few seconds later he was seen wandering off to his favorite spot, a bed of pine needles not far away." It wasn't long after this point that Adrian vanished.

Murray and the other children called Adrian's name and searched for him around the lake until they had searched almost the entire area. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) was notified.

The initial days had the RCMP leading the search and the following days had the Canadian Army, volunteers, fire fighters and others grouping together to look for the boy. The search reached a peak of nine thousand people scouring the lake and surrounding region for the boy. After twelve days of searching, desperation started to hit the searchers and a clairvoyant was consulted, the same Dutch man who assisted in the Boston Strangler case. He advised searchers to look on an adjacent ridgeline. They did and found nothing of value.

There was only one possible piece of evidence that was found in the search of Adrian. Eleven miles from Holmes Lake searchers found small footprints around another lake that they felt could possibly belong to the boy, it was never confirmed.

According to a June 21, 1972, article in the *Mercury-Advance* newspaper, searchers were faced with heavy rain compromising their efforts and this led some to believe that Adrian may have a difficult time surviving the elements. Some of the advanced search teams were under the belief that Adrian may be walking in circles around the lake. If that belief was true, it's unclear why he hadn't been found.

RCMP divers cleared every swamp, creek and lake in the area around the location where Adrian vanished. After twelve long

search days involving canines, helicopters and thousands of searchers, Adrian was never found.

Summary

There had been rumors that some people believed that Adrian might have been abducted and picked up by a vehicle, as highly improbable as that was. There was not allot of traffic in the area and there was only one dirt road to the lake at the time.

Readers should know that news sources that had been using two different renditions of Adrian's first name in the vast majority of articles, Adrian and Adrien. I used Adrian as it is still used by the RCMP.

Jessica Azzopardi
Missing 7/24/85–3:30 p.m., Elmstead, ON
Age at Disappearance: 20 months

This incident occurred at 506 Pearl Street in Lakeshore, Ontario, in an area called Elmstead. This area is just two miles east of Windsor with the residence sitting on Lake Saint Clair. This location is less than two miles from the United States border and the city of Detroit.

On July 24, 1985, Liana Azzopardi was at her residence with her daughter, Jessica, and her mother, Val. Liana had laid down to take a quick nap, and Val was watching Jessica and another friend. The kids were initially in the side yard picking onions and then came indoors. At approximately 3:30 p.m., Val realized that Jessica was no longer in the home and walked out the side door to see if she was in the yard. Val walked out into the backyard that leads to Lake Saint Clair and saw Jessica's diaper lying on the lawn fifty feet from the water. Val knew that Jessica was deathly afraid of the lake and wasn't concerned she would go anywhere near it, so she searched the yard again. After several minutes of searching, Val woke Liana, and they both searched the area again and still could not find the girl. They called law enforcement.

Local RCMP started their search for Jessica. A neighbor across the street from Val, who was mowing his yard, was questioned

first. They asked the neighbor if he had seen anyone driving the neighborhood or anything else suspicious; he had not. By the end of the first day, there were hundreds of RCMP, helicopters, Coast Guard, and volunteers swarming the water and the grounds looking for Jessica.

At the end of the first night of searching, there were already rumblings that Jessica may have been abducted. The relatives knew the girl would never go near the water, and they also knew she was nowhere near the home. The only answer in their minds was kidnapping.

At 7:30 a.m. on July 25, Jessica's lifeless body was found floating six miles southwest of the Azzopardi residence. The girl had several small bruises on her body but nothing that was life-threatening. The RCMP publicly stated that they didn't believe the body could travel that distance in only sixteen hours, but they would wait for a ruling from the coroner on a cause of death. The feelings of the RCMP were supported by Coast Guard Petty Officer James McInnis when he was interviewed on August 7, 1985, for the *Windsor Star*: "Still McInnis expressed doubts last week that the body could have drifted that far in 16 hours between the time the girl was reported missing and the time her body was recovered." The report that cut through the heart of this case and set the city of Windsor and Detroit reeling was an article in the *Toronto Star* dated July 31, 1985: "A 20-month-old girl whose body was found floating near Belle Isle last week probably died 90 minutes before the discovery, a Detroit pathologist stated." Drowning was determined to be the cause of death, but this report indicated that Jessica was alive as late as 6 a.m.—how could that be? The coroner also indicated that Jessica had ingested a certain form of algae that was common in the river, meaning she didn't die in a swimming pool or bathtub. The report by the coroner was further bolstered by the fact that Jessica's body was floating, meaning to some that she had been in the water less than ninety minutes.

RCMP, coroners, Coast Guard, and other officials were in the newspaper daily for several weeks after Jessica went missing, all attempting to explain what happened. After nearly three weeks of investigation, the RCMP went public with a ruling that Jessica died

of accidental drowning, but her case is classified as an unexplained death.

Summary

A neighbor across the street from the Azzopardis' was mowing his front lawn at the time Jessica disappeared. The man stated he didn't see any cars containing suspicious people on the street. We can reasonably surmise that Jessica did not leave via the front of her residence.

Jessica's diaper was found on her lawn in an area between her residence and the lake. Can we guess that Jessica left her property by going toward the lake? Jessica was not out her side residential door more than minutes when Val came looking for her. If there had been some type of motorized craft waiting on the water, you'd think Val would've heard it leaving the area. It's very hard to believe that a predator would be waiting in the backyard on the rare chance that Jessica just might happen to walk out alone, since that rarely if ever happened. Does this mean that a predator was waiting in the backyard, and, if so, how did they leave the premises? Does this mean that if there was a predator outside, that this predator had the ability to lure Jessica outside?

If we are to believe science and the coroner, Jessica didn't die until 6 a.m. on July 25. Where was she, and what was she doing between 3:30 p.m. and 6 a.m.? The Coast Guard affirms that a body can't travel in the existing natural flow of currents the distance it did; something else happened. How did she arrive at the location where she was found? The coroner did state that Jessica was not the victim of a sexual assault.

There is an absolute connection between Jessica and the water. Common sense needs to rule in this case. The girl didn't swim for thirteen hours, and she sure wasn't at her residence. There had to be some intervening entity that allowed Jessica to survive out of the water for that period of time and also to transport her to where she was eventually found on the river.

Think about the many cases I have chronicled where children seemingly were not within the search quadrant. We know that Jessica certainly wasn't in the water for the entire time she was missing. Maybe Jessica and other missing people go somewhere during those

hours when it is determined they aren't inside the search quadrant. Where do these people go?

This is one of the many cases where science can't answer the toughest of all questions: what happened to Jessica Azzopardi?

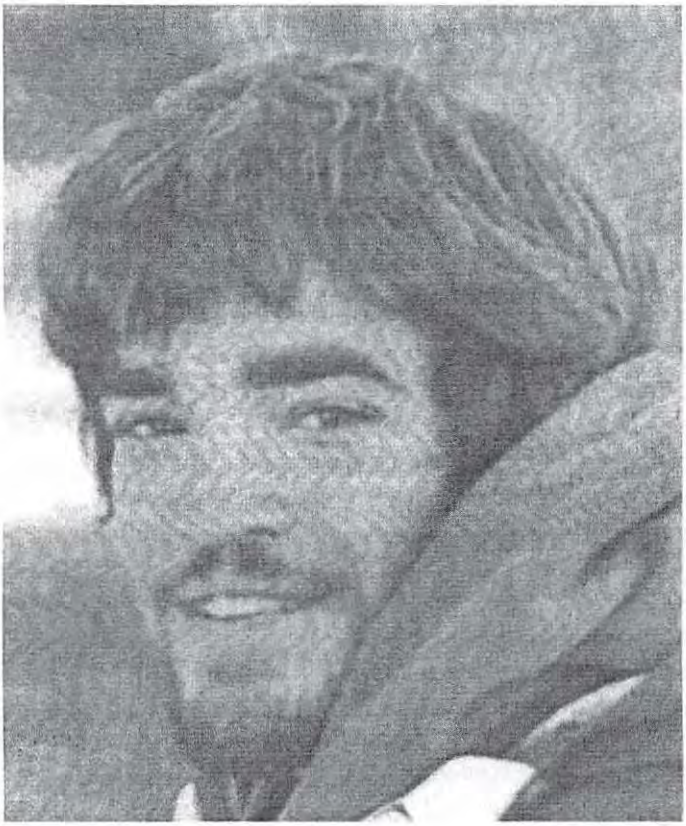
Daniel Trask
Missing 11/03/11–Unk, Diamond Lake, Temagami, ON
Age at Disappearance: 28 years

It seems that in every book I write there is always one person that vanished that really shouldn't have. My nomination for the person in this book who should still be here is Daniel Trask.

Daniel spent his free time exploring the far corners of the Temagami region of Northern Ontario. Daniel enjoyed being alone in an area rich with Native American/First Nation history. The Iroquois Indians used to call this region home. Hundreds of years after they left the region, their pictographs are still visible on large rocks on Diamond Lake. The area that Daniel enjoyed visiting was almost as far in the middle of nowhere as someone could get without being seen on a regular basis.

The trips he made started from where he called home, Waterloo. In the summer of 2011, he made the approximate 270-mile trip north to the Temagami area. The closest large town in the area was Sudbury, seventy miles to the east.

Daniel spent the majority of his summer canoeing the Temagami lakes and rivers. The region has almost as much water as land, and the land that does exist can be very swampy and wet. Daniel must've learned something while he was in the bush. He came home and showed family and friends interesting rock formations that he would place on the ground. Some of the designs were obviously arrows and such, showing direction, but others were more complex and different, such as rock stacks. He would also make unusual stick structures. He also had pictures of these that he showed to friends.



Daniel's dad is a retired Kitchener firefighter, and his brother, Adam, is a fulltime firefighter and outdoorsman. After Daniel returned from his summer trip he told others that he missed visiting the Temagami and was going to go back.

On November 3, 2011, Daniel left his Waterloo home and drove to a location on Red Squirrel Road and Camp Wanapitei. He parked his car, took out his snowshoes and supplies, and headed into the bush. The location where he stopped was a gorgeous spot adjacent to Lake Temagami. Daniel made the trek to this location for a First Nations tradition called "Changing of the Seasons." Daniel understood the woods very well and also understood the history of the area and what that meant to the local Native Americans and First Nations People.

It's unclear exactly how long Daniel was gone before the red flag was waved, asking for assistance. His parents and friends went to the area and searched for him. Eventually Daniel's car was found, but the area is vast, and nobody was quite sure where he had hiked. Law enforcement services responded with helicopters, canines, and many ground searchers on snowmobiles and on foot; they found nothing. Eventually searchers had to terminate the effort and hope that after the snow melted, vacationers would find Daniel's body.

On May 20, 2012, paddlers were on the northeastern fork of Diamond Lake when they saw something unusual on the eastern bank. Almost exactly across from the pictographs on the lake, they found Daniel's snow pants and coat. Searchers went back into the area and searched the eastern bank of the lake and found what they believed to be his campsite, just north of his clothing. They found his sleeping bag even further north of the campsite, an unusual find. After several weeks of additional ground and air searches, Daniel could not be found. Just in case you didn't know, this region of northern Ontario in November is freezing cold; you absolutely need cold-weather gear.

Posters and flyers distributed about Daniel stated the following information about the clothing he was wearing or had in his possession:

- Gray/white Atlas snowshoes
- White zippered hoodie sweatshirt
- Gray sweat pants
- Orange T-shirt
- Black T-shirt
- Black backpack
- Black gloves

**Look for creative rock structures

Summary

Searchers neither found Daniel's backpack nor a majority of the clothing he had with him. They did find the most important two pieces of clothing that would've kept Daniel alive in the harsh winter: his coat and snow pants.

Daniel knew this area better than most. He wanted to view the region during the changing of the seasons, and from all indications he was dressed for the event. Daniel would've taken his snow pants and coat off only during one time, when sleeping. There appears to be only a few options to explain how his pants and coat were found, and Daniel wasn't. He was either awakened during the night, and something extreme happened to him, or somehow, someone or something took Daniel and somehow took his clothes off of him. I know that this statement seems odd, especially for such a thing to happen deep in the woods. In my past books I have written stories about people who disappeared and were subsequently found in small pieces, yet their pants were found fully intact with no bite marks.

Quebec

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Daughter of Belliveau	1865•5•F•Anticosti Island, QC
Jimmy Rambone Jr.	09/03/03–3 p.m.•51•M•Nunavik, QC

Daughter of Belliveau
Missing 1865, Anticosti Island, QC
Age at Disappearance: 5 years

Anticosti Island is located in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, approximately two hundred miles northeast of Quebec. It is the ninetieth-largest island in the world and approximately 3,047 square miles in size. The water around the island is noted as being treacherous to ships in bad weather and has the nickname "Cemetery of the Gulf" because of the four hundred shipwrecks that surround the island.

The island has traded hands many times in the last five hundred years. In 1974, the Province of Quebec purchased the island for twenty-four million dollars. It is now managed by the Ministry of Recreation of Quebec and known for its outstanding deer hunting and fishing for trout and salmon. There are twenty-four rivers with many cutting deep gorges through the island.

The First Nation Innu Tribe initially claimed Anticosti, and they occupied the island for hundreds of years. The tribe named the island "Notiskuan," meaning, "where bears are hunted."

In 1979, Donald McKay wrote the book, *Anticosti, The Untamed Island.* Donald wrote that the island changed hands many times early in the 1800s and had many visitors. Early inhabitants in the 1850s found trees that appeared to be gnawed down by beavers, but there were no beavers on the island. Other animals that were known to be on the nearby mainland (moose, beaver, caribou, snakes, wolves, and muskrats) were not found on the island. Settlers found the main inhabitants of Anticosti to be bear, foxes and otters.

In the 1860s, settlers from Newfoundland started to arrive on the island with the idea of fishing its rich waters. There were three main families that arrived in 1865: the Wrights, the Belliveaus, and the Lejeunes. The families lived in a small settlement together. It wasn't long after the Belliveau family arrived that their five-year-old daughter wandered a short distance into the woods to pick wildflowers and didn't come back. All of the families joined forces and searched for days for the girl.

There are very few details on the disappearance, and none listed the girl's first name, but all indicated that she was never found.

Summary

The one part of this story that resonated with me was the reason the girl went to the woods. There are many stories I've written where a very young girl walks a short distance to pick wildflowers and then vanishes.

Some may believe that a First Nations tribe took the girl. I could not find any information that any settler on the island was ever attacked or molested in any way by the Innu people.

It does seem a little unusual that at one point, before settlers arrived, the island appeared to have an abundance of many different mammals in the 1850s to 1860's, and they then vanished. What happened to the mammals? What happened to Ms. Belliveau? Why would mammals suddenly vanish from a huge island, fairly near the time that this young girl disappeared?

Jimmy Rambone Jr.
Missing 9/03/03–3 p.m., Nunavik, QC
Age at Disappearance: 51 years
**Disabled–Epileptic

Jimmy Rambone lived with his girlfriend, Pam Ruzzo, on his farm in Foster, Rhode Island. Jimmy had a variety of small animals that he cared for daily. Jimmy loved the outdoors and was a lifetime hunter. His wish was to travel to the far reaches of northern Canada and pursue the hunt of a lifetime for caribou.

In early September 2003, Jimmy booked a trip with Canadadventures to travel to Kuujjuaq, east of Kuujjuarapik in Nunavik, for an unguided caribou hunt. He was staying at a location called Camp Sardine near the Caniapiscau River and was transported to the site in a Beaver aircraft. There were a total of four hunters in the group at the camp. Jimmy was one of 3,500 hunters that annually come to Nunavik to hunt; this specific eight-day hunt cost Jimmy $2,900. Pam was going to stay at the farm and ensure the animals stayed healthy while Jimmy took the once-in-a-lifetime trip.

Jimmy wanted to hunt alone, and this wasn't unusual. He had decades of hunting experience, he knew what he was doing, and he was highly proficient with his rifle. Jimmy was also an epileptic.

On September 3, 2003, the hunters rose early and departed their camp. It wasn't long after they left that they heard two shots that could have only come from Jimmy. The group felt that Jimmy must've quickly got a caribou. The hunters came back to their cabin near lunchtime, and Jimmy didn't arrive. The group waited till near 2 p.m. and then started to search for the fifty-one-year-old hunter. At approximately 3 p.m., the sense of urgency started to rise as they found the location where Jimmy had apparently killed a caribou. The scene of the shooting was almost surreal. Jimmy's bright-orange hunting vest was hanging thirty feet from the carcass along with his camera. Jimmy and his rifle were gone.

On September 4, more personnel arrived at the cabin and started to formulate a plan for the search for Jimmy. The Beaver aircraft went into the air and started to look for the missing

hunter. It wouldn't be easy. Jimmy had been wearing a camouflage coat under his orange vest; it would make finding him difficult.

Searchers went back to the scene where the vest had been found and started to search the area for clues. There was snow on the ground, but rescuers could not find footprints leaving the area, very unusual. Jean-Pierre Bardou was the manager for Canadadventures and was on the scene soon after the report came in. A September 19, 2003, article in the *Nunatsiaq News* had the following update on the search for Jimmy: "Soon the KPRF and the SQ and a specifically trained dog became involved in the search for the missing hunter. They scouted the terrain with the dog and surveyed low-lying trees, rocks and lakes by helicopter. 'There was no scent. The dog almost got lost,' said Bardou." Later in the same article, "'I fear something tragic happened to him the first day,' said Bardou."

A September 2007 article in *Outdoor Life Magazine* chronicled the disappearance of Jimmy. One portion of the article stated: "He simply disappeared from the face of the earth, or so it seems." The article included the following statement by Pam Ruzzo: "Something's just not right. You don't just vanish."

I did speak with Pam by phone. She explained that she received donations and hired a private investigator to attempt to determine what happened to Jimmy. It is quite a different life this far north. Weather changes quickly, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police do not have the resources in this region that they would have in a more populated province.

The manager of Camp Sardine, Mr. Bardou, stated that they have only had one other incident where a group was lost for twenty-four hours. Once they put the Beaver aircraft into the sky, the hunters came into a clearing, and they were rescued. The camp had never had an incident like Jimmy's.

Rescuers did tell Pam that there were predators in this region occasionally. The most vicious and dangerous animals are polar bears and wolves. They explained that these animals might possibly attack a human, but they'd also eat the carcass of the caribou and they wouldn't take the rifle, which was never found. There was

never a location found that could be attributed to an attack on a human.

Summary

Several elements of Jimmy's disappearance meet the criteria for missing people we would study. Jimmy was an epileptic. Some rescuers believed that it was possible that Jimmy had a seizure, became disoriented, and subsequently got lost and died. Pam did state that Jimmy was sometimes disoriented after a seizure, but only for ten or fifteen minutes.

He was wearing very bright clothing, which was left behind. Leaving the camera at the scene seems like a very odd element. I have stated in other books that there does seem to be an inordinate amount of photographers that vanish.

Bloodhounds brought to the scene seemed disoriented or unable to work, a very consistent element in many disappearances.

The area where Jimmy disappeared is one of the marshiest areas you can find in North America. The region is probably 35 percent water and 65 percent land. Jimmy was very close to a river and a lake when the incident occurred.

Many people who are chronicled in the "Missing 411" books seem to shed clothing for some reason. The idea that Jimmy's vest was hanging in a tree when he knew there were hunters in the area seems contrary to his hunter-safety training.

The most important aspect of this case was the remote nature of this disappearance. Jimmy had no place to walk for safety; Camp Sardine was the lone safe location within hiking distance.

Searchers never did find a location where there were indications of an animal attack. They never found any confirmed tracks of Jimmy's. It's hard to reconcile in my mind how rescuers couldn't find tracks when there was snow on the ground. In a region where there is limited wildlife and virtually no human traffic, it's very hard to understand how a search-trained canine cannot find a scent. This is a very baffling case that may never be resolved.

Jimmy has never been found.

Nova Scotia

Name	Date Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Son of John Henderson	11/15/1826–Unk•4•M•Canadia Marsh, NS

Son of John Henderson
Missing 11/15/1826, Canadia Marsh, NS
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

Nova Scotia is a province in Canada just northeast of Maine and along the Atlantic Coast. It is a region that is extremely swampy with large segments of undeveloped land.

A Halifax paper made mention of the fact that the son of John Henderson had disappeared from a rural family residence. The four-year-old was lost in the woods and not located until the following Wednesday. The article stated that four hundred people were searching for the boy, but it was the boy's father and his servant who found the boy as they were walking through the woods, and the boy recognized the servant.

A November 21, 1826, article in the *Indiana Journal* had the following description of what happened when the boy was found: "The little wanderer recognized the servant man and exclaimed 'Will you not take me to mamma?' The father on turning his eyes, beheld his son seated under a pile of hemlock windfall, completely embosomed in a thicket. The little fellow had eaten nothing but a little sorrel, but had drank freely of water."

The interesting part of this story to this point is the location where the boy was found—a thicket in a wind fall—a common location where missing children are found.

The other fascinating issue is what was noted that the boy was eating: sorrel. I have documented three other cases in the past where people have vanished and were found eating sorrel.

One of the more fascinating parts of this story is what searchers found just after John Henderson's son was located. As they were searching, they came across someone who we would describe today as a wildman. In the same *Indiana Journal* article was this

description of the individual: "He was discovered in a most deplorable state of exhaustion, having lost the power of utterance; his face was black, his mouth filled with leaves and berries which he had neither the power of swallowing or spitting out—his body exhibited the appearance of a skeleton. He was conveyed to the nearest house—and in a few moments after, he died." This is a fascinating event that happened to occur just as the missing boy was found. Was this a coincidence, or were the two events related? Was it also a coincidence that the man died shortly after he was brought to a residence?

Many, many of the missing cases I write about have berries involved in some way. The man had berries in his mouth.

An October 26, 1826, article in the *Bangor Register* had additional information about the man who was found: "It is said to be a common thing for people to be lost in the wilds of Nova Scotia." I read this line multiple times. It appears that the disappearance of people in Nova Scotia while in the wild wasn't uncommon. A pretty sobering statement that begs the question: why were these people disappearing? I could not locate any additional cases in Nova Scotia that matched the criteria of this study.

CHAPTER SIX:
INTERNATIONAL

Australia

During my time researching missing people, readers know that I've made statements that there appears to be some correlation between people disappearing around granite and large boulders. Many of these cases consist of people vanishing in areas where there was relatively little cover other than the boulders.

While I was reviewing cases from Australia, I came across the stories associated with Black Rock National Park in Queensland. The exact location of the park is sixteen miles south of Cooktown, five miles from the ocean, and seventy miles north of Cairns. The park holds status as a World Heritage site even though it's only about a mile wide and a mile long. It consists of a very large mountain of huge granite boulders that are black in color. The mountain rises approximately six hundred feet from the valley floor.

The mountain is claimed to be 260 million years old and formed in an unusual circumstance. Normal granite is gray in color; this granite is black and caused by a specific algae growth.

In 1988, the "Wet Tropics World Heritage Area," which extends from Cooktown to Townsville and includes Black Mountain, received World Heritage status. It received the status because of its unique biological diversity and the evolutionary status derived in the area.

The aboriginal people of Queensland have proclaimed the area surrounding the foot of the mountain as a forbidden zone. On the Queensland government's national park and recreation website is the following statement about the mountain: "Stories abound of people, horses and whole mobs of cattle disappearing into the labyrinth of rocks, never to be seen again. Beneath the outer boulders lies a maze of passages and chambers—enticing to explorers of unusual places, or those wishing to hide away from pursuers." Later in the article is this: "Adding to the mystery of the mountain, pilots report aircraft turbulence and magnetic effects over the mountain."

I have found stories of prospectors and police officers disappearing in the mountain. I could never find complete names or confirmed dates.

I also read a story about a supposed pyramid that existed many years ago some distance from the mountain. The story stated that there were chambers attached to each location that went between the mountain and pyramid. There were only a few articles about this, and the information could not be confirmed.

There was also a story about the Queensland tiger. This animal was supposed to be very large and striped; it was reportedly seen on and in the mountain on multiple occasions. Again, I could never find the person that made the observation.

I did find the stories of people disappearing in and on a granite mountain in another country, an unusual coincidence. For people that were fans of the ABC series *Lost*, you will remember that specific turbulence and magnetic effects brought down the airliner in that series as it passed over the island, quite a coincidence to the facts surrounding the Black Mountain.

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Marlyn Murphy	09/28/48–5:30 p.m.•2•F•Bankstown, Australia
David Iredale	12/10/06–Unk•17•M•Mount Solitary, Australia

Marlyn Murphy
Missing 09/28/48–5:30 p.m. , Bankstown Golf Club, Bankstown, Australia
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

I should premise this story by stating that Marlyn's first name may be Marilyn, and it was possibly reported incorrectly in the in the *Sydney Morning Herald.* The location of this incident is the Bankstown Gold Course in Bankstown adjacent to the Georges River approximately eight miles southwest from Sydney. The area just to the west of the course is a wetlands area that is marshy and filled with wildlife. In 1948, conditions may have been much different without the civilization that is now in surrounding areas.

Her grandmother was watching Marlyn while her mom rested, as she was nearing the time to give birth to another child. The grandmother took Marlyn for a walk to visit the caretaker and his wife at the Bankstown Golf Course. A September 28 article in the *Sydney Morning Herald* had the following statement about how Marlyn vanished: "Apparently, the child wandered off across the golf links." I know this doesn't sound like a resounding statement of fact, but that's all we know. The grandmother realized that Marlyn had vanished and contacted the police.

Local police officers and detectives from Canterbury and Bankstown responded and started to search for the girl. Local protection officers and volunteers numbering over two hundred worked into the night yelling and calling for Marlyn; there was not an answer.

At 1:30 a.m., Marlyn's uncle was over a mile from the place that the girl was last seen and found her. In the same *Sydney Morning Herald* article as noted earlier was this: "A two-year-old girl was found at 1:30 this morning asleep under a blackberry bush in scrub

country at Bankstown." There were no descriptors of what the girl was wearing or her condition, other than she was sleeping. The article states that she was treated at a Canterbury District Hospital for exposure and then released.

Summary

Blackberry bushes are notoriously thorny, sticky, and prickly and a place you would not want to enter; yet there was Marlyn. These are the same bushes where many of the missing children in North America have been found, mostly asleep or groggy. I have also stated that many times when children vanish, they are in the presence of friends or relatives but not their parents, as in this case.

The location of the golf course—in extremely close proximity to the only river in the entire area—should not be overlooked. People disappear and are found near large bodies of water with regularity.

The other question I had about this disappearance is how Marlyn crossed open fairways without obstructions without being seen by anyone in the area. How could she be one mile from the point she was last seen and not hear any of the calls from searchers?

David Iredale
Missing 12/10/06, Mount Solitary, Blue Mountains, Australia
Age at Disappearance: 17 years

David Iredale was a student at the Sydney Grammar School in Sydney, Australia. David and two other friends traveled to Katoomba City in the Blue Mountains for a weekend of hiking and climbing Mount Solitary. Katoomba is a fairly large city with a population over 18,000, set in a heavily wooded and wild area approximately fifty-five miles west of downtown Sydney. This is a community that thrives on mountaineering, tourism, and people enjoying the outdoors.

David and his friends set out to summit Mount Solitary on Sunday. The mountain has an approximate elevation of three thousand feet with several gradual ridges that make the climb as enjoyable or as stressful as the climber wants. At some point during the climb, David started to climb alone. At the summit there is a log

of who arrived, and the climbers can add their notes. David wrote: "Got to top of the mountain, haven't had H20 for whole day but river coming up. Enjoy the view." It is believed that David wrote this on Sunday, December 10. At the summit of the mountain, climbers can see the Kedumba River to the south and the city of Katoomba just to the north. David apparently was going down the ridge to the south when something inexplicable happened. David called local emergency services from his cell phone and asked for help. The operator asked for his address, and he stated that he was on Mount Solitary. Not long after that, the phone went dead. There were two other calls attempted. This was the last contact that anyone had with David Iredale.

David never arrived at the river and never met with his friends. This is a very odd scenario that frustrated searchers as hundreds scoured the mountain and the area near the river. Yes, it is possible to get lost at this point in David's trip but not probable. David knew the exact direction he was traveling, and it was nearly all downhill to the fresh water. The summit was an elevation of approximately three thousand feet, and he would be descending to near one thousand feet and the bank of the river. The trek wouldn't be long or extremely hazardous.

Professional searchers looked for David for nine long days and nights. Mount Solitary was completely covered day after day without finding anything. Airplanes, helicopters, and Bloodhounds were all searching for the seventeen-year-old from Sydney and not finding one clue of where he might be. On day nine of the search, an unusual discovery shocked searchers: they found David's body on the mountain. A December 21 article in the *Sydney Morning Herald* had the following: "David's body was found on a steep incline between boulders and trees about 200 meters off the track he should have been using from the top of Mount Solitary to the Kedumba River." Later in the same article was the following: "The trail from the top of Mount Solitary could be steep and had lots of rocks and rubble which could also throw off someone trying to follow its trail or retrace steps. But even if that theory is correct, it does not explain how David could have been missing for nine days, especially as searchers had been through that area."

David's body was recovered with no remarks on its condition, clothing worn, scratches, or other evidence that may have been found. On May 8, 2006, the coroner that examined David's body stated that the boy died of extreme dehydration. The *Sydney Morning Herald* ran the following statement on the same day the coroner released the cause of death: "To die of dehydration in bushland so close to water and only kilometers as the crow flies from civilization only magnifies the tragedy."

In my humble opinion, these circumstances not only magnify the tragedy but also magnify the mystery.

Summary

If anyone believes that this case doesn't mimic many of the disappearances in North America, I will summarize for your benefit. The coroner clearly stated that David was very close to civilization and water, yet died of dehydration. The boy had a fairly easy climb downhill to water yet died on the mountain. He was found on a steep incline between boulders. I have stated many, many times, boulders and large rock faces play some unknown role in many disappearances. Disappearances often happen very near water. David was quite close to the Kedumba River and another very large reservoir. He was in the wild with a large wilderness nearly surrounding the mountain. One of the most chilling reminders of the similarities in cases is that searchers had been over the area where David was found numerous times. The writer of the *Sydney Herald* article couldn't come to grips with that issue. Where was David's body for nine days? Is it possible that aircraft, canines, professional searchers, and volunteers all missed him? An educated guess is that Australian emergency services utilize FLIR (forward-looking infrared radar) on their aircraft when searching for missing people. The instrument shows a heat signature on the ground—could they have missed his body?

One of the most unusual aspects of this case is the cellular call David made to emergency services. Articles that outline the calls state that emergency operators didn't handle the calls in a professional manner and were more interested in getting the street address rather than the exact location of the caller. David explained that he

was on Mount Solitary and was calling for assistance. What did the boy want, and what caused him to make the call? Safety was located downhill and off the mountain. He called from the mountain, he was found on the mountain, and yet what he needed was most probably in clear view: water. Why didn't David Iredale get off Mount Solitary to safety, or did he? What would've caused his cell phone to go dead?

England

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Johnny Johnson	06/22/55–Unk•3•M•Salisbury, England

Johnny Johnson
Missing 6/22/55, Salisbury, England
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

In my years of researching missing people and the circumstances of their disappearances, this is the first case from England that seems to match the circumstances of what we find in North America.

On June 22, 1955, Johnny Johnson vanished from his rural yard near the Salisbury Plain in England. An article in the *Lethbridge Herald* on June 25, 1955, had the following statement: "Johnny Johnson, a three-year-old tot missing from his home for three days, was found alive on barren Salisbury Plain Friday, ending the biggest search ever organized here by troops, police, aircraft and tracker dogs."

The boy was walking off a dirt field when a passing car saw him step down onto a road five miles from where he disappeared. The article states that Johnny was found with his "clothes torn and his body scratched." He was on a wet and misty plain for over three days.

The police attempted to question the boy about how he had spent his three days. The same *Lethbridge Herald* article stated: "Between sobbing for mummy, all Johnny could say was 'I talked to a doggy.'"

Summary

Police don't question little boys about being gone for three days unless they believe that foul play could be involved. It is hard to understand how a small three-year-old boy can survive three days and nights in the middle of a plain without shelter, food, or water and not suffer from exposure in the wet and cold region of England.

I have written in my "Missing 411" books about children who were missing for extended periods of times and claim they were taken by a large wolf and fed and nurtured. It's hard to tell from Johnny's statement if he actually believed he conversed with a dog, or he merely talked to a pet.

The description of Johnny's clothes and body is almost identical to other cases of missing children chronicled in North America. The children's bodies and clothes are torn and scratched; that statement is made over and over.

Just as an informational point for all who question where the Salisbury Plain is located, it's just five miles north of Salisbury City and fifteen miles from Stonehenge.

France

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Unknown	05/20/50-4pm•Unk•F•Loire River, France

I received an email from an individual that had read both of my *Missing 411* books. The person told me to obtain a copy of *Passport to Magonia*, written by Jacques Vallee. They specifically directed me to a story in France that was located on pages 95-97. I bought the book, read it in its entirety and was shocked at what I found.

Jacques Vallee was born in France where he received his bachelors and masters degree and then moved to the United States and obtained his PhD. from Northwestern University. His expertise has been in astronomy and computer science. He has notoriety for mapping the landscape of Mars for National Aeronautic and Space Administration (NASA) and for being the founder of several venture capital firms. Mr. Vallee has always had an interest in UFO's,

which emanated from a personal sighting when he was living in France. In recent years he has worked on cutting edge technology for Stanford Research Institute in Palo Alto, California.

Mr. Vallee has published eight different books. *Passport to Magonia* was first released in 1975 and then updated and reissued in 1993. The book focuses on folklore and unexplained occurrences with first hand stories from witnesses and individuals who have experienced specific phenomena. All of the below listed quotes come directly from Mr. Vallee's story about the incident in France.

There are few details in the French story about where it specifically occurred. Mr. Vallee starts by saying that the incident happened "near the Loire River." The river is over one thousand kilometers long and is the longest river in France. We also know this occurred on May 20, 1950, at approximately 4pm and involved a woman of an unknown age.

The woman was supposedly hurrying back to prepare dinner and walking along an isolated path. She specifically stated that there was no wind or breeze. Rather than paraphrase what happens next, here is the quote from the book:

"Suddenly I found myself within a brilliant, blinding light, and I saw two huge black hands appear in front of me. Each one had five fingers of black color with a yellowish tint, somewhat like copper." She explained that the hands did not come from behind but appeared to come from above. She states that she took a couple of steps without anything happening and then the hands touched her. She didn't see any arms, just hands. "The two black hands were applied to my face with violence and squeezed my head." Her head was pulled back against what she described as a very hard chest, as hard as iron! The hands slowly gripped her head harder and harder. She described the hands as cold, as though they weren't made of flesh. The fingers on the hands completely covered her eyes, nose and mouth. She couldn't scream out and she couldn't breath. "When I was surrounded by the strong, blinding light, I had the feeling I had been paralyzed and when the hands touched me, I had the feeling I had been paralyzed, and when the hands touched me, I had the very distinct impression of a strong electric charge."

The woman felt helpless for a little over a minute. She describes a feeling as though being swung front and backwards. She again states that the subject swinging her had a metal hard chest and shoulders. She also claims that as she was being swung, she came back against "invisible arms" that were making contact with her shoulders. "It was at this moment that I heard his laugh, a strange laugh I could not explain; it was as if I heard him through water, and yet it seemed quite close, above my head." The laugh stopped after a few seconds and then the woman felt something like a knee hit her in the center of her back. The subject put her on the ground while still squeezing her head. He then dragged her rapidly along the path but she could not hear the subject breathing. "He pulled me into a bush of brambles and nettles and acacias, still going backward at an incredible speed, holding my head. At that moment I heard a voice above me, and it said: "There she is. We've got her."

It appeared that the abductor was talking with someone else. As she was hearing this, she was choking and having difficulty breathing and feared she was going to die. The abductor then dragged her into a field and stopped. She gradually felt the finger come off her face and at that point she tried to scream but couldn't. "After awhile I was able to sit among the brambles. I had a very hard time breathing. My bag was still in my hand with the money it contained."

Most people would hope that life would start returning to normal for this woman, no chance. She states that she heard a loud and violent windstorm that started. "I saw the trees bending as if under a sudden storm, and I was nearly thrown down. Almost simultaneously there was a strong, blinding white light. I had the feeling that something flew through the air very fast, bit I saw nothing. Soon everything became calm again. I felt discomfort and nausea."

The woman slowly made her way to a neighbor's to seek assistance. She stated that she had an ongoing metallic taste in her mouth. At one point she believed some invisible force was brushing her off as she simultaneously was feeling an intense heat near the center of her back. At the end of the 5-6 minute walk to the neighbors, she estimated that the total event lasted approximately fifteen to twenty minutes.

The woman soon reached a business of an acquaintance. They asked her what happened as they had seen a bright light. The woman regained her voice while the shopkeeper stated that they saw finger marks deep into her face. After a short recovery period, the lady made her way back home and informed her parents what happened. The parents and the victim made a decision to call the local police.

The Gendarmerie responded and interviewed her at length. They took her back to the location where the incident happened and then documented the facts surrounding the event. The police stated that she had been abducted and filed a report.

Summary

I viewed this report as one of the most important I've ever found. This incident includes many of the elements I have documented in North American missing person cases. This abduction occurred in 1950, a time that had high numbers of missing people in the United States.

The part of this incident that's unusual was the ability of the victim to describe intimate details of the event. We don't know the victims age but she described an incident that is very similar to events described in North America.

Location of incident:

Mr. Vallee specifically stated that this incident occurred "near the Loir River." This is important because the vast majority of the disappearances I've documented have happened near bodies of water.

No wind and No Sound

The victim describes a very quiet environment just before the abduction. I have personally witnessed phenomena while being in the woods as, "A vacuum of sound", complete silence. I was with a hunting partner at the time and we both felt it was completely abnormal and unreal. We sat down on each side of a huge Douglas fir tree and waited for 30-45 minutes until the sound came back.

Time of Incident:

4p.m. is the prime time for people to disappear in North America and that was the exact time noted in Passport to Magonia.

Scratches and Marks

The victim has scratches on her legs and face. The majority of the victims I've documented who have disappeared had scratches and marks as described in the France incident. The difference with this story, we have an explanation why someone would get scratches on their face and legs.

Brambles

In past books I have written about victims being found inside bramble and berry bushes. There was never an explanation about how or why they were in that location, until now. The victim states, "I saw and heard the brambles scratching the empty space, and the grass being pressed as if under the steps of some invisible being" (Page 97).

Unable to Speak

The victim says that there was a time during her abduction where she tried to scream but could not. At the time many of the missing victims in North America are located, they cannot or do not speak. Some victims are found to have hoarse voices and even fevers.

Weather

Just as the victim believed that the incident was about to end, the weather changed abruptly. She described a loud sound, bright lights and heavy wind, wind so strong she believed she was going to get knocked down. Inclement weather is associated with many of the disappearances I've documented.

Date of Incident

How odd is it that this woman describes being abducted in May of 1950, while looking back at the list of missing people contained in both the Eastern and western "Missing 411" books, 1950-1959

had more people abducted than any other decade that was covered in both books:

This list is Found in Missing 411-Eastern United States, Page 307.

Decade	Males+Females=Total
1868-1879	1+1=2
1880-1889	4+1=5
1890-1897	4+1=5
1901-1909	5+1=6
1910-1919	8+1=9
1922-1929	6+2=8
1930-1939	24+10=34
1940-1949	37+9=46
1950-1959	35+26=61
1960-1969	28+11=39
1970-1979	21+11=32
1980-1989	30+15=45
1991-1999	36+9=45
2000-2009	56+17=73
2010	1+0=1
Totals	296+115=411

1950-1959 had the most individuals abducted under the criteria of the study; it also had the most females abducted.

We have no reason to disbelieve the story from France and we have many elements to the story that match hundreds of cases in North America during the same period. The story benefits our research by adding background to what may be occurring to the victims during that period when the majority either don't remember, refused to say or are unable to explain what occurred.

There are other stories in the missing books about women claiming they are being chased by men that they can't or won't describe. I think it's fascinating that in the France case, the woman explains that she was taken to a location where it appeared she was being turned over to someone else: indicating that a conspiracy occurred. The real question is why was she taken and whom was she being

given to? What was the point in the abduction? The answer to these simple questions will open Pandora's box that will eventually lead to why this phenomenon is occurring.

If there is one case in this book you are going to remember, commit this to memory.

Iceland

After releasing two books on missing people and explaining that there appeared to be some correlation between the missing people and large boulders, I was contacted by a resident of Iceland who told me about a fascinating movie, *Huldufolk 102.*

Icelandic residents have specific stories in their culture related to people living inside large boulders across the country, and *Huldufolk 102* explored these stories. In one segment of the film, an associate professor of folklore from the University of Iceland, Terry Gunnell, explained that this belief is taken seriously. He pointed to a series of large boulders in the middle of a roadway (Elf Hill Road) in a town in Iceland. Residents of the area had a strong belief that "Hidden People" lived in the boulders and that the stones couldn't be moved or touched. The town officials took the residents' beliefs seriously. The road was built around the boulders, and the stones were actually given street addresses.

Another story was described about a very large boulder in Reykjavik. The boulder was in the path of a new road, and crews had plans to destroy it. The residents complained and explained it couldn't be destroyed. The country's road-building department carefully moved the boulder into a more attractive location and preserved it intact, again, all in the name of the "Hidden People."

In the Icelandic language, "Huldu" means secrecy and "Folk" means people. There were other segments in the movie where residents talked about losing tools on their farms and then finding them a year later in the exact place where they were lost. The people claim that the Hidden People have been there for generations, and it is rarely talked about outside the culture. Imagine how harsh the living conditions are in Iceland and then try to understand how

anything outside our normal paradigm of living people could exist in such a place inside boulders.

There is a YouTube video about the movie and a website that explains more details about the culture and this specific belief system, www.huldufolk102.com. The movie consists of over seventy minutes completely committed to this specific topic.

Indonesia

When you start to conduct research or initiate an investigation on any topic, you sometimes work with a shotgun approach rather than a rifle shot. You have to keep your awareness high and have the ability to absorb many facts from a variety of areas to understand where the consistencies start to expose themselves at a greater level than other abnormalities. While some may say this is intuitive guessing, it's really not. I have kept graph paper next to me when doing long-term research and have written down items—strange items—that seemed to continually show themselves in missing-persons cases. It was only after reading several hundred cases that a few specific items about the cases started to show trends. After several thousand cases, these trends started to become a serious concern.

One of the unusual facts I realized in missing-persons cases was that it appeared that an abnormal number of people had vanished wearing brightly colored clothing. This observation wasn't an easy one to develop, because the majority of news articles on missing people, especially older articles, do not list the color of the clothing the person was wearing. In the events where color of clothing was listed, it started to become a troubling trend that bright colors showed themselves too many times. I can't say that bright colors caused or attributed to the disappearance, just that there seems to be some correlation. In the cases in the prior "Missing 411" books, it might be possible that people who chose bright clothing somehow had the attitude or demeanor to take risks where others may not. I have no idea if this is true; it's just an example of how this can be interpreted.

After my books started to gain notoriety, I was contacted by Anne Strieber, Whitley Strieber's wife, and asked if I would join

him on his show for an interview about my findings. I have always been a huge fan of Whitley's books and was humbled by the invitation. I sent the "Missing 411" books to him and scheduled the interview.

Whitley Strieber is a very, very bright man who has the ability to read through information and apply it to others' research. He is also a brilliant interviewer and a great writer and author. I was fortunate to be on Whitley's *Unknown Country* radio show two times; in each interview I was learning as much as I was talking!

In one of Whitley's shows, he asked me about what I had discovered regarding missing people and bright colors. I explained that there appeared to be an abnormal amount of documented cases where people vanish wearing bright colors. He asked me if I was aware of a rash of disappearances in Indonesia that have been attributed to villagers wearing bright colors. What? I had never listened (subscribed) to Whitley's radio shows and never heard of this connection. Here is the story that was forwarded to me graciously by Anne and Whitley.

Alan Lamers is an employee of a nongovernmental agency doing work in the outback areas of Indonesia. On one of Whitley's shows, Alan described what he had heard from contacts he had made in the field. He stated that he started to receive reports that villagers were disappearing in 2007 and that they had all been wearing bright-colored clothing. The location of many of the disappearances was a region called Sandu Batu in South Sulawesi. Alan was headed to the area and was warned to wear black and white clothing and to stay away from any bright colors. Locals took Alan into the jungle where they watched illegal logging taking place. One of Alan's friends had accompanied him to the jungle, and when they returned to the village later that night, he became violently ill. He was projectile-vomiting and had a high fever, and people were worried about his welfare. After several days, he got better and then stated what had happened. He says that he wore yellow socks and during the walk in the jungle, something had bit and scratched him on his right leg, calf, and thigh. He said that he could never see what was attacking him; just that he suffered the feeling and scarring. This man refused to say what he thought it was, but he did say

that he was lucky to be here, because most people in this condition vanished.

Alan described another event where three brothers and two friends went into the jungle and never came back. There was a massive search, and one was found after many weeks, nearly starving and cold. It was one of the brothers. He had no recollection of anything that happened to him or his brothers. The search for the remaining four turned up nothing: no bodies, no clothing, nothing. After many weeks, this man stated he thought it was the "jinn," Arabic for "demon or hidden from sight." He said he has no idea how the separation in the group took place, but that it was his belief that jinn were involved.

Alan later went back and interviewed the lone brother that survived. He stated that he has been seeing "Jin Kuraci," or little demon people. These little people do what is called "penculikan," another name for abduction. Sometimes the people attacked by these beings come back; sometimes they do not. This same man also described viewing an animal the size and shape of a horse with huge antlers; he saw herds of them. Alan stated that there were no animals that large anywhere in Sulawesi.

Alan later traveled to Java and spoke to people about the individuals who vanish in the jungle. He was told that this happens many, many more times than anyone understands.

Summary

I was almost floored by what I read in Alan Lamers's reports and what Whitley told me during the interview. It's a bit comforting to know that my analysis that people wearing bright colors may go missing at a higher rate than those who wear black and white, but it's also a bit discomforting to know that it's happening in other parts of the world.

I wrote earlier about having a wide span of knowledge, and it helped in this incident. The villager told Alan about "Little Demon People." This statement isn't far from "Little People," and the physical description supplied by the villager isn't much different than stories I have routinely heard about "Little People" in the forests of North America. I have interviewed dozens of Native Americans

that state that "Little People" harass, kidnap, and steal from others routinely. It is rare that anyone sees a "Little Person," but they are in the forests and sleeping in stumps, they say. I am not writing or implying that this is fact. I am simply documenting it as a very odd coincidence between what is occurring in North America (bright colors) with people and their clothing, and Native Americans telling me about "Little People," and Alan Lamers hearing about "Little Demon People" in Indonesia. Is this a mere coincidence?

CHAPTER SEVEN:
NEW CATEGORIES

Coeds

This is a new type of cluster we've documented. We found this group entirely by accident through reviewing thousands of missing-persons reports and merely remembering that college students were disappearing under unusual circumstances and not being found. We will clearly tell you that these are not your everyday disappearances where a student wishes to drop out and away from his/her family; these people vanished under some of the most unusual of circumstances.

When you review the list of missing below, you will see a distinct group that vanished between 1946 and 1954: eight years and four people permanently and forever lost. Ron Tammen and Paula Welden disappeared while in or very near their college. Walter Gordon and Orvar Von Laas went missing while on vacation at Yosemite National Park.

The last four on this list do represent a relationship that needs to be understood. I doubt that anyone realizes that Lynne Schulze and Nicholas Garza both disappeared from Middlebury College thirty years apart. Lynne was never found, but Nicholas's body was eventually located. Don't believe that because authorities located the body that this led to answers: no. It only added to the intrigue.

When I had people read this book prior to release, there were multiple comments about this specific chapter. Four women and four men that were successful students and had brilliant futures, and they seemingly vanished under completely unexplained circumstances. Everyone wanted to know what the common thread might be. The common thread is obviously their intellect and attendance

at a college or university. It seems exceedingly coincidental that two pair of the missing on the list went to the same institution. Von Laas and Gordon each attended graduate school at the University of California at Berkeley, and Schulze and Garza each attended Middlebury College. None of these four knew each other or had the same major.

I wrote the lengthy section about Ronald Tammen. I spent several weeks in Oxford, Ohio, researching this case and trying to understand the area and how it may play some role in the disappearance. Ronald left many clues behind, but they are clues that nobody I know has been able to link together to create a logical explanation for what happened.

This loss of brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, sons, and daughters has caused much grief in these families across the continent. I've never found a document that shows a linkage between coed disappearances. I again go back to the reader and ask you to apply your investigative skill and knowledge to find the answer to what happened to these great young Americans.

The fact that three different coeds vanished from Vermont under unusual conditions, and two from Middlebury College, and two from the University of California, Berkeley, is a very coincidental factor.

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Paula Welden	12/01/46–Unk•18•F•Bennington College, Vermont
Ronald Tammen Jr.	04/19/53–9 p.m.•19•M•Miami University, Ohio
Walter A. Gordon	07/20/54–Unk•26•M•Yosemite National Park, California
Orvar Von Laas	10/09/54–Unk•30•M•Yosemite National Park, California
Lynne Schulze	12/10/71–PM•18•F•Middlebury College, Vermont
Judy Martins	05/24/78–2 a.m.•22•F•Kent State University, Ohio
Karen Louise Wilson	03/27/85–8:15 p.m.•22•F•Albany, New York
Nicholas Garza	02/05/08–11:07 p.m.•19•M•Middlebury College, Vermont

Paula Welden
Missing 12/01/46, Glastonbury Mountain, Bennington, VT
Age at Disappearance: 18 years

Paula was a student at Bennington College. After working a Sunday shift at the college meal center, she decided to take a hike on Glastonbury Mountain. Paula disappeared and was never seen again. Her story was part of the Vermont chapter in *Missing 411-Eastern United States.*

Ronald Henry Tammen Jr.
Missing 4/19/53, Fisher Hall, Miami University, Oxford, OH
Age at Disappearance: 19 years

Ronald Tammen Jr. was born July 23, 1933, and was the first child of Jane and Ron Tammen of Rocky River, Ohio. The Tammens eventually had four other children: Richard, John, Robert, and Marsha. The family moved to Hillgrove Avenue in Maple Heights, Ohio, and this was the address that Ron Jr. would call home. Ron Jr. attended Maple Heights High School and earned varsity letters in track, wrestling, and football. He was most known for his physical abilities in track and field. He graduated from high school in 1951 and enrolled at Miami University, one of the oldest universities in the United States, in the fall of that year.

Ron Tammen's abilities at Miami were not just athletic; he was also quite a musician. He played base fiddle for a campus band called the "Campus Owls." He was a business administration major and had a 3.205 grade point average in April 1953. Ron had become a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity. He had earned the trust of campus dormitory officials, and he was given the status as resident hall advisor for the freshman dormitory at Fisher Hall.

Fisher Hall has quite a long history. Before a university arrived at Oxford, the hall was used at the time as an insane asylum. The building was then given to the United States Navy and used as a radio training school. After that, it was home to the Oxford Female College. It is now called the Marcum Conference Center and is used for meetings. It's also the only hotel on the Miami University campus.

Just to the west of Fisher Hall and down a fairly steep embankment is Four Mile Creek, which runs along the entire western edge of the university. The creek is surrounded by thick forests and foliage and is much, much longer than four miles. I have seen the creek during the winter months, and it looks much like a medium-size river. The creek gets its start at Hueston Woods State Park and Acton Lake approximately three miles north of the university. Immediately north of the hall are the "Formal Gardens," which is an area of nicely kept flowers and plants with some areas that are quite overgrown.

As with every story in my books, this one has some very unusual aspects to it.

Ron was a varsity wrestler at Miami, and although he wasn't always a starter, he was known as being the hardest-working athlete on the team. He completed an "Athletic Publicity Background" sheet with the following information:

Name: Ronald Henry Tammen Jr., Nickname: "Ron"
Height: 5' 9½", Weight: 145 lbs.
How Many Letters in High School: Track-3, Wrestling-2, Football-1

On November 19, 1953, Ron went to the nearby town of Hamilton and visited physician and Butler County Coroner Dr. Garrett Boone. He told the doctor that he wanted his blood typed.

The doctor remembered asking Ron why he wanted this done. The student stated that he might want to give blood someday. Dr. Boone sent him to Mercy Hospital, where a blood sample was taken, and Ron got his results sent to him at Fisher Hall. He was O positive. Dr. Boone would later state that in his thirty-plus years of medicine, that was the first request of that type that he'd ever had. It was also an odd request, because Ron could've had this done on campus.

Ron had just one brush with the law that anyone could find. On March 21, 1953, Ron was driving his Chevrolet (Ohio plate number 992MV) at High and Main Streets in downtown Oxford when he allegedly ran a stoplight and was pulled over by an Officer McDill. The officer issued Ron a citation for failing to stop at a red light. Ron did appear for the court hearing on March 23 at 4 p.m. at mayor's court in Oxford, where he pled not guilty. Mayor Worley applied a fine of $5 and then suspended the sentence. This was the lone entry on a card inside the Oxford Police Department on Ron Tammen Jr.

On the early evening hours of April 19, 1953, Ron was with his band playing a local gig when he returned at just before 8 p.m. to his second-floor corner room. Ron's roommate was gone at the time, and Ron entered his room to a strange sight. He found a fish lying on his bed. Ron walked downstairs and contacted Fisher Hall manager Mrs. Ora Truitt Todhunter and asked for two sheets, a pillowcase, and a mattress cover. She mentioned to Ron that she thought he looked tired. He stated that he was going upstairs to change the sheets and then going right to bed. The hall manger saw Ron leave the area and go upstairs toward his room. Two other students later stated that they saw Ron upstairs sometime after 8:30 p.m., when he told the guys he had heard something that disturbed him. That was the last time he was seen (*Cincinnati Enquirer*, 10/31/1998).

Sometime before midnight, almost four hours after Ron was last seen near his room apparently leaving, Ron's roommate, Charles Findlay, arrived in the room and saw that Ron's bed was made but that he wasn't there. The roommate thought nothing of this, as sometimes Ron slept at his fraternity. Charles saw that Ron's desk light was on, and a book on psychology was open at the desk. Miami was approaching finals week, and many of the students were thinking mainly about their grades and maybe not as much about friends.

Ron's roommate realized something might be wrong on the second day of his disappearance and contacted authorities. The dean at Miami was notified on April 21 of Ron's disappearance, and he supposedly contacted authorities at that point. The authorities finally decided to take the disappearance seriously on April 23, four days after he had vanished. The former police chief of Oxford, Oscar Decker, was interviewed about Ron's case numerous times, and he confirmed that there was never a formal police report filed about the disappearance, because there was never any evidence of foul play.

Miami University school authorities searched Ron's room and found his wallet, bankbook, school materials, keys, and everything but his wristwatch in the room. They searched his car and found it parked exactly where it always was with his instrument inside. The only thing that was missing from the room were the clothes Ron was wearing and his Mackinaw coat he put on because of the snowstorm and wind outside on the night he disappeared. There were no indications of a struggle in the room, but the pillowcase was missing.

Ron lived on the second floor of the hall adjacent to a fire escape structure, which was on the outside of the building, just above an awning. His room was one of the very few on each floor that would have immediate access to the outside via the fire escape.

There was an investigation, but by many accounts it was very, very weak. Dr. Garrett Boone made comments to the press that when he contacted the dean at Miami about the information he had about Ron, he felt that the dean didn't care. As I read dozens of articles about this case, I was constantly confronted with a feeling that administrators and police didn't take this disappearance seriously.

There was one potential lead that was developed. A woman lived in an area off campus called "7 Mile." She reported that someone matching Ron's description came to her door asking for directions. The man had a haircut similar to Ron's but had mud on his face. This reported sighting was investigated intensively and later discounted, as she couldn't positively identify Ron. After the investigation got rolling, there was simply no evidence that Ron left the campus. No one saw him leaving.

One theory had Ron disappearing over a case of amnesia; that never stuck. Another had Ron concerned about his draft position,

and he supposedly disappeared because he didn't want to go to war. Ron was a good student and in a good place at Miami; he was almost assured of a deferment. One of the more interesting theories had Ron leaving because he got his girlfriend pregnant. The pregnancy theory may have answered the question about why he got a blood test. Ron's longtime girlfriend was contacted after his disappearance, and she was not pregnant. No woman ever came forward claiming Ron was the father of her baby after he vanished. Ron had a younger brother that was a freshman at Miami when Ron disappeared. Richard Tammen stated that he had seen Ron the night before he vanished (Saturday), and Ron seemed completely normal.

The investigation into Ron's disappearance got a huge spark when the head of Miami housing for students, H. H. Stephenson, was vacationing with his wife in Wellsville, New York, on August 5, 1953. The couple was passing through Wellsville and stopped at the hotel for dinner. As they were seated, Mr. Stephenson made eye contact with a table of men seated a short distance away. One of the men looked exactly like Tammen, and Stephenson stated that he definitely knew the student. Stephenson stated that as he was looking at the man, the man who looked exactly like Tammen appeared to be looking right through him. Once the couple finished dinner, they walked out to the sidewalk where he told his wife of his sighting. The couple went directly back into the restaurant, and the men were gone. They looked in the lobby and on the sidewalks, but they couldn't find the men.

I did a little checking on Wellsville and found it was just ten miles north of Pennsylvania. It is a very small city known for its oil wells. It is the only city of any size for thirty miles in any direction.

Summary

It's been almost sixty years without any evidence of what happened to Ron Tammen Jr. Yes, this case has interested me maybe more than normal, as it hits close to home. My son is a student at Miami University and an athlete just like Ron. Ben Paulides plays ice hockey for one of the best division-one teams in the NCAA, and the team stays at the Marcum Conference Center when the student food and dormitory facilities are closed for holidays. Ben told

me about the stories associated with a supposed ghost that haunts the grounds near the "Formal Garden" just outside the center. This is what jump-started me into investigating this case. I spent many hours at the university's communications office, where a special file on Ron Tammen Jr. exists. Part of the university's file contains several articles about a "phantom" that existed just outside of Fisher Hall and in the surrounding gardens.

Ron's room would've been one of the rooms facing in the direction of the garden. Three weeks after Ron vanished, students heard someone singing in the vicinity of the gardens late at night, near midnight. A few of the men from Fisher went into the gardens, and the male voice stopped singing. The guys looked around the garden, didn't see anything, and returned to their rooms. At midnight the following night, the same voice started singing again. This time a larger group of guys went into the gardens, and the singing stopped. They searched the area and again could not find anyone, but they were in the mood to find the culprit. The following day, the group of men recruited others, and they searched the gardens for sound equipment. Finding none, they searched and cleared the area, got a group to surround the gardens, and waited. The men were sure that there was nobody inside their perimeter as they waited for midnight. Unbelievably, the singing started. The men slowly converged and made a tighter circle on the garden, and the singing stopped. In a document titled "The Disappearance of Ronald Henry Tammen Jr.," dated May 27, 1975, the following was written about what the group saw next: "As the men stood around trying to figure out where they had gone wrong, a form suddenly leapt from a nearby bush. The rather tall figure, dressed in all white, raced across the old golf course toward what is now Hahne Hall. The men gave chase but it easily outdistanced them and was lost in the woods. In the words of one pursuer, it seemed to run with 'Super Human Speed.' The singing was never heard again but the rumors started to emerge. The most prevalent depicted the figure as Ron Tammen's ghost, come back to haunt the university."

Is it a coincidence that Four Mile Creek was directly in the path of the white figure when it ran from the men? Four Mile Creek has a healthy quantity of bass that live in the creek. Did the fish that

Ron found in his bed come from that creek? Is it a coincidence that Ron was the one room directly next to the external fire escape and facing the backwoods, gardens and creek? I do not believe in coincidences. There was never any student that came forward and admitted to leaving the fish in Ron's bed, yet that was the one incident that caused him to get new sheets and a pillowcase. What had Ron heard that "disturbed him" just prior to his disappearance?

I find it highly coincidental that Ron's case matches almost every other missing coed case in this chapter, where the university is slow to get started on the case and allows critical time to pass before any investigation starts. It's also coincidental that it was storming outside the night Ron vanished. It is hard to imagine that there were no police reports written about this incident at the time it occurred. Why wouldn't the dean at Miami require documentation?

Fisher Hall was demolished in 1978 and the Marcum Center was built in its place. School officials searched the rubble for any evidence of Ron Tammen Jr. They found nothing.

Walter A. Gordon
Missing 7/20/54, Yosemite National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 26 years

Orvar Von Laas
Missing 10/9/54, Yosemite National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 30 years

Walter and Orvar were both graduate students at the University of California at Berkeley, and both were hiking at Yosemite National Park three months apart when they vanished. The men didn't know each other, yet both disappeared under eerily odd circumstances. The Gordon and Von Laas families happened to find each other, and both determined that the disappearances of their family members were strangely similar. Both families felt their boys would never do anything stupid or run away from their obligations; each thought their boys had been abducted. The families got together and penned a letter to President Eisenhower asking him to send Special Forces

to look for their kids. The families never got their wish, and neither man was ever found.

The story of Walter and Orvar was in *Missing 411-Western United States.*

Lynne Kathryn Schulze
Missing 12/10/71, Middlebury College, VT
Age at Disappearance: 18 years

Lynne Schulze graduated high school in Simsbury, Connecticut, about two hundred miles south of Middlebury. In December 1971, she was a freshman at Middlebury College and academically doing fine. She had expressed to her parents that she was very homesick, and they had advised her to finish her semester, and she could come home and enroll at a local school. She was raised in a rural atmosphere and in a home that sat bordering open space, yet there were neighbors in the area. When Lynne was a freshman at Middlebury, she had two brothers (ages twelve and fourteen), a sister in high school, and another sister at the University of Wisconsin.

On Friday, December 10, Lynne was heading to finals with friends when she advised them that she forgot something in her room. She advised the group that she'd meet them at the exam. She never returned. There were reports that she was last seen walking on US Route 7 south of Middlebury on December 10, but that has never been confirmed. It was only when Lynne didn't arrive for a final on December 14 that the college and staff became concerned and contacted her parents. When Mr. and Mrs. Schulze responded to the college with shock and concern, the school notified local police, and an investigation was started December 15, five days after the last sighting of Lynne.

At the time Lynne was last seen, she was wearing a brown ski parka, blue jeans, and hiking boots. Lynne's parents notified the Federal Bureau of Investigation and asked them for assistance. They also kept a close liaison with the Middlebury police.

Many people believed that Lynne ran away from the college and her supposed problems. The reality is that Lynne really didn't have problems. She was passing all of her classes, friends had seen her conscientiously studying for finals, and her parents had advised her she could come home at the end of the semester, if she chose.

Anne Schulze was Lynne's younger sister and was in high school when Lynne vanished. Anne was recently interviewed by Yahoo's Contributor Network and explained that her mother always believed that foul play was involved.

The Schulze family was so desperate for answers about Lynne that they contacted Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff and asked for federal assistance in an effort to find their daughter. The FBI did get involved briefly at the senator's request, but there didn't seem to be any viable leads that they developed.

Middlebury College and the police always seemed to classify Lynne's disappearance as voluntary, and that connotation tends to push law enforcement away from continued investigations.

Lynne has been missing now for forty-plus years with no confirmed sightings. The girl was finishing her semester, did not have any mental health issues, and was soon heading back home. The fact that nobody in her family has been contacted

since her disappearance indicates to me that something catastrophic happened to Lynne, or she'd be contacting family members.

Summary

In comparing the disappearances of Schulze and Garza, one glaring issue is at the forefront on each case: the time delays before any investigations are started. These delays no doubt doomed each investigation.

Judy Martins
Missing 5/24/78, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio
Age at Disappearance: 22 years

Avon Lake, Ohio, sits on the shores of Lake Erie just west of Cleveland, and this is the city where Judy Martins graduated from high school in June 1973. Judy did well in school and wanted to stay relatively close to home, she decided to attend Kent State University, about an hour's drive from her home. Judy would live on the campus and come home when she had the urge and need.

Kent State is located south of Cleveland in Kent, Ohio. Kent is a big campus and boasted forty-two thousand students in 2012; there were probably fewer in 1978. In May 1978, Judy was a junior and student advisor at Engelman Hall near the northwest section of the campus. Judy was doing well in school and had many very good friends. She was a trusted person by the housing administration, which had entrusted her as a resident advisor. In May 1978, Judy didn't have a boyfriend and wasn't seeing anyone seriously.

On May 24, 1978, Judy visited a series of friends and found a red wig in a friend's room and put it on. She also found a pair of very large sunglasses and put those on. Judy's friends stated that she knew she looked funny and wanted to show the look to friends at

Prentice and Dunbar Halls. A May 31, 1978, article in the *Chronicle Telegram* had a section on Judy's disappearance and what her friends did with her that night: "She looked so funny with it on, so she went down the hall and borrowed a big pair of sunglasses. She wanted to show it to friends in Prentice and Dunbar (nearby dormitories) so one of the other girls drove her over there at about 11:30 that night because it was raining, Miss Cherniavsky said." Judy visited friends in both dorms and then left Dunbar at approximately 2 a.m. Judy's friends visited her room the following morning and found that her bed had not been slept in. Unfortunately for Judy, she didn't have a roommate to keep tabs on her, and she wasn't reported missing for another two and a half days, when she failed to report for a volunteer job she had at her dormitory. The following Monday was finals week, and all students leave the campus for the summer when their finals are completed. This resulted in many witnesses leaving town rapidly.

Campus police didn't respond quickly on this case and, in fact, didn't start a formal search until after the Memorial Day weekend. There were rumors that the police felt that Judy had left voluntarily, and they appeared reluctant to commit significant resources to the search.

After the family continued to prod the police, the investigation revealed that Judy was last seen at Dunbar Hall at 2 a.m. and was supposedly walking back to her room but never arrived. Investigators meticulously searched the path that Judy would've walked and didn't find any of the property they were hoping she might have dropped, such as the red wig, large glasses, or other personal property. Nothing was found. The rain that was falling the night Judy vanished washed away any tracks that may have been made in soft mud or dirt.

From what police learned, all indications were that Judy was a stable, smart, and committed student who didn't have any unusual personal baggage that would account for a disappearance.

There is an area on the northeast section of the Kent State campus that has a lake and significant open space. Police placed a helicopter in the sky with heat-seeking forward-looking radar but did not find any unusual diggings or heat sources. This same

area was searched intensively by foot, and nothing unusual was found.

Judy's brother, Steve, her sister, Nancy, and her parents were all interviewed extensively by different teams of investigators in the first twelve days of the disappearance. No new leads were gleaned. It was the belief of the Martins family that foul play was involved in her disappearance, as none of the family believed she would leave school voluntarily.

The Kent State University Foundation posted a $1,500 reward for any information leading to the finding of Judy. Nothing ever transpired.

On June 13, 1978, police removed twelve investigators from the Martins case and gave it to one detective to work part-time. In the thirty-plus years that Judy has been gone, there have been a variety of allegations of supposed sightings; none have panned out. There have been suspects that have come and gone, but none have stuck.

Summary

As with many of the coeds listed as missing in this chapter, the investigation into Judy's disappearance was stalled from the outset. Judy's personal belongings were found in her room: all of her clothes she wasn't wearing were there, along with her glasses she needed. The continued involvement of rain as a factor associated with the disappearances again played a role in this incident.

It's obvious that police were concerned about the lakes and wilderness area near the campus, as they devoted significant resources in searching them.

I believe it is also important to note the time of the school year that Judy vanished—nearly the end of the semester, the same as others listed in this chapter.

Karen Louise Wilson
Missing 3/27/85, Albany, NY
Age at Disappearance: 22 years

Karen Louise Wilson was born to Raymond and Jennie Wilson into a military lifestyle. Raymond was an officer in the Air Force

and in 1985, he was stationed in Plattsburgh while holding the rank of lieutenant colonel. In March 1985, Karen was a senior at State University of New York at Albany. She was also an intern for a New York state assemblyman, Samuel Coleman, with the hopes of a career in foreign service upon graduation. Jenny Wilson described her daughter as a great cook and homemaker who was very reliable.

Karen lived on campus with her longtime friend and roommate, Margaret Carroll. On the night of March 27, 1985, Karen made plans with Margaret to have dinner together after she went downtown and tanned in preparation for a spring break trip to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. The friends had decided to leave on the trip the following day. Karen's parents had given her the spring break trip as a gift, and she was excited about getting out of the cold New York weather.

Karen took the bus from campus to the Colonie Center, where she purchased a red and blue T-shirt for her trip. She then went to a nearby tanning salon where she had a 7:30 p.m. reservation. Witnesses do not specifically remember her at the salon, and she didn't sign in. It was after the tan that she allegedly was heading back to school to have dinner. In 1985 in New York, you could drink alcohol at the age of nineteen, and Karen had visited the Rathskeller pub on campus several times with friends. According to retired campus police chief James Williams, the manager of the Rathskeller remembered seeing Karen near the corner of Washington and Fuller, approximately one-quarter mile from the campus at approximately the time after she would've been leaving the salon. Karen never arrived back at her room and never met her roommate. Margaret got nervous when Karen didn't arrive and started to call friends and relatives, chasing down the location of her friend. Eventually police were notified.

There was some confusion when Karen disappeared. She was last seen on a Wednesday night and was scheduled to depart for spring break early Saturday morning. (There was some conflict amongst various reports on the date Karen was leaving for Florida.) The police did have some belief that she may have left early. They contacted Fort Lauderdale police, but they found nothing there.

The location where Karen was last seen is troubling, and the weather the day after her disappearance turned to rain. She was last seen adjacent to heavy woods and a reservoir and a creek. Police officers were put on horseback and covered the area of the Albany Pine Bush Preserve, Rensselaer Lake, and its outflow creek extensively and found nothing. Canines were brought to different points

in the area where Karen was last seen; they never picked up a scent. This wooded area continues northwest into heavier foliage, but its southeastern-most termination point is Fuller Road, an unusual coincidence, since this is where Karen was last seen.

There were other coeds in the greater New York area that had disappeared, but their bodies were found with significant head injuries that would've caused death. Karen has never been found.

There has never been any solid suspect even though many leads have been chased. An article in the *North County Gazette* of March 26, 2011, had a statement about what the police had in this case: "Police say they were severely hampered in their investigation due to the lack of evidence left behind. There was no forensic evidence, no DNA, no crime scene, no eyewitnesses, nothing. The woman just disappeared."

Summary

Karen Wilson was an all-American collegiate woman that was ready to move onto the next phase of her life. She hadn't been in any trouble through college, she had strong friendships, and she kept close communications with those friends the night she disappeared. She vanished near a heavily wooded area the night before rains hit the area. Two days after she vanished, she was scheduled to start a one-week spring break trip to Fort Lauderdale. Police officers find no clues and no witnesses, and canines cannot find a scent. Lakes were dragged for a body, hundreds of potential witnesses were interviewed, and not one solid clue was ever established.

Karen's father retired from the Air Force and became a pilot for American Airlines flying for American Eagle. Raymond and Jenny moved to Arizona shortly after the lieutenant colonel retired.

There are parallels between Karen's disappearance and the other coeds in this chapter.

Nicholas "Nick" Garza
Missing 2/05/08, Stewart Hall, Middlebury College, VT
Age at Disappearance: 19 years

Nick Garza was born December 9, 1988, in Chino, California, to Demetrius and Natalie Garza. The couple moved to Albuquerque,

New Mexico, and Nick attended the prestigious Albuquerque Academy for his high school years. Nick did well in school and was accepted to Middlebury College in Vermont. Middlebury is located almost on the New York border forty-five miles southeast of Lake Placid and seventy-five miles north of Bennington. The college sits just west of a massive wilderness area and there are many other state wildlife areas in the immediate region surrounding the campus. Otter Creek flows along the eastern border of the school.

Monday, February 4, was the start of winter break for Middlebury. Many of Nick's friends were leaving for a cabin in New Hampshire, and others were going to the coast. Nick chose to stay on campus with other friends. Nick routinely texted his mom

every day and called every other day as a way to keep in touch with the family. On February 5, Natalie received a text from Nick indicating all was fine; that was the last communication she ever received from her boy.

Investigators put together a timeline of Nick's activities after he texted his mom. One report indicated that Nick had purchased a bottle of liquor on February 5; surveillance tapes showed it was actually three days earlier. There were some conflicting reports about Nick's sobriety during the night he last spoke to his mom. He did go between a few of the student housing units, hanging with friends and drinking. One group of friends said that Nick did not show any indications of being drunk, while others indicated he was a little tipsy. Nick's best friend stated that Nick had kept his wits about him.

Eventually Nick and a friend went to a female friend's room at Stewart Hall. Nick's friend left after a while, because he was leaving early the next morning for a trip to the New Hampshire cabin; Nick stayed behind. At approximately 11:06 p.m. Nick left Stewart Hall. In interviews with other friends, it was generally thought that Nick would be headed toward one of the other social halls, which would've entailed walking past St. Mary's Cemetery and other isolated and overgrown areas of the campus. Nobody knows exactly where Nick went when he left Stewart Hall, but he was over one half mile from Otter Creek at this point.

On the morning of February 6, a large number of Nick's friends were leaving town for the mountains, and few were staying behind. With so few students on campus, nobody recognized the fact that Nick didn't arrive back at his room after leaving Stewart Hall. Natalie was trying to call Nick and not getting an answer. Investigators did check the weather patterns in the early morning hours of February 6 and found there was rain and snow that started at 3:42 a.m., the earliest probable time a search would've started if Nick's friends had been on campus and realized he wasn't back.

Natalie Garza got more and more nervous with each passing day and eventually traveled to Middlebury to help organize a

search. The formal effort to find Nick didn't start until February 11, six days after he was last seen. The Middlebury police and campus officials were being pushed by Natalie in her attempts to find her son. At the height of the effort to find Nick, there were over fifty organizations assisting in some way to locate the young man.

Police investigators were reviewing Nick's e-mails, computer hard drive, and phone logs in an attempt to locate some clue as to the cause of his disappearance.

Natalie arrived into Middlebury on February 12, and the following day, she noticed that officials were concentrating their efforts on a thickly wooded area adjacent to St. Mary's Cemetery. She didn't get a clear answer why they were doing this. The *Vermont Independent Voice* on April 9, 2008, ran an article about the search for Nick and interviewed Middlebury Police Chief Tom Hanley about his feelings of what happened to the student. Here is that portion of the interview: "'Somehow, opinions have been developed out there that we just assume he got drunk, walked out in the snow and disappeared. I have told the family 100 times to the contrary that this is not the case. It has never been the case.' The chief stated that this case consumed over 3000 hours of investigative time and effort representing thirty different officers' participation."

In the review of articles for preparation of this piece, I found that the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) was on site and monitoring the case but claiming not to participate. I have seen this same level of involvement on missing-persons cases by the FBI many, many times.

Vermont state police checked transportation companies to see if Nick took a ride out of town; he didn't. They interviewed all of his friends when they arrived back from vacation. They offered nothing new but did substantiate he was a great guy and reliable person. At one point, a private investigator who was a retired FBI agent entered the case and reviewed files and re-interviewed some people. He came to the same conclusions as the other investigators; they had no leads on where Nick may be.

Bloodhounds had been brought into the area and couldn't find a scent for Nick. Later in the search, cadaver dogs were utilized, but not at the early stage.

On May 27, a body was seen floating in Otter Creek just to the east side of the Middlebury campus. In a very short amount of time, the area around the creek looked like a major crime scene. Investigators retrieved the body and found Nick's wallet and cell phone in the pockets. The coroner confirmed it was Nick.

An autopsy was conducted on Nick's body. The coroner stated they couldn't determine the amount of alcohol in his system and unbelievably, they couldn't determine the cause of death. As someone who has investigated drowning cases, it is pretty straightforward for the coroner to find water in the lungs and make the determination that the individual drowned, but not in Nick's case. If Nick didn't drown, what was he doing in the creek one half mile from Stewart Hall? The coroner's report made it clear that they had no idea what took Nick's life.

Summary

The location of Middlebury College does intrigue me. It sits almost on the New York state line and very close to the Adirondack cluster just north of one of the largest clusters of missing in Bennington. The college sits surrounded by large amounts of wild and open space.

Natalie Garza publicly stated she felt that there was some foul play involved in Nick's disappearance. I would agree. Why would Nick be anywhere near the creek on a cold and blustery night, when he wanted to be with friends in a college environment? The night he vanished was like the perfect storm of disappearances—too many items, which gave the opportunity to find Nick almost zero possibility, just seemed to fall into place. Rain and snow hit the area the night he vanished. Nobody recognized that Nick was missing at the campus.

Nick's body was found near the rocks near falls on the creek. If the body were in a fast-moving creek for over three months, what

would've been the chances that his cell phone and wallet would've remained in the pockets?

An example of how perplexed the investigators were in Nick's disappearance, his case was spotlighted on *America's Most Wanted* with John Walsh. There were no important clues discovered after the airing, but it is an example of how police were scrambling for clues to understand what had happened.

Remember one of the primary locations where bodies are found of people whose cases are highlighted in my books: creeks and riverbeds.

My condolences go out to Demetrius and Natalie Garza for their loss of a fine young man.

Comparing both of the cases from Middlebury, there are a few elements in each that seem quite similar. Schulze and Garza disappeared on campus, in the winter months, thirty-seven years apart. Both were attractive people, and each was doing well in school. Both had good relationships with their parents, and each was sociable with others on campus. Both disappeared at the end of the semester or break period, and both disappeared at a time when a considerable number of days elapsed before others realized they were missing, a very unusual coincidence.

Multiple Disappearances

This section deals with the truly unusual disappearances that have occurred in close geographical and/or close date and time proximities. These cases were sometimes very easy to identify, while with others, it took digging through three of our "Missing 411" books to understand the linkages that may not be blatantly obvious from the first scan of this list.

This group represents people who vanished while hiking to the ocean and while hiking mountain peaks. You will easily understand the correlations dealing with disappearances from the same location, or locations in close proximity to each other. The disappearances of Michael and Charles Palmer have always bothered me immensely. Two brothers vanish from the same general area, eight months apart and under extremely unusual

circumstances. While Alaska is a location with historically unusual happenings, the disappearances of the Palmers and the fact that neither body has ever been found is one case that needs a detailed investigation.

All of the cases in this section are unusual—that's why they are here. When people disappear on the same date from different, yet close, locations, we have to sit up and take note. When three people vanish from the same general remote area (New York) over a two-year span, someone needs to start taking notes. I know that some people will claim that there is just a human serial killer working the area. I don't believe that. Serial killers routinely kill and dump bodies. They are good at killing, and they quickly want to separate themselves from the evidence. It is very, very difficult to stalk and kill a hunter or fisherman in the wild and then conceal the body so it is never found. The vast majority of these individuals are armed, and they'll shoot you if threatened. Serial killers aren't brave, and they usually victimize easy prey, not armed hunters in the woods. I have been advised many, many times from readers of past books that there surely may be a serial killer stalking people in the woods—just not your stereotypical "Trailside Killer."

Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•Sex•Location
Judd McWilliams	09/15/48–Unk•82•M•40 miles southeast of Lewiston, ID
Jewell Hinrickson	09/23/48–Unk•33•F•17 miles north of Lewiston, ID
Mickey O'Connor	10/08/48–PM•3•M•Alva, WY
H. B. Davis	10/08/48–PM•72•M•Bitterroot National Forest, MT
Walter A. Gordon	07/20/54–Unk•26•M•Yosemite National Park, CA
Orvar Von Laas	10/09/54–Unk•30•M•Yosemite National Park, CA
Sarah Dixon	06/05/56–11:30 a.m.•3•F•Evergreen, CO
Kathy Thomas	06/05/56–11:30 a.m.•3•F•Evergreen, CO
Anthony Martini	06/28/58–2:30 p.m.•11•M•Lenox, MA
Denise Rowe	06/28/58–4 p.m.•3•F•Schroon Lake, NY

Cindy Lou Maclane	09/09/58–9 a.m.•2•F•Willow River BC
Tony R. Beauchamp	09/16/58–3 p.m.•2•M•Bonnet Hill, BC
Clayton Ordiway	06/08/69–1:30 p.m.•5•M•Sequoia National Forest, CA
Thomas McClintock	08/05/69–Unk•12•M•Sequoia National Forest, CA
Bruce Shearin	02/27/76–AM•2•M•Roseboro, NC
Tristen Myers	10/05/00–PM•4•M•Roseboro, NC
Michael Palmer	06/04/99–4 a.m.•15•M•Wasilla, AK
Charles Palmer V	04/10/10–7 p.m.•30•M•Talkeetna, AK
George Laforest Jr.	04/21/06–Unk•45•M•Benton Rd., Indian Lake, NY
Jack Coloney	06/02/06–10:15 a.m.•46•M•Cedar River Rd., Lost Pond, NY
Fred Gillingham	10/12/08–Unk•71•M•Rock River Trailhead, Indian Lake, NY
Katherine Truitt	01/07/10–Unk•37•F•McClures Beach, Point Reyes, CA
Sylvia Lange	01/24/10–12:30 p.m.•77•F•North Beach, Point Reyes, CA

Judd McWilliams
Missing 9/15/48–Unk, 40 miles southeast of Lewiston, ID
Age at Disappearance: 82

Judd McWilliams moved to his ranch in Middle Bench, Idaho, over fifty years prior to his disappearance of September 15, 1948. He raised a family, and the family moved out of the area, leaving just Judd.

Neighbors went to the residence and could not locate Mr. McWilliams. Neighbors soon realized that they hadn't seen the eighty-two-year old man in several days, and they contacted his son, Don, who was living in San Francisco, California. Don hired a private investigator to continue the search for his dad, which the

county terminated after just a few days of searching and finding nothing.

After several days of searching, the private investigator found Judd's rifle on his land amid a series of downed logs deep into his property. A thorough search of the area failed to find any evidence of what happened to the eighty-two-year old rancher. A long-term archival search was completed without finding any resolution to the disappearance of Judd.

Summary

The private investigator did a remarkable job of finding Mr. McWilliams's rifle one-quarter of a mile from his residence. Finding the rifle among downed logs can mean several things, but I believe that it does confirm that Judd was out in that area hunting for something when something tragic and overwhelming happened. There were never reports of a crime scene or of blood, hair, or tissue found, which would tell us if a large predator jumped Judd. We may never know what happened to Judd. If a typical predator had attacked Judd, there would have been hair, clothing, and blood on the scene. It almost appears as though Judd was snatched and was forced to the drop the firearm.

It is also an unusual coincidence that Judd's rifle was found in an area of downed logs, a region where missing children are often found.

Jewell Hinrickson
Missing 9/23/48–PM, 17 miles north of Lewiston, ID
Age at Disappearance 33 years

Jewell was an employee at the Elden Haas Ranch seventeen miles north of Lewiston, ID. On September 23, 1948, in the late afternoon, Jewell went for a walk around the property and never came back.

Jewell was five feet six inches tall and weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. She was last seen wearing blue slacks, blouse, and tennis shoes. An extensive search by ranchers and the county

sheriff's office failed to find Jewell, and I could not find any articles confirming she was found.

Summary

I was originally researching the disappearance of Judd McWilliams when in each article I read about Judd, I found a notation about Jewell's disappearance. Fifty-five miles and seven days separate the two disappearances, a strange coincidence of time and space.

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second day of the search, over one thousand volunteers and professionals were scouring the land around the O'Connor property looking for the three-year-old. On October 13, 1948, the following article in the *Kalispell Daily Interlaker* spoke to the issues faced by searchers: "Mickey wandered away from his ranch home late Friday. Forest Ranger Charles Gorsuch said no tracks or clues to his whereabouts have been found. Gorsuch said he is absolutely baffled."

The United States military sent fifty men from the North Dakota Air Force Base to assist in the search, which was now stretching into a week. This case was confounding law enforcement, and they let their feelings be known to their supervisors and state legislators. An October 20, 1948, article in the *Billings Gazette* had the following: "Colonel R.L. Esmay, Adjutant General, at the request of Governor Lester C. Hunt came here to investigate. He conferred with local authorities and forest service officials and made a report directly to the governor." There were never any articles or notes expressing what was in this report; it would be fascinating to read.

Ranger Gorsuch briefed the media that this area did not have any bears and few other mammals that would be a threat to Mickey. Search commanders did put three airplanes into the sky, and ground forces destroyed several beaver dams in an effort to search creeks and rivers in the area.

A massive archival search failed to find any articles clarifying if they ever found Mickey's body.

Summary

At approximately the same time that Mickey O'Connor disappeared, 510 miles west an elderly man was in deep distress, H. B Davis. At the time I was researching the Mickey O'Connor disappearance, I was reading a newspaper, and one column over from the article about Mickey, there was a story about another disappearance, Mr. Davis. Both people disappeared the same date and from what I can tell, nearly the same time on nearly the same longitudinal line, a very strange coincidence. Both went missing in the mountains and both (from what I can find) were never found.

****See Related article on Page 166. Information replicated purposely.

H. B. Davis
Missing 10/08/48–PM, Bitterroot National Forest, MT
Age at Disappearance: 72 years

Mr. Davis was hunting with friends in the Moose Creek Primitive Area on October 8, 1948. The hunters agreed to meet late in the afternoon at a predetermined area and spend the night there. H. B. never arrived. Friends of H. B. left the mountains to summon assistance from National Forest employees, and a search was started.

Almost from the very start of the effort to find Mr. Davis, forestry officials had already contacted specialized Bloodhounds to assist in the effort. By the third day of the search, the Bloodhounds were supposedly on his scent and tracking. An article in the *Times News* on October 11, 1948, had the following: "Campfire ashes, a gun, top shirt and cap were found on a Pettibone Ridge hillside yesterday." Anytime you're searching and you find the missing person's rifle, this is not a good sign. As I have chronicled in many of these missing-persons stories, missing clothing is one of the consistent elements associated with the missing people. If we are to believe what the article states, Mr. Davis stripped himself of his shirt and cap, left his rifle, and vanished into the Bitterroot wilderness.

Hunters and survival experts know that you never leave your rifle behind. The rifle can signal help, kill food, and protect you from predators.

Two days after the Bloodhounds arrived, they left without finding Mr. Davis. The United States Forest Service committed twenty-five parachutists to jump into the backcountry wilderness to search for the lost man; no news articles ever stated that he was found.

Summary

Mr. Davis disappeared in an area where many others have vanished over the years. Davis's location is at the southern edge of the group but still in the same mountain range. One article stated that Mr. Davis appeared to be walking in circles; if that was the case, he should've been found quickly. It's hard to imagine how far a 72-year-old man could travel and not be found. It seems as unusual as not finding three-year-old Mickey O'Connor.

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Walter A. Gordon
Missing 07/20/54–Unk, Yosemite National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 26 years

Orvar Von Laas
Missing 10/09/54–Unk, Yosemite National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 30 years

The Gordon and Von Laas cases also appear in the "Coed" chapter in this book. A detailed narrative of this incident can be found in *Missing 411-Western United States.*

Both men were graduate students at the University of California at Berkeley and did not know each other, didn't take classes together, and seemingly had never met. Three months apart from each other, they visited Yosemite National Park with their families for a short break from school. Each took a short solo hike and vanished.

Each family mounted a huge search for their son without finding one single clue to where they had gone. Each family independently came to the belief that their son had been abducted. The families found each other and together wrote to President Eisenhower asking for military Special Forces to enter the park to look for their relatives; that request was refused. Neither of these men has ever been found.

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Sarah Dixon and Kathy Thomas
Missing 6/5/56–11:30 a.m., Evergreen, CO
Ages at Disappearance: 3 years

Evergreen, Colorado, is located approximately twenty miles southwest of downtown Denver, thirty miles south of Rocky Mountain National Park, and sits at an elevation of 7,600 feet. The area is known as a weekend retreat and a summer and winter vacation spot.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Thomas lived in Evergreen with their three-year-old daughter, Kathy. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dixon had traveled to visit the Thomases from their residence in Brownsburg, Indiana.

On June 5, 1956, at 11:30 a.m., Sarah and Kathy were outside the Thomas residence when a severe thunderstorm hit the mountains. The adults went outside to find the girls and they couldn't be located. The families searched around the residence, yelled the girls' names, and did not get a response. The Thomases called local law enforcement to assist in the search for the girls.

Within hours of the girls disappearing, Bloodhounds and two hundred forest rangers and sheriff's deputies were covering the area around the Thomas residence. A June 6 article in the *Deseret News* had the following statement about finding Kathy: "Two hours later (1:30 p.m.), Kathy was found 300 yards from the Thomas home. She was soaked to the skin and crying. She could not tell her mom where Sarah had gone."

Search and rescue efforts continued through the night for Sarah Dixon. Searchers knew that Sarah didn't know the area and were surprised she'd leave her friend, but they were also puzzled why Kathy couldn't explain where her friend went.

In an article dated June 7, 1954, in the *Hutchinson News Herald*, the following explained what happened the first morning of the search: "The Evergreen Fire Department was advised by radio that the child, Sarah Dixon, wandered into a place near Stanley Park about 6 a.m. (MST). Stanley Park is five or six miles from the spot where she disappeared about noon yesterday." Sarah did not make

any statements about where she had been or what had happened during her disappearance.

Summary

There are several stories in this book where two people disappear simultaneously or within close time and proximity to each other. It seems unusual that two small girls would separate—one was found three hundred yards from home and another was found five to six miles from that same location—especially for a three-year-old. Bloodhounds didn't find the girls, and the weather during the disappearance was atrocious.

Children are usually scared in thunderstorms, but the behavior of each of these two girls defies common sense. How did three-year-old Sarah manage to get five to six miles from the point she was last seen in total darkness?

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Anthony Martini
Missing 6/28/58–2:30 p.m., Camp Eagle, Lenox, MA
Age at Disappearance: 11 years

The location of this incident was at a Boy Scout camp on the outskirts of Lenox. The exact location was five miles from Undermountain Road and three miles east of the New York state border. The region is extremely rural and rugged.

Anthony was at a Boy Scout camp when he disappeared at approximately 2:30 p.m. There were few details about how or where the boy went missing, but the state police were soon called along with sheriffs. Over fifty searchers scoured the region around the camp for the following seven and a half hours and couldn't find one clue of where the boy might be.

At 10 p.m., two unidentified Pittsfield youths in a Jeep just happened to be driving through the area on Undermountain Road (five miles from where Anthony vanished) when they found the boy near the roadway. The youths picked him up and took him back to the Boy Scout camp. A June 30, 1958, article in the *North Adams Transcript*

had the following information: "Anthony Martini, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Martini, was taken by State Police to St Luke's Hospital and admitted for treatment of a minor bump on the head and exposure."

Summary

The notations in the articles and information contained in the ones we reviewed make no sense. The articles state that an eleven-year-old boy traveled five miles in just under eight hours—that's a pretty steady pace. It was almost July, so the nighttime temperatures couldn't be that cold, and there was never a mention of inclement weather, yet all articles stated Anthony was admitted to the hospital. I find it hard to believe that, in that time frame, any boy that age could be suffering from exposure so severely that it would warrant admission to the hospital.

There were never any notes in any article about his clothing. There was a theory by state police that the boy was homesick and going home, but neither Anthony nor his parents ever made the statement.

This incident happened just fifteen miles south of Bennington, Vermont, a location of a cluster of missing people.

Denise Rowe
Missing 6/28/58–4 p.m., Schroon Lake, NY
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Schroon Lake is almost exactly ninety–three miles north of Lenox, Massachusetts. Both locations are extremely rural with the lake being just to the east of Interstate 87. It is approximately five miles long and one-half to one mile wide. The area to the east of the lake is extremely rural and remote with hundreds of smaller lakes and swamps in very close proximity. There is only one perimeter road around the lake on the east side and then many miles of nothing but desolate and rugged mountains and swamps.

The Rowe family was having a short vacation at their summer cabin on the eastern side of Schroon Lake. On June 28, 1958, at 4 p.m., three-year-old Denise said that she was taking a short walk to use the outhouse; she didn't return. After a short while the mother

went to look for the girl and couldn't find her. Within an hour of Denise walking away, there were dozens of searchers yelling and walking the woods and swamps on the east side of the lake. Law enforcement initially believed that Denise had possibly walked to the lake and drowned; that theory was floated for many hours while Bloodhounds were brought to the scene. The search continued through the night with only one clue found. Late that first night, searchers located a toy train and one shoe belonging to the girl approximately seventy-five feet from the shore of the lake.

At 7 a.m. the morning following Denise's disappearance, a state trooper working on a pure hunch made an amazing find as is described in this June 30 article in the *Times Record*: "Trooper H. J. Trembley of the Donnemora Substation found the weary Denise about three miles from her parents' camp. She was apparently uninjured except for insect bites and scratches about her arms and legs. Trooper Tremblay said that he had beached his boat after crossing the lake and relying on a hunch began to search a rocky and densely wooded area. He discovered the girl about a half mile from the shoreline, a few seconds after hearing her piteous cries."

Summary

Finding Denise in the location where she was makes no sense. She was walking just a short distance to the outhouse, and she vanished. She continued to walk away from the lake and was dropping shoes and her toys as she went? She wasn't gone long when her parents started yelling for her. Why wouldn't Denise answer her parents' calls?

Bloodhounds were brought to where Denise vanished, yet they couldn't pick up her scent to track. Denise was walking east into the densest region anywhere near Schroon Lake, a desolate region filled with swamps, and very rugged mountains.

There were some inconsistencies in the articles that were reviewed. Some newspapers stated that Denise was found ten miles from the Village of Schroon Lake, yet the lake is only ten miles long, making the distances relative to her location inconsistent. I am always trying to imagine what these children are doing during the time they are missing. It's hard to understand how Denise

managed to travel three miles through heavy timber and swamps... really hard.

Anthony Martini and Denise Rowe disappeared within ninety minutes and ninety miles from each other. Both were in rugged country with heavy timber, and both were able to disappear even though friends and relatives were close by. Anthony disappeared first and was found first—he was missing for seven and a half hours, while Denise was gone seventeen hours. I read countless newspapers around this time frame looking for additional articles on these two people or additional events anywhere in North America. I couldn't find any. It seems to be quite a coincidence that these two young children vanished at nearly the same time in close proximity to each other.

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Cindy Lou Maclane
Missing 09/09/58–9 a.m., Willow River, BC
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Willow River, British Columbia, is located eight miles northeast of Prince George. It sits between a main tributary to the Fraser River and Eaglet Lake. The town had only eighteen roads in 2012, so you can imagine it wasn't a very big city in 1958. It sits in a region with hundreds of small bodies of water, and even today, it still has significant overgrown and wild areas at the city's perimeter. In 1958, Willow River was supported by one small sawmill where most of the men were employed.

On September 9, 1958, Cindy Lou Maclane was at her home with her mother, twenty-two-year-old Gladys, while her father, Gerald, was working at the local sawmill. At 9 a.m., Cindy vanished from playing in the yard of the family home. Mrs. Maclane searched for the girl and couldn't locate her. The local RCMP was called, and Mr. Maclane came home from work to assist in the search.

The Maclane home was located on the perimeter of the town, where there was little to no vehicular traffic. It was the general feeling that Cindy must've wandered into the forest. Almost immediately,

several hundred volunteers flocked to the Maclane home and started to cover the area, looking for the two-year-old.

When Cindy wasn't found after the first day, the RCMP sponsored radio broadcasts asking for volunteers to respond to the Maclane residence to assist in the search. Eventually, every sawmill in the area closed, and hundreds of able-bodied men committed to searching. The RCMP had sentries stationed deep in the woods at the end of every night of searching. They were listening for the sounds of an injured or crying girl. They never heard anything.

As searchers completed their sixth day of searching, they were coming to the realization that they had found nothing of the girl. They had come across several black bears in the region and had killed each one they had seen. The bears were gutted in an attempt to see if they had eaten Cindy; they hadn't. There was still the feeling that a bear had taken her, even though they hadn't found the suspect.

Just as the exhausted community was beginning to terminate the search and get back to their jobs, another child went missing.

Tony Richard Beauchamp
Missing 09/16/58–3 p.m., Bonnet Hill, BC
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Bonnet Hill sits approximately twelve miles southwest of Willow River, and oddly enough, each city is an equal distance from the Fraser River. Bonnet Hill sits three miles east of Prince George and in a location between the Fraser River and Tabor Lake. The landscape that surrounds Bonnet Hill and Willow River is very similar. Both cities are very small in size and would be considered suburbs of Prince George.

Exactly one week after Cindy Lou disappeared and while the search for her was still ongoing, Tony Beauchamp vanished. Tony was in the front yard of his home with his brothers and sisters. They were waiting for their dad, Gilbert, to get off work at his sawmill at 3 p.m. It appears that Tony walked partially down his rural road,

looking for his dad, and vanished. Tony was last seen wearing rubber boots, blue jeans, and a light blue sweater.

The Beauchamp family immediately started to look for the boy and then notified the local RCMP. Searchers were now split between the Beauchamp and Maclane search.

On the first night searchers were looking for Tony, it was reported that searchers found a boot, but the paper couldn't absolutely confirm it was his.

On Wednesday, the United States Air Force joined the search for Tony. I realize that this seems like an odd addition for a Canadian search, but Captain George Knight was flying his Beaver aircraft looking for the boy.

Between the Beauchamp residence and Prince George, there was a pipeline that crossed the territory in a north-to-south direction. The pipeline would look a lot like large electrical lines, in that the area around the pipe was mowed and there was little vegetation in close proximity to the pipes. This was the area that Captain Knight was flying. At 2 p.m., he made a remarkable discovery. A September 18, 1958, article in the *Lethbridge Herald* had the following statement: "A 2½ year old boy, missing 23 hours from his home near here was found asleep near a pipeline right of way Wednesday about two miles from his home." Tony was taken back to his residence and found to be in good condition. There was never a statement about what Tony was or wasn't wearing or his physical condition.

Summary

In the thousands of missing-persons cases I have investigated, it is highly unusual to have two missing in such close proximity of the Canadian bush, as is the case with Cindy and Tony. Imagine that both kids were two years old, missing less than fifteen miles apart, and disappeared exactly one week apart. One child is never found, and another is found in the same condition as a vast majority of all missing children—unconscious or semiconscious. Was it pure coincidence that two children exactly the same age disappeared miles from each other in an extremely rural area of British Columbia? There was never a clear reason listed in any article

why a United States Air Force captain was participating in the search.

The fact that both fathers of the missing children worked in a sawmill isn't unusual. Employment in a sawmill would've been one of the few types of work available in this part of Canada in the 1950s. It does seem opportunistic that both children vanished when their fathers weren't at home.

I spent a significant amount of time trying to find any articles that indicated that Cindy was located. I found that the search for Cindy continued briefly after Tony was found, and then there was no additional information available.

Where is Cindy Lou Maclane?

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Clayton Ordiway
Missing 06/08/69–1:30 p.m., Sequoia National Forest, CA
Age at Disappearance: 5 years
**Disabled

Clayton Ordiway had a life that happened to be centered on motorcycles. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ordiway of Rosedale were the parents of young Clayton, who had been crippled in a severe motorcycle accident when he was a younger boy.

On June 8, 1969, Clayton, his family, and his uncle, James T. Sanders, rode their motorcycles to Balch Park in the Sequoia National Forest for a day in the mountains. The park is located at an elevation of six thousand feet. It's also home to the trailhead for Sequoia National Park and sits in the Mountain Home Demonstration State Forest. There has been no logging in this entire region for probably two hundred years. It is old growth and thick forests.

Once the Ordiways and other friends in the motorcycle group arrived at the park, Clayton and his uncle decided to take a trail walk. A June 10, 1969, article in the *Bakersfield Californian* stated what happened: "Sanders told deputies he and the boy were hiking in the remote area when he missed his nephew about 1:30 p.m. When search efforts failed to locate him, sheriff deputies were notified."

The Tulare County Sheriff had the assistance of the United States Forest Service and National Park Service in the effort to find Clayton. Several teams of Bloodhounds and other search dogs converged on the park in an effort to pick up the scent. At one point early in the search, helicopters couldn't be used because of a low cloud ceiling. A June 17, 1969, article in the *Bakersfield Californian* stated the following: "Two crews were forced to halt searching yesterday due to a two-inch hailstorm that blocked the entrance road to the search area. Searchers from the Mt. Home Conservation Camp were reassigned to fight nine lightning fires in the Tulare County area, six in Lemon Cove and three in Springville area." In review, not only had search operations ceased, those same searchers were taken away from their task to fight fires caused by the lightning. For readers who are unfamiliar with California weather, a hailstorm that causes two-inch-deep hail is almost unheard of.

Nearly every news article I found on Clayton indicated that the boy was "crippled" from a motorcycle accident. I understand that you are thinking what I was: how could this boy have wandered off voluntarily and not be found immediately?

The area that Clayton disappeared can get very rugged very quickly and is extremely thick with giant trees and lush landscape. This case grabbed my attention because of Clayton's disability and the immediate change of weather that actually forced searchers away from their jobs.

The formal search for Clayton lasted two weeks. I spent over four days scanning articles about this case when I accidentally found the case of Thomas McClintock.

I could not find one article that stated that Clayton was ever found.

Thomas McClintock
Missing 08/05/69–Unk, Balch Park, Sequoia National Forest, CA
Age at Disappearance: 12 years

As you read the stories of missing children in the "Missing 411" books, you will start to see that an abnormal amount of Boy Scouts

seem to go missing. I was once a scout and can validate that they are a diligent group of boys and volunteers that cares greatly for their members. The ease and quickness with which they disappear and the complete lack of the ability to find the kids immediately are a concern.

On August 5, 1969, Thomas McClintock was with a Boy Scout group camping approximately six miles north of Balch Park at a location called Camp Whitsett. The campers and leaders were hiking with the boys from the camp to Maggie Lake and onto Twin Lake when Thomas vanished. It was unclear to searchers, leaders, or law enforcement if the boy had vanished from the campsite on the trail or while hiking.

Once a leader realized he couldn't find Thomas, one of the leaders double-timed back to the trailhead and contacted authorities, who started the search.

On August 7, Thomas was found in deep forest by a team of professional searchers. He had somehow evaded Bloodhounds yet had survived. Nearly every article about Thomas explained that he was literally blind without his glasses and couldn't see well even with them.

As I was researching the McClintock case, even more startling news started to grip me. An August 8, 1969, article in the *Pasadena Star* explained the McClintock case and other recent cases in that area: "Searchers located 12-year-old Thomas McClintock of Thousand Oaks in a remote area of Sequoia National Forest Thursday and reported the Boy Scout was in 'good condition.' He was the third missing person found in the area in three days. Late Tuesday, Bloodhounds led rescuers to Mrs. Mary Ann Corcoran and her 4-year-old daughter. Young McClintock had been wandering through the rugged country for nearly two days after disappearing Tuesday from a Boy Scout camp in the Twin Lakes area. Officers and fellow scouts and two scout leaders searched the area Tuesday and hiked out Wednesday to notify authorities. Rangers said the boy was in the same general area where a Bakersfield boy, 6-year-old Clayton Ordiway has been missing since June 8." You are reading this correctly: two females and two boys vanished in less than two months in the same area.

The Corcorans were a mom and young daughter that disappeared and were found by searchers in a bush. They were both dehydrated, and articles stated that Mrs. Corcoran was suffering from some type of shock. The pair had gone for a hike and vanished. They both recovered.

As I was still researching the above cases, I found that another boy went missing almost a year after Clayton vanished. Five-year-old Roger Foster disappeared while with his stepfather, James Ferguson, from the family's campsite at Balch Park. Roger vanished at 3:45 p.m., and the search teams actually didn't find him. Roger wandered into the Ratcliffe Ranch on Bear Creek almost thirty-six hours after he went missing. I could find few other details on the Foster case.

The number of children that disappeared from the area of Balch Park in the summer of 1969 is without equal. I have never found so many who vanished under unusual circumstances from such a reasonably small area. I have scoured the archives for other disappearances before and after this time period around the Balch Park area, and no other time period comes close for amount of disappearances. Please refer to the cluster of missing at Sequoia National Park and add these children to that list. These kids disappeared on the fringe of the park.

In my mind I am trying to believe that Clayton must've been found at some point, as I cannot find any archives explaining the recovery of his body, and I also cannot find him listed on any database as missing.

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Bruce Shearin
Missing 02/27/76–AM, 3 miles west of Roseboro, NC
Age at Disappearance: 2 years

Roseboro is a very small town fifteen miles southeast of Fayetteville and twelve miles north of Bladen Lake State Forest. The region around the city has hundreds of small bodies of water

surrounding the city limits. The region around the city has very thick forests dotted with many farms. Some areas on the perimeter of Roseboro are swampy, lush, and extremely thick with old-growth trees and thick brush.

On February 27, 1976, in the morning hours, two-year-old Bruce Shearin was visiting his grandfather's farm three miles west of Roseboro. Bruce was playing in the front yard of the residence on the farm. Bruce's aunt was watching the boy play with a German Shepherd puppy when she walked into the residence for ten minutes. When the aunt returned, Bruce was gone. There was a frantic search of the farm and surrounding area, and then a call was placed to the Sampson County Sheriff's office.

The search for Bruce lasted several weeks and included the 82nd Airborne Division, National Guardsmen, local sheriff's deputies, and the North Carolina Bureau of Investigation. This search was called the largest search of its time in the county and included over twelve hundred volunteers.

Bruce was the oldest son of Dennis and Kathy Shearin. Dennis was a Specialist 4 in the Army and stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia. Dennis was granted a fifteen-day leave to search for his boy. The Shearins were separated at the time Bruce vanished.

Despite the extensive search for Bruce, nothing was ever found indicating where the boy may have gone. Law enforcement did make statements indicating that Bruce may have been abducted, and foul play may have occurred.

Tristen "Buddy" Myers
Missing 10/5/00–PM, one mile west of Roseboro, NC
Age at Disappearance: 4 years

If there ever was a little boy that had a difficult upbringing, it was Buddy. His mother was a young exotic dancer who was not given custody after birth, and his father wasn't known. Buddy went to live with his grandmother and grandfather. One day, the grandfather was backing up and ran over the boy, fracturing his leg and injuring his head. In August 2000, Buddy went to live with his aunt

and uncle in a rural residence west of Roseboro. Buddy's mother died in 2004 in an auto accident.

On October 5, 2000, Buddy and his aunt, Donna Myers, went to the store and later returned home in the afternoon. Buddy had casually walked out of the home in the past, and Donna had installed a buzzer that rang loudly when Buddy tried to go outside. The buzzer was operational as the pair was in the family room. Donna lay down on the couch as Buddy was on the ground playing with his pet Chihuahua. Donna said she saw Buddy fall asleep, and she then dozed off as well.

Approximately ten minutes after she fell asleep, the phone rang in the residence, waking Donna; it was her husband checking up on the family. Donna looked through the room and the residence and found that Buddy was gone and so was the dog. The family also had a small puppy that was kept in the yard surrounded by a small area fence (approximately eight feet by eight feet). When Donna walked into the yard looking for Buddy, she also noticed that their puppy was missing. Donna immediately contacted other family members, and they started to search the area. Family members found nothing and contacted the sheriff.

The sheriff immediately called for assistance and volunteers. Over one hundred people responded to the area and searched the woods around the Myers property. The 82nd Airborne responded

and committed resources to finding the boy, along with local firefighters and police officers.

On day five of the search, a truly unique thing happened. The Chihuahua that Buddy had been playing with, Buck, scampered into the family's yard. The dog had been fed and was clean. He did not have the appearance that he had been living in the woods. Nothing positive happened for another five days until day ten. The puppy that disappeared from the yard also returned. The puppy showed the same excellent health as Buck and was also clean.

After a multi-week search, Buddy was never found, and no evidence was ever located indicating the location of the boy.

Summary

The similarities in the facts surrounding the disappearances of Bruce and Buddy are striking. The boys disappeared twenty-four years apart. Here is a list of similarities:

- Lived in rural areas just west of Roseboro.
- Last in the presence of their aunts.
- Playing with dogs.
- Came from broken homes.
- Living with relatives, not parents.
- Law enforcement considered kidnapping in each case.
- 82nd Airborne participated in each search.
- No evidence was found in either event.

One of the more fascinating elements of the Buddy Myers case is why didn't the buzzer on the door activate when and if Buddy opened it? The Chihuahua appeared five days after the disappearance, and the puppy reappeared after ten days. Where were the dogs? They almost certainly would've had to have been in some type of shelter, as there were many notes in news articles that the dogs appeared clean and sheltered. The puppy was either dropped off close by or was held nearby. A small puppy could never run for miles like a mature dog could.

There was no mention in any articles I reviewed for either case that indicated what the weather had been like during each search.

I think it's interesting that Bruce's dad was in the military. Readers are always curious if a victim's family had military and/or religious affiliations. This is one of the rare events where a military relationship did exist and where the military actually participated in the search.

What is it about this specific part of the United States that would pull two small boys from their families?

The fact that so many children disappear while in the presence of a puppy or dog is overwhelming. These two cases are like needles in the haystack. What are the odds that two small boys would disappear in an extremely rural environment just west of the same small city and never be found? With the many similarities in these two stories, this cannot be coincidence.

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Michael Timothy Palmer
Missing 6/04/99–4 a.m., Wasilla, AK
Age at Disappearance: 15 years

Michael was one of three boys raised by Charles and Lisa Palmer. At the time of this incident, Lisa was remarried and had the last name of Rearick. In early June 1999, Michael was busy hanging with friends and attending one graduation party. Lisa wasn't too concerned about Michael, because he was a good kid who always called his mom when he'd be late or in the rare occasions when he needed her help.

On June 3, 1999, Michael accepted a ride from a friend to a graduation party approximately nine miles from his residence at the Meadow Lakes subdivision. At approximately 3:30 a.m., a group of Michael's friends decided to ride their bicycles the nine miles home, and Michael was given a friend's bike to ride. According to Lisa, this was actually the very first high school party that Michael had ever attended. Michael was the last of the guys in a line of bikes riding home on Pittman Road, which parallels the Little Susitna River. Michael started to fall behind the other boys and was last seen on Pittman Road. The other boys waited for him at the 7-Eleven on Parks Highway. After several minutes of waiting, the boys thought

Michael had either gone another direction or went back to the party, and they went home.

At 11 a.m., Lisa was getting ready to go to work at Providence Hospital and started to get worried that her son hadn't called. Lisa called the house where Michael had attended the party and was told that Michael rode home early that morning. Charles Palmer, Michael's father, was out on a fishing boat when Lisa was arriving at the idea that Michael may be missing. The Palmers' middle son, Chuckie, called his dad and explained that Michael was missing. The Alaska state troopers were called at 3 p.m., and a major investigation was started.

The troopers got the boys together who claimed to have last seen Michael and questioned them extensively, giving polygraph tests to all possible witnesses. Investigators went to the area where Michael was last seen (Pittman Road) and started to search the area. They found the bike that Michael had been riding in the creek bed of the Little Susitna River. This is not a large river, and it runs clear. They doubted that Michael was in the water, but they did send dive teams into the region to search. He wasn't found. The troopers continued their search and found Michael's Converse tennis shoes two hundred yards from the river, wet and with silt inside. The shoes were found two hundred yards from the bike at Valley Flying Crown Airport, a small private field adjacent to Pittman Road and the river. The shoes had an unusual appearance as they appeared to be placed on the ground next to each other. One of the shoelaces was tied, and one wasn't. No other personal items of Michael's were ever found.

When you look at an aerial map of Pittman Road and the airstrip, I noticed that just to the north of the field there is essentially nothing but thick forests for over seventy miles. If the bike that Michael was riding ended up in the river and the shoes were wet and silty, the direction that he was going was into the woods. It would make no sense for him to leave the shoes behind; he'd at least carry them. Pittman Road is also the furthest road to the north in the region of Wasilla; there is nothing else in that direction other than forests—coincidence?

The Alaska state troopers interviewed over twenty students and other potential witnesses in the first two weeks that Michael was missing. His disappearance tore the Palmer family up; they missed the boy greatly and were in disbelief that nobody could find their son. The fact that Michael's shoes were found was baffling; not finding him was bizarre.

Charles "Chuckie" Palmer V
Missing 4/10/10–7 p.m., Talkeetna, AK
Age at Disappearance: 30 years

In June 1999, Chuckie was Michael Palmer's older brother. As you may recall, he called his father to tell him that Michael was

missing. We are now going to fast-forward to April 10, 2010, and to an area approximately seventy miles north of Wasilla and just southeast of Talkeetna: Bald Mountain.

On Saturday, April 9, Chuckie was with four other family members and friends. They were riding their snowmobiles from the hills adjacent to Bald Mountain, off Mastadon Road, and traveling five miles to a cabin to spend the night. It was a rare time for Chuckie to get away from his obligations to his twin ten-year-old girls and nine-year-old daughter.

Chuckie was at the end of the line of snowmobiles as they headed toward the cabin, when, for some inexplicable reason, Chuckie turned in a different direction and started to head toward the eastern side of Bald Mountain.

As the snowmobilers were heading to the cabin, snow had started to fall. After the majority of the party had arrived at the cabin, they waited for Chuckie to return from his side journey. After an hour, people got concerned and went out to look, but the snow had covered his tracks. They went back to the cabin to wait and hope that he'd arrive; he didn't. At 7:15 a.m. on April 10, Chuckie was reported missing to the Alaska state troopers, the second member of one family to disappear in Alaska.

Troopers immediately went in the direction that friends had seen Chuckie ride the snowmobile. They found the machine stuck in deep snow twelve miles past the cabin on the east side of Bald Mountain. Troopers searched the immediate area around the snowmobile and didn't find Chuckie or any of his equipment. The snow was still falling, and the weather was treacherous. Rescuers decided to come back when conditions improved.

The following Monday, searchers from the Talkeetna fire department, state troopers, volunteers, helicopters, and Willow volunteers all responded to the area and found no clue of where Chuckie may be. Search teams again waited for summer to arrive and then returned to the spot where Chuckie vanished. There was another massive search; nothing was found.

Summary

When I first started to research the Palmer boys' disappearances, I was stunned that both went missing either in or on the edge of the wilderness. The incidents happened a little more than eleven years and seventy miles from each other. In reading the documents and articles, you could feel the frustration of the searchers concerning the lack of major clues in each disappearance. It would be odd enough that these two men disappeared in such close proximity to each other and were never found; adding in the fact they are brothers makes this one of the strangest double disappearances I've ever researched.

Chuckie knew the woods in Alaska very well. He knew the dangers of driving a snowmobile twelve miles off course and getting it stuck in a snowstorm; he knew what would've happened. Investigators found that he was in a good mental place at the time of this incident, and suicide didn't appear to be a possibility. Even if he did commit suicide, they would've found his body, gloves, and equipment. They found nothing.

The true frustration of searchers can be heard in a May 4, 2011, article written by KTNA. It featured an interview with the Talkeetna fire chief. The interviewer stated that the searchers didn't find animal tracks in the area of Chuckie's snowmobile and wanted the opinion of what happened from the chief: "Fire Chief Ken Farina was also involved with the initial four-day search. He says that he is sticking to his original alien abduction theory because he cannot come up with another explanation."

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George Laforest Jr.
Missing 04/21/06–Unk, Indian Lake, NY
Age at Disappearance: 45 years

George and Cynthia were married and lived in Stillwater, New York. George liked to vacation at the family's seasonal camp on Cedar River Road in the remote and swampy region of northern New York. George was a very heavy smoker but always enjoyed the outdoors. He left his residence and headed for a camping trip.

On or near Friday, April 21, 2006, George parked his Chevrolet truck near the end of Benton Road on the outskirts of Indian Lake. The road is close to the Rock River Trailhead, and access to the river is available. George left all of his fishing gear in his truck. It appeared that he was scouting locations to fish.

George and Cynthia were going through a divorce, and when George missed a family court hearing, it set off an immediate red flag that something was wrong. The Hamilton County Sheriff's office and local United States Forest Service law enforcement officers took over the search. A family friend located George's truck.

George had now been unaccounted for for almost four days. Mike Lynch wrote an article for *Enterprise Outdoors* and stated the following about what the searchers were up against: "In the four days between when he was last seen and when the search started, heavy rains hit the area, causing the Cedar River to rise four feet. The rain washed out his tracks before we even started looking, Forest Ranger Lt. Steve Preston told the *Enterprise* in May 2006."

Law enforcement officers searched George's truck and found his cell phone, wallet, ATM card, credit cards, and several packs of cigarettes in the vehicle. An extensive search of the river by kayak, air, and ground searchers didn't find any evidence of George.

Summary

Some people may believe that finding all of his personal belongings in his truck is strange; it's not. Many fisherman, including myself, who hike into the backcountry are quite concerned about losing belongings and usually leave them in the vehicle. The only difference between what I do and what George did is that I hide the personal stuff so if the car is broken into, it'll never be found.

Jack Coloney
Missing 06/06/06–10:15 a.m., Cedar River Rd., Lost Pond, NY
Age at Disappearance: 46 years

Jack Coloney was a healthy forty-six-year old man living in New Hartford, New York. On June 2, 2006, Jack came to the Cedar River Trail headquarters and signed the book as a camper, indicating he would be there from June 2 through June 14.

On approximately June 14, an assistant forest ranger was trekking through the area of Cedar River Road near the trailhead to Lost Pond when he came across a campsite that appeared to be "stale." The ranger left and returned two days later to find the campsite in an identical condition. He became concerned and contacted a supervisor, and an investigation started, which eventually identified the camp as belonging to Jack Coloney. A formal search started on June 17.

Jack was an amateur photographer and presumably was there to take wildlife shots. Searchers found only one piece of evidence indicating that Jack had been in the area—his kayak was found nearby on the bank of a creek with some of his photographic items inside.

There was a formal ten-day search for Jack without finding any of his equipment, clothing, tracks, or other evidence that would point to him being in the area. Search and rescue personnel stated that the region where Jack was camped is very lush, thick, and swampy and so dense with vegetation that they couldn't claim to have covered more than 50 to 60 percent of the region in the search.

Summary

Jack vanished ten miles away and forty-six days apart from George Laforest. This is one of the closest pair of disappearances I've ever documented. Both men were in close proximity of time and space, and both were in reasonably similar topographic areas. The similarities don't end there. George was forty-five years old; Jack was forty-six, too close in age to be ignored. Both men disappeared on a Friday.

Neither man has ever been found.

Another photographer disappears.

Fred Gillingham
Missing 10/12/08–Unk, Rock River Trailhead, Indian Lake, NY
Age at Disappearance: 71 years

Fred Gillingham and his wife lived in Camarillo, California, but owned a small camp in Indian Lake, New York. Fred had previously lived in Glen Falls but had moved to southern California in years past. In early October 2008, Fred traveled to the Adirondacks and arrived at the camp at Indian Lake. He had friends in the area and would meet with them for dinner and socializing. He was a man that enjoyed the outdoors, especially fishing.

On October 12, Fred drove north from Indian Lake to the Rock River Trailhead and parked his rented van just off Highway 28/30. He left his fishing gear inside the vehicle and apparently left to scout fishing locations. The trail starts at the parking lot and ends at Rock River.

Fred was supposed to meet a friend for dinner on October 14 and failed to make the engagement. Fred's friends knew where he had been heading on October 12. They drove to that location and found his van. This started the formal search.

Hamilton County sheriff's deputies, forest rangers, and an accumulation of hundreds of others searched for Fred for a total of five thousand hours and didn't find one clue where he might have been. On October 27, the formal search for Fred was downgraded, and it was eventually terminated without finding a clue. A November 19, 2008, article in the *Press Telegram* explained some of the complications that searchers faced: "His car was found parked at the trailhead outside of Indian Lake and searchers spent 12 days in the woods without finding a single clue. But rangers say that heavy rains fell between the time he vanished and when the search began, hindering the effort."

On November 17, 2008, a hunter was on the north side of the Rock River moving through extremely heavy brush approximately three miles from Highway 28/30 when he discovered a body. It was Fred Gillingham. Rescue personnel had to obtain boats to cross the river and retrieve the body. In the same *Press Telegram* article are these statements about the recovery of Fred: "'The trail ends at Rock River, there's no bridge or anything that crosses,' Winchell said. 'It appears that he took the trail to the end and crossed the river and got a short distance from the river before expiring.'" A medical examiner conducted an autopsy and stated that Fred died of natural causes.

David Winchell from the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) gave a statement about Fred's death to New York National Public Radio on November 19, 2008: "Why and how he crossed we may never know. It didn't make sense going into an area with no trails."

Hamilton County search officials did state that they set the northern search boundary while they were looking for Fred at the Rock River. Nobody believed he would've attempted crossing on a cold November afternoon with the depth of the river as it was. There was one article that even claimed that Fred might have swam to the other side.

Summary

The disappearance of Fred Gillingham is one of the strangest I have ever researched. The idea that a seventy-one-year old man is going to swim across a large river in November is crazy. Even the spokesman for New York DEC said it didn't make sense and that was the primary reason they had set the northern search line at the river.

It must be understood that if the hunter hadn't been in an extremely remote part of the forest, Fred would never be found. It's also extremely important to realize that George Laforest and Fred Gillingham disappeared approximately two miles from each other. Jack Coloney disappeared about ten miles from the two. Two of the three men have never been found.

All three searches utilized Bloodhounds; none found a scent or was able to track. Weather was a major roadblock on the searches, and coupled with the thick and swampy regions in which the disappearances occurred, both factors hindered rescuers' attempts to locate the men.

The center point to all three disappearances is Indian Lake. In many of the cases of missing people I have researched, there is a historical context associated to Native Americans, bodies of water, swamps, bad weather, and Bloodhounds unable to track. All of the factors are present in the disappearance of these three men.

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Katherine Truitt
Missing 01/07/10–Unk, McClures Beach, Point Reyes National Seashore, CA
Age at Disappearance: 37 years

Point Reyes National Seashore is administered by the Department of Interior, the same administration as the National Park Service. The police officers working at Point Reyes are the same police officers as working in the national parks. And they have the same special agents, who conduct themselves like detectives to do the follow-up on major cases.

MISSING PERSON BAY AREA

Date: 1/13/2010 | Case #: 10-00256 | Author ID: 34

NIC #:	0101
Last Name:	TRUITT
First Name:	KATHERINE
Age:	37
Gender:	FEMALE
Height:	600
Weight:	180
Eyes:	HAZEL
Hair:	BROWN
Complexion:	LIGHT
Race:	WHITE
Date of birth:	10/11/1972
Date of last contact:	010510

The Alameda Police Department is working with the Federal Park Rangers (Point Reyes) in the search for a missing person.
Katherine TRUITT was last seen at her residence by her room-mate, prior to Truitt's pickup truck being located by Federal Park Rangers at McClures Beach, Point Reyes, in Marin County on January 09, 2010. The pickup truck was still present on January 10. (Saturday) which led the Park Ranger to begin an extensive search on Saturday and Sunday for the owner of the pickup (Truitt). The search included upwards of 80 people on foot and at sea. Search and rescue teams from various jurisdictions were called in to conduct the search. The search and rescue team were unable to locate Truitt. The surf at the time was high and very rough. Truitt was known to go on day trips to the area of Point Reyes. The family of Truitt formally made a missing persons report with Alameda PD on January 11, 2010 since Truitt is a resident of Alameda. Any person with information on Truitt or were in or around McClures Beach at the time of her disappearance should contact the Alameda PD at 510 337-8340. Turitt's was possibly wearing a blk windbreaker, same shirt/sweater(olive color) as above, blk jeans, and blk Keen sport shoes. Her pickup is described as a 2003 Ford Ranger pickup truck, tan in color, with a bedliner.

Alameda Police Dept. - Headquarters
(510) 337-8340

Produced on Critical Reach System 10728.641. See www.criticalreach.org for more information on Critical Reach alerts.

The vast majority of Point Reyes National Park sits just north of San Francisco on the Pacific Ocean. This is a gorgeous area that gets many local, national, and worldwide visitors. It is an area where you can see whales migrate and occasionally see a great white shark. The park has 150 miles of hiking trails and seventy-one thousand total acres. One of the largest and most dangerous earthquake faults in the United States goes through the park.

Point Reyes has a sordid past, probably because of its location just miles from the San Francisco Bay Area and seven million people. In November 1980, there were four bodies found inside the park, which eventually led to the arrest of the infamous "Trailside

Killer," David Carpenter. Carpenter was convicted of capital murder and sentenced to life in prison.

I have been to Point Reyes many times and always enjoy the tranquility of the trails and beaches. In winter months there are few people that visit the area because of the rain and high waves, which was the case on January 6.

Alameda resident Katherine Truitt arose in the morning hours and told her roommate that she was going to drive to one of her favorite locations to go hiking, Point Reyes. Katherine had been going to Point Reyes and hiking for over twenty years. She knew the area very well. January 6 was a heavy wave day along the Pacific Coast, but Katherine had told her roommate she was going hiking, not swimming.

On January 7, Katherine had not arrived back at her home in Alameda, and her roommate started to get concerned. She called Katherine's cell phone, and it was not answered. The Marin County sheriff and National Park police were notified of Katherine's truck and asked to try to locate it. Law enforcement was looking for a 2003 brown Ford Ranger pickup with a bed liner.

A National Park employee remembered seeing Katherine's pickup on January 9 and went back January 10 and found it again, still parked in a small parking lot at McClures Beach. The confirmation of finding the truck initiated an immediate search. On January 10, the United States Coast Guard, Marin County Sheriff's department, California Rescue Dog Association, and volunteers started to search the area around Katherine's vehicle. There was one canine that reportedly picked up Katherine's scent on the trail and tracked it to the area of the beach.

The trail from the McClures Beach parking lot to the beach is a small and narrow path that stops above the beach. The beach is only accessible at low tide.

Searchers returned on January 11 and doubled the number of people who were looking for Katherine. At the end of two long days of searching, the effort didn't produce one footprint. They found no evidence that Katherine was even in the area, other than the scent supposedly found by the canine.

Katherine Truitt was not a tiny woman at six feet tall and one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She was a graduate of the California Culinary Academy and had been injured on the job and was on disability with a neck injury.

Katherine's parents filed an official missing-persons report with the Alameda Police Department. I have no idea why the report wasn't filed with the National Park Police, since this was obviously the last location she was at. Alameda Police did forensically review Katherine's computer in the hopes of discovering some evidence of what may have happened to her. The computer search did not reveal any evidence.

Katherine has never been found.

Sylvia Lange
Missing 1/24/10–12:30 p.m., North Beach, Point Reyes National Park, CA
Age at Disappearance: 77 years
**Information gleaned from National Park report obtained through an FOIA request.

On January 24, 2010, at approximately 1:30 p.m., National Park Police at Point Reyes National Seashore received a report that a leash was stuck in the rocks at North Beach, and a dog was at the other end of that leash. North Beach is located approximately eight miles south of McClures Beach where Katherine Truitt vanished.

National Park Police responded to the Drake's Beach visitor center. The witness took Ranger Nate Riegelmayer back to the beach and showed him where a Red Subaru was parked and where the Labrador was stuck on the leash in the rocks. The ranger reported that there were two additional dogs inside the vehicle with the rear window rolled down two inches. All of the vehicles' doors were locked.

Ranger Riegelmayer ran the vehicle's license plate and found the registered owner was Sylvia Lange. The ranger had his dispatcher call her residence and leave a note on her answering machine to contact the park service when she got the message.

At 4 p.m. on January 24, the park service had still not received a call from Sylvia and now presumed that she was missing. A request was made to Marin County search and rescue and for additional resources to look for Sylvia. The Marin County Sheriff's office was requested to respond to Sylvia's residence and leave a note on her door to contact the National Park Service.

At 8 p.m., the search and rescue teams started to arrive at North Beach. Soon after rescue teams arrived, friends of Sylvia had heard

what was happening and arrived at the parking lot. The friends assisted each other in completing a missing-persons questionnaire. The friends told the ranger that Sylvia took her dogs on an hour-long walk every day. They reported last seeing her yesterday when she was seen wearing her red raincoat. Her friends also reported that Sylvia was an extremely busy and active woman for her seventy-seven years. She was a volunteer docent at the California State Parks service at Angel Island in San Francisco Bay, where she gave tours. She was also a companion dog trainer and also a volunteer at the Nicasio Historical Society. One of the last items the friends added was that Sylvia would never leave her dogs and would never hitchhike.

At 9:30 p.m., the ranger forcibly opened Sylvia's car and allowed the dogs to exit and started to inventory the property inside the vehicle. He found her purse and wallet containing a small amount of cash. He also found a receipt time-stamped 11:41 a.m. on January 24 at Point Reyes Books. The ranger found the phone number for Sylvia's nephew. He had left a message asking her to call.

At 11:22 p.m., Sylvia Lange was entered into the California Law Enforcement Telecommunications System (CLETS) officially as a missing person.

On January 25, Ranger Riegelmayer retrieved a license plate that was registered in the North Beach parking lot at the same time Sylvia's car was present. He called the phone number associated with the license plate and left a message. At 11 a.m., the ranger responded to Point Reyes bookstore and contacted the clerk that had assisted Sylvia on the prior day. The clerk immediately remembered assisting her, as she had purchased a trout calendar for her nephew. The clerk reported that Sylvia was alone.

On the afternoon of January 25, rangers searched Sylvia's residence. They found two other dogs inside and two messages on her answering machine. The first message was from the National Park Service asking her to call, and the second was from a newspaper reporter from Marin asking for contact. Rangers checked Sylvia's computer for any information that may lead to answers on her disappearance and found nothing. They did discover that she was taking medication for high blood pressure and high cholesterol. They specifically searched the residence for notes and letters that have indicated depression or suicide and found nothing of the kind.

A check was made with a buoy that monitors ocean conditions off of Bodega Bay. On January 24, the following data was recovered for ocean conditions:

- Wind Direction: Southeast 19.4 knots (22.3 mph) gusting to 25.3 knots (29.11 mph)
- Water Temperature: 54 degrees
- Air Temperature: 52 degrees
- Wave Height: 6.9 feet
- 12:00-12:30 there was a "low, low" tide.

The witness that originally found the Labrador stuck in the rocks was re-interviewed along with another female witness that was with him. Both felt that dog was with nearby surfers. The surfers were later asked, and they denied having any association with the dog. They reported that the dog was wet and sandy. The ranger asked if they felt the dog was wet from the ongoing rain or the ocean; they didn't know.

Some of Sylvia's friends were re-interviewed and asked if they felt she might have been suicidal. All of her friends stated that there was no way she would take her life. They stated that in her earlier life she had been a psychiatric nurse and knew how to deal with angry people with emotional issues. A search found that Sylvia used to be the director of Psychiatric Nursing at the Seattle School of Nursing.

Summary

The ranger on this case seemed to focus on Sylvia being suicidal. There were several mentions associated with suicide in the report. There are no indications that Sylvia took her life. The woman was much too devoted to her canine companions and relatives to ever be so selfish as to take her life.

If there was one woman that knew her way around the ocean, it was Sylvia. She had thousands of hours of experience being around the ocean, both on duty as a voluntary state park docent and off duty walking her dogs along the local beaches. Sylvia knew the various tides and weather conditions, and with the tide being "very, very low" (according to the NPS report) at the time she vanished, there would've been no huge tide washing up to the beach to sweep her away. I also don't believe that there was a medical emergency that

took Sylvia's life. She was on medications for two conditions that she was obviously monitoring, and she was performing an activity that she did daily, not occasionally.

If I were going to pick two women that had vast experience being in the areas that they vanished, I would choose both Katherine and Sylvia. Katherine had traveled to Point Reyes for twenty years; she was not a novice to the waves and weather in the area. Sylvia could easily have been a docent at Point Reyes with her experience and knowledge of the local area. There are numerous articles about Sylvia and Katherine that point to the feelings of friends and associates who do not believe that these women were caught off-guard by the ocean.

Seventeen days separate the disappearance of Sylvia Lange and Katherine Truitt. There are no other similar disappearances that match the circumstances in these two cases that are pending at Point Reyes. Is this just random coincidence?

CHAPTER EIGHT:
UPDATES

Christopher L. Jones
Missing 4/06/06, Holland, AR
Age at Disappearance: 37 Years

Chris lived in a rural area outside of Holland. In *Missing 411-Eastern United States*, I explained how he had severe gout to the degree that he could only move with the aid of crutches. On April 6, 2006, Chris vanished. There was no disturbance in his home, his front door was unlocked, and his crutches were left behind. The local sheriff searched for Chris for over a week with several hundred ground teams and aerial support, finding nothing. The search utilized different teams of Bloodhounds and area searchers; they could find no evidence that Chris was anywhere in the area.

Law enforcement stated that Chris did not have a criminal history and had no criminal affiliations. The detective handling his case made a public statement after Chris's daughter died in a traffic accident after Chris had vanished. Chris did not go to her funeral and that made the detective believe there was some type of foul play involved.

Fast-forward to January 2, 2012. A deer hunter was near Highway 287 in an area two hundred yards behind Chris's residence when he found a human skull. The hunter notified the Faulkner County Sheriff's office.

The sheriff responded and did find additional bones, almost forty in the general area. The coroner did positively identify the remains as being Christopher's but could not determine the cause of death. On January 3, 2012, the *Log Cabin Democrat* ran a story about the finding of the bones. The writer asked the sheriff about the initial search for Christopher, and here was the reply: "FCSO personnel, Faulkner County Rescue Squad with cadaver dogs, family members of Jones and other volunteers completed a search of the area around his residence several different times following his disappearance, but were unable to locate anything at that time."

Hundreds of searchers scour the area around Christopher's residence, and they search multiple different times utilizing cadaver dogs and find nothing. Almost six years after he disappeared, a hunter stumbles onto a skull, and they find Chris. We are either led to believe the search for Christopher was inept, or we must believe that he wasn't there at the time they were searching. I cannot count the number of times I have documented where searchers cannot locate a missing person and then stumble upon them in very close proximity to where they vanished. It is almost commonplace in the disappearances I've chronicled. I do not believe that searchers and Bloodhounds are that haphazard in their efforts.

Nobody believes that Christopher could've exited his home on his own and traveled twenty feet, let alone two hundred yards. The reality that the coroner could not determine the cause of death indicates there was not damage to the skull. His findings also fall in line with the vast majority of the bodies of the missing that are found.

The coroner usually cannot determine a cause of death outside of exposure, or in cases of older persons, exhaustion.

Christopher has no living relatives. One of the last scenes I saw on a news broadcast about this case shows his residence with Chris's truck still in the carport, exactly where it was six years ago.

Yi-Jien Hwa
Missing 8/11/08, Glacier National Park, MT
Age at Disappearance: 27 years

Yi had registered his backcountry permit with the National Park Service for a ninety-six-mile hike starting in early August 2008. Friends arrived at a designated area to pick him up; he never arrived.

During the summer of 2011, hikers found bone fragments and clothing in an area below the cliffs at Avalanche Lake, an area that Yi-Jien was logged as hiking. Bits of the bones were sent to the National Missing Persons Program at the University of North Texas for human and DNA identification.

In June 2012, the National Park Service confirmed the identity of the bones and clothing as being that of the twenty-seven-year-old theology student from Wilmore, Kentucky: Yi-Jien Hwa.

The park service stated at the time of this release that it had warned Yi-Jien that a solo hike was not recommended. A May 31, 2012, article by the Associated Press had the following comment regarding the finding: "Hwa's cause of death could not be determined, park spokeswoman Denise Germann said. His family has been notified and the case has been closed, officials said."

Yi-Jien's disappearance was originally documented in *Missing 411- Western United States.*

The finding of bones at the bottom of a cliff obviously points to death by falling. We have been monitoring the number of deaths based on similar factors, and the vast majority occur when the individual is alone. I believe that the fact people are alone when they fall

is counter to human behavior. I know when I am alone in the woods I take fewer chances than when I'm with a partner, for the obvious reasons. I'm not sure what to make of falling deaths in the woods, but it is another cause of death that is troubling. Start paying attention to these in the news.

James Nelson
Missing 10/03/10, Mount of the Holy Cross, CO
Age at Disappearance: 31 years

James was doing a solo hike into the Mount of the Holy Cross region. He was scheduled to return on October 3, 2012, but he didn't arrive at the trailhead. A massive search failed to find one clue of where he may be.

On approximately May 25, 2012, campers were scouting for a new site and were near the ghost town of Holy Cross City and came upon what appeared to be an abandoned campsite. A journal and notebook belonging to James were found and indicated that he might have been suffering from altitude sickness. The documents were turned over to authorities, and a law enforcement contingent from the Eagle County Sheriff's office and Vail Mountain Search and Rescue responded into the area. After an extensive search, James's body was found one hundred and twenty feet from the campsite.

Rescuers inventoried the items at the scene and found the following as noted in an NBC News story dated May 27, 2012: "Other items recovered from the site indicate that some of Nelson's gear is missing. Among the missing are a camera, GPS unit and a camp stove, the sheriff's office said." The sheriff surmised that because James's body was found some distance from the site, other hikers moving through the area might have taken the property. There were never any notes in articles as to how James was dressed when found.

There are some puzzling questions to this case. Why would the body be found so far from the campsite? Who would've taken James's belongings, especially knowing that wanted posters with his face were on every trailhead bulletin board in the area?

Jennifer Danielle Dussaud
Missing 05/01/03, Humptulips, WA
Age at Disappearance: 22

Jennifer was located by a local sheriffs detective living in a facility not far from where she supposedly disappeared. She is alive and well.

CHAPTER NINE:
LIST OF MISSING

Missing People

Sex/Name	Date/Time Missing•Age•State
M- Henderson, John (Son of)	11/15/1826–Unk•4•NS, Canada
F- King, Unknown	08/19/1859–Unk•6•OH
F- Belliveau, Unknown	1865•5•QC, Canada
M- Unknown	12/25/1880•Unk•WI
F- Mrs. John McClaren	04/24/1886–Unk•Unk•CT
M- Emmet Cline Powell	11/09/1891•PM•4•VA
M- Mr. Munn (son of)	02/22/1894–Unk•2•TX
F- Harry Baker (daughter of)	06/02/1897•2•NY
F- John Hammonds Daughter of; age 4)	05/10/1891–Unk•4•NE
F-John Hammonds (Daughter of; age 8)	05/10/1891–Unk•8•NE
M- Reynolds, Mack, Brown, Doniher	10/15/1893•Unk•CO
M- Unknown	09/07/1895–Unk•Unk•ME
M- Roy Craw	11/06/1899•4•WI
F- William Dunphy (daughter of)	09/02/1903–Unk•Infant•MT
U- Unknown Name	08/04/1909•18 mos•MI
F- Isabel Zandarski	09/21/12–3 a.m.•30 MOS•OH
M- Kenneth Crandall	03/13/1916–6 p.m.•3•MT
M- James Carroll	04/15/1916–7:15 p.m.•4•PA
F- Pearl Turner	10/19/23–Noon•3•OK/AR
M- Marion or Marlon Robb	06/05/26–Unk•17•UT
F- Evelyn McDermott	09/18/28–11:30 a.m.•16•VT
M- Lawrence Sullivan	10/16/30–11 a.m.•3•NV
F- Eva Hall	08/15/32–PM•13•Ontario, Canada
F- Evelyn Rauch	07/15/34–9 a.m.•2•Alberta, Canada
F- Nancy Marshall	09/17/34–3 p.m.•22 mos•RI
M-Roy Rogers	01/15/36–Unk•4•AZ
M- Murray Walkup Miller	10/24/36–Unk•9•MT

M- Jerome Coonan Jr. 04/29/37–5 p.m.•2•PA
M- Edward Schnaknacht 09/01/37–PM•4•Alberta, Canada
F- Eliza Darnel 02/20/39–PM•25•VA
F- Jackie Grady 03/23/39–PM•4•CT
M- Harold Hixon 06/14/39–PM•6•WY
M-Charles Hixon 06/14/39–PM•4•WY
M-Larry Lewis 06/09/40–10 a.m.•5•CA
M- Jim McGrath 06/10/40–Noon•80•MN
F- Celsa Lucero 11/09/40–3:30 p.m.•51•NM
M-Clarence Murphy Jr. 07/14/41–AM•4•CA
M- Ronald Arthur Boggs 05/02/44–11 a.m.•3•OH
F- Sylvia Sweet 09/14/44–PM•3•NV
M- David Faust 09/05/45–PM•4•WI
M- Donald Eugene Sell 02/01/46–12:30 p.m.•2•PA
F- Paula Welden 12/01/46–Unk•18•VT
M- Gerald "Terry" Cook 04/28/48–4 p.m.•3•ME
M- Bobby Brown 06/27/48–Noon•2•TX
M- Madeline Sowers 09/03/48–Noon•2•Virginia
M- Lawrence Fustini 09/05/48–6 p.m.•30 mos•PA
M-Judd McWilliams 09/15/48–Unk•82•ID
F-Jewell Hinrickson 09/23/48–Unk•33•ID
F-Marlyn Murphy 09/28/48–5:30 p.m.•2•Australia
M- Mickey O'Connor 10/08/48–PM•3•WY
M-H. B. Davis 10/08/48–PM•72•MT
F-Jacqueline Simons 04/19/49–4 p.m.•3•MI
M-Douglas Stofer 09/28/49–6 p.m.•2•MI
M- Eddie Grant 10/05/49–PM•22•ID
M- Tommy Jenkins 05/04/50–Noon•2•WA
F- Unknown 05/20/50–4 p.m.•Unk•France
F- Marcella Ramiskey 07/01/50–5 p.m.•4•Mount Rainier, WA
M- Gunnar Peterson 08/06/50–PM•65•WA
F- Irene Rempel 10/10/50–2 p.m.•3•SK, Canada
F- Nancy Jean Walker 05/08/51–8:15 p.m.•2•MA
M-Roger Shaddinger 05/27/51–Noon•9•CA
M- Teddy Barnard 06/17/51–PM•3•Gray, ME
F-Betty Joslyn 07/24/51-PM•5• Terrible Mountain, VT
M-George Bell Jr. 11/22/52–2 p.m.•2•PA

F- Anna Maria Woodruff 04/17/53–6 p.m.•3•Southern, CA
M- Ronald Tammen Jr. 04/19/53–9 p.m.•19•OH
F- Beverly Ann Bradley 05/20/53–Noon•2•MI
M- Richard Rucker 07/30/53–10:37 a.m.•2•WV
M- Andrew Thackerson 08/17/53–AM•5•Sequoia, CA
M- Lemar Pepmuller 11/21/53–Unk•22•ID
M- Charles Warner 11/21/53–Unk•40•WA
M- Joe Davis 04/17/54–AM-•4•TX
M-Walter A. Gordon 07/20/54–Unk•26•Yosemite, CA
M-Orvar Von Laas 10/09/54–Unk•30•Yosemite, CA
M- Johnny Johnson 06/22/55–Unk•3•Salisbury, England
M- Richard Hatke 08/15/55–4 p.m.•2•ID
F-Sarah Dixon 06/05/56–11:30 a.m.•3•CO
F-Kathy Thomas 06/05/56–11:30 a.m.•3•CO
F- Vilate Kerren Young 07/04/56–PM•15 mos•UT
M-Jack Woods Jr. 10/29/56–PM•3•AL
F- Mary Jane Barker 02/25/57–AM•3•NJ
M- Michael Douglas McMillan 09/01/57–4 p.m.•2•NC
M- Lowell Linn 11/31/57–PM•23•Mount Rainier, WA
M- Dennis Wurschmidt 01/25/58–Unk•12•CA
F- Judy Peterson 04/25/58–8:30 p.m.•3•FL
F- Brenda Doud 07/06/58–PM•5•NY
M- Henry Kellar 07/29/58–7 p.m.•16 mos•OH
F- Cindy Lou Maclane 09/09/58–9 a.m.•2•BC, Canada
M-Tony R. Beauchamp 09/16/58–3 p.m.•2•BC, Canada
M-Alex Thorne 10/04/58–Unk•44•Manitoba, Canada
M- Sam Adams 10/27/58–Unk•39•MT
M- Russell Dunham 11/25/58–4 p.m.•3•MD
F- Patricia Graham 05/31/59–10:30 a.m.•6•NY
F- Edith Irene Wolfskill I 07/14/59–Unk•57•CA
M- Fred Nalman 09/07/59–Unk•14•ID
M- Jimmie Franck 03/07/61–2 p.m.•4•IA
F- Ann Marie Burr 08/31/61–5:30 a.m.•8•WA
M- Jerry Cooper 12/21/61–10 p.m.•4•GA
F- Faye Crawford 03/26/62–10 p.m.•3•TN
M-Stephen Papol 08/19/62–PM•3•NY
F- Gloria Estela 01/09/63–PM•2•TX

M- Bruce Ferrin	06/23/63–10 a.m.•7•UT
M- Kenneth Edwards	04/04/64–2 p.m.•2•Southern CA
M- James Dwyer Bordenkircher	06/12/65–PM•2•CA
M- Larry Jeffrey	05/28/66–1:30 p.m.•6•NV
M- Wilson Mann	05/31/66–Unk•3•OR
F- Amy Jackson	08/13/66–PM•18 mos•Sequoia, CA
M- Kenneth Vanderleest	07/14/67–PM•3•BC, Canada
M- Clayton Ordiway	06/08/69–1:30 p.m.•5•Sequoia, CA
F- Irene Hofke	07/03/69–1 p.m.•9•Sequoia, CA
M-Thomas McClintock	08/05/69–Unk•12•Sequoia, CA
F- David Holtz	07/13/71–9 a.m.•9•Sequoia, CA
M- Kevin Dye	07/18/71–3 p.m.•9•WY
F- Lynne Schulze	12/10/71–PM•18•VT
M- Teodoro Sibayan	01/01/72•13•HI
M- Adrain McNaughton	06/12/72-PM•5• Holmes Lake, ON, Canada
M- Guy Heckle	02/03/73–8 p.m.•11•IA
F- Christie Davis	07/28/73–Unk•2•FL
M- Bruce Shearin	02/27/76–AM•2•NC
M- Steven Paul Thomas	04/12/76–3:30 p.m.•19•NY
M- Blake Mulligan	06/13/76–5 p.m.•14•NV
M- Lee Littlejohn	12/23/77–1 p.m.•18 mos•CA
F- Judy Martins	05/24/78–2 a.m.•22•OH
M- Andrew Amato	09/30/78–10:30 a.m.•4•MA
M- Kevin Reimer	06/29/79–Noon•9•Alberta, Canada
M- James Beveridge	02/07/81–Unk•9•Southern, CA
M- Justin Stahly	09/03/81–Noon•2•IA
M- Keith Zunke	10/24/81–Unk•21•OR
F- Karen Louise Wilson	03/27/85–8:15 p.m.•22•NY
F- Jessica Azzopardi	07/24/85–3:30 p.m.•20 MOS•Ontario, Canada
M-Kevin Robert O'Keefe	10/08/85–Unk•36•AK
M- Cody Sheehy	04/27/86–2:30 p.m.•6•OR
M-Joseph David Helt	01/16/87–4 a.m.•17•NY
M-Jesse Rinker	05/04/87–4:30 p.m.•2•Alberta, Canada
M- Joshua Lewis Kern	07/14/90–6 p.m.•2•ID
M- Casey Holliday	10/14/90–10 a.m.•11•ID
M- George Woltjen	10/24/92–Unk•60•NY
M- Thomas Carleton	10/09/93–Unk•44•NY

F- Naomi Leigh Whidden	11/25/94–12:45 p.m.•2•GA
M- Taylor Touchstone	08/07/96–4 p.m.•10•FL
M-Trent Richardson	07/23/98–4:30 p.m.•3•AZ
M-Michael Palmer	06/04/99–4 a.m.•15•AK
M- Joseph Wood Jr.	07/08/99–2 p.m.•34•Mount Rainier, WA
M- Marcus McKay	07/15/00–PM•8•Manitoba, Canada
M- Tristen Myers	10/05/00–PM•4•NC
M- Gage Wayment	10/25/01–Noon•2•UT
M- Brian Douglas Faughnan	07/12/02–Unk•35•BC, Canada
M- Jimmy Rambone Jr.	09/03/03–3 p.m.•51•CC, Canada
M- Raymond Walter Wiggs III	10/24/03–AM•19•CO
M- Charles Huff	11/24/04–6 p.m. •76•FL
M- Tristan Owens	10/04/05–5:30 p.m.•2•MO
M-George Laforest Jr.	04/21/06–Unk•45•NY
M- Jack Coloney	06/02/06–10:15 a.m.•46•NY
M- David Iredale	12/10/06–Unk•17•Australia
F- Ottorina "Trina" Bonaventura	07/30/07–Unk•80•Yosemite National Park
M- Daming Xu	11/04/07–PM•63•OR
M- Nicholas Garza	02/05/08–11:07 p.m.•19•VT
M- Earl Funk	09/29/08–PM•49•VA
M- Fred Gillingham	10/12/08–Unk•71•NY
M- Owen Castle	02/03/09–5 p.m.•2•TX
M- Douglas John May	07/16/09–5:30 p.m.•55•CA
F- Katherine Truitt	01/07/10–Unk•37•Point Reyes, CA
F- Sylvia Lange	01/24/10–12:30 p.m.•77•Point Reyes, CA
M-Charles Palmer V	04/10/10–7 p.m.•30•AK
M- Eric Lewis	07/01/10•57•Mount Rainier, WA
M- Tyler Wright	08/10/10–Unk•35•BC, Canada
F- Paige Wilson	08/20/10–4 p.m.•8•WA
M- Todd Hofflander	09/27/10–Unk•39•ID
M-John Doe	10/01/10–7:30 p.m.•3•CA
F- Patty Krieger	10/21/10–1 p.m.•65•WA
F- Margaret Kohler	02/20/11–PM•53•OR
M- Darcy Brian Turner	06/20/11–Unk•55•BC, Canada
M-Michael Von Gortler	06/22/11–Unk•53•CO
F-Makana Von Gortler	06/22/11–Unk•20•CO
M- Scott Lilly	07/31/11•30•VA

M- Eric Robinson	08/07/11–Unk•63•UT
M- Kevin Kennedy	08/21/11–Unk•59•Alberta, Canada
M-Gerald Deberry	10/10/11–6:45 p.m.•53•AK
M- Robert Wood Jr.	10/23/11–2 p.m.•8•VA
M- Steve Litsey	10/29/11–PM•71•OR
M- Daniel Trask	11/03/11–Unk•28•ON, Canada
M-Jason Elijah Burton	12/16/11–1:30 p.m.•21 mos•SC
M- Colin Gillis	03/11/12–1:45 a.m.•18•NY
M- Patrick Amen	06/15/12–PM•40•CA
M- James "Jake" Dutton	06/15/12–Unk•32•OR
F- Patricia Wallace	07/03/12–4 p.m.•74•CO
M-Paul Michael Lemaitre	07/04/12–7 p.m.•66•M•AK
F- Rhonda Cardinal	07/13/12–Unk•42•AB, Canada
M- Robert Perry Bissell	07/24/12–Unk•57•OR
M- Ronald Ohm	08/09/12–PM•52•OR
M- Richard R. Lee	09/11/12–Unk•47•WA
F-Linda Arteaga	09/22/12–Unk•53•AR
M-Kyle Camp	10/16/12–4:30 p.m.•10•AL

Breakdown of Missing by Decade

Decade	Males+Females=Total
1890–1899	5+3=8
1900–1909	Unknown+1=2
1910–1919	2+1=3
1920–1929	1+2=3
1930–1939	8+4=12
1940–1949	15+6=21
1950–1959	26+15=41
1960–1969	11+5=15
1970–1979	11+3=14
1980–1989	7+2=9
1990–1999	8+1=9
2000–2009	17+1=18
2010–2012	18+7=25
Totals	129+51=180+1(unknown)=181

Most Disappearances:
By Decade: 1950-1959=41
By Year: 2011=11

Four Disappearances in 25 Days:
9/3/48–9/23/48 (VA/PA/ID/ID)

Unusual Coincidences in Date of Occurrence and Age of the Victim:

F-Sarah Dixon	06/05/56–11:30 a.m.•3•F•CO
F-Kathy Thomas	06/05/56–11:30 a.m.•3•F•CO

Two girls exactly the same age disappear from the same location in Colorado.

F- Cindy Lou Maclane	09/09/58–9 a.m.•2•F•BC, Canada
M-Tony R. Beauchamp	09/16/58–3 p.m.•2•M•BC, Canada

A boy and girl the same age vanish within five days of each other.

F- David Holtz	07/13/71–9 a.m.•9•M•Sequoia, CA
M- Kevin Dye	07/18/71–3 p.m.•9•M•WY

Two boys the same age disappear five days apart while in different states.

F- Margaret Kohler	02/20/11–PM•53•OR
M- Darcy Brian Turner	06/20/11–Unk•55•M•BC, Canada
M-Michael Von Gortler	06/22/11–Unk•53•M•CO
F-Makana Von Gortler	06/22/11–Unk•20•F•CO

Two men and two women disappear all within two days. One man and one woman are the exact same age and one other is within 2 years of the same age. A very, very unusual two days!

Comparison to *Missing 411 Eastern United States*

Near the end of my eastern book I included a graph of four hundred-plus names of the people who disappeared and were documented in both the eastern and western books. I also included a graph of the missing by decade as I have done for this book. The number-one decade for the most missing was 1950-1959.

Decade	# of Missing
1950–1959	61
1940–1949	46
1960–1969	39
1930–1939	34

*This data was also featured in *Missing 411-Eastern United States,* and the ranking of the decades exactly matches decade for decade what was found in this book.

Green Berets

In *Missing 411-Eastern United States*, I documented two missing-persons cases (Douglas Legg, New York, and Dennis Martin, Great Smoky Mountains National Park) where the Green Berets reportedly responded to search for the boy. They established their own camp and communications and searched alone. They did not communicate with National Park officials and seemed to have their own ideas on how to find the missing person, if that was their mission.

As I have made appearances on various shows and spoken about the books, I have asked for any Green Berets to contact me to discuss the Legg and Martin cases. During the last year, I had two different contacts from families of retired Green Berets. It was almost as though the Special Forces members didn't want to contact me directly but did want to reach out and answer a basic question. Both contacts stated they had a father who was a retired Green Beret and wanted to clarify one item. In each contact, they clearly made the statement that Green Berets do not search for missing children. Each said that these soldiers sometimes deal with national security issues, and they keep their secrets for a lifetime. I did ask them that if they were not searching for the children, then what were they doing in the woods? The answer was the same in each case: they weren't there searching for the lost boys.

If you review both answers, you'll find that the retired Green Berets didn't compromise their secrecy oath, and they also didn't answer the question.

CHAPTER TEN:
CONCLUSION

This book was written as a follow-up to the information discovered in the Western and Eastern United States books. We knew that there were additional cases that would be exposed as people realized that someone was accumulating this data.

We already know that these are not all of the cases in the United States that fit the profile of what we are studying.

We do hope that the exposure of international cases that match the criteria of the study will cause people to think hard and remember cases in their countries that match what we have exposed. We believe that there are probably dozens of cases in Australia and other countries in Southeast Asia that will match what we are documenting. It is sometimes difficult and costly to obtain information from other countries, and we would hope that citizens in these regions would push their governments for disclosure on these issues.

I have been continually prodded for my own thoughts and ideas about what is occurring to these people. My answer when I first started this project four years ago may have leaned in one direction; now it is different. I have been exposed to no fewer than six extremely viable hypotheses about what may be happening to these people. I have no idea which theory may be correct, but each hypothesis is very well written, and many have lengthy research supporting their assertions.

I will never be convinced that all of the people in the three books have disappeared by mere chance. There are too many consistent elements present in the majority of cases for this to be mere coincidence. A review of the elements found in my three books relative to the missing-persons cases presented:

- Children disappear with canines.
- People with disabilities disappear at a high rate.
- After children disappear, they climb to incredible heights.

- Trained Bloodhounds can't or won't track.
- Bad weather hits the region where the persons are lost.
- There are clusters of missing people in unique geographical areas.
- The decade 1950–1959 has more people documented as missing than any other.
- Berries play a role in the disappearances.
- There are clusters of missing related to sheepherders, farmers, coeds and berry pickers.
- The vast majority of disappearances occur in the late afternoon or early evening.
- Clothing is removed from missing people under highly unusual circumstances.
- Victims are often found unconscious or semiconscious.
- Many of the missing are found in or very near swamps.
- Missing people are often found in creek beds.
- Searchers often find the missing in areas that have been previously searched many times.

If the criteria listed above does not coincide with your knowledge of the missing, I invite you to read my other two books.

Case Review

There are specific cases in this book that I want every reader to sit and ponder. I want you to apply common sense and a rational mind to understand what these cases tell us. I believe that these specific incidents are a milestone moment in our research and reveal a unique opportunity to further brainstorm what may be occurring.

Mickey O'Connor
Missing 10/08/48, Alva, WY
Age at Disappearance: 3 years

Mickey disappeared from a rural location. Searchers from the United States Forest Service stated that they were "baffled" because they couldn't find any tracks.

There are many cases where searchers are stymied because of the lack of tracks. How could a boy disappear from an area without leaving tracks?

Unknown
Missing 05/20/50-4p.m., Loire River, France
Age at Disappearance: Unknown

A woman was abducted on a remote trail by an invisible force. Her description of the event closely mimics many of the stories I've documented in each of the *Missing 411* books.

Charles Palmer
Missing 04/10/10, Talkeetna, AK
Age at Disappearance: 30 years

The local fire chief was placed in charge of the search for Charles. There were multiple attempts to locate Mr. Palmer over several seasons. He was never found and this greatly frustrated every searcher. The fire chief was interviewed about his thoughts regarding what happened to Charles, he stated: "I'm sticking with the alien abduction theory."

This statement by the fire chief may be an exclamation of frustration or it may be his true thoughts. This is a rare statement from a professional first responder.

Jason Elijah Burton
Missing 12/16/11, Cross Anchor, SC
Age at Disappearance: 21 months

Jason disappeared from inside his home simultaneously as two of the families dogs also vanished. The boy was located two miles from the residence in the middle of a river on a sandbar, upstream from the residence just after a search helicopter did an over flight of the location. The boy was unaccounted for over a twenty- five hour period.

How could Jason get onto a sandbar in the middle of a river?

Jessica Azzopardi
Missing 7/24/85, Elmstead, ON, Canada
Age at Disappearance: 20 months

Jessica disappears from the inside of her home and her diaper is found on the back lawn near a lake. She is eventually found sixteen hours after she disappeared in a river six miles from her residence. The United States Coast Guard and Royal Canadian Mounted Police independently make statements that they do not believe the girl could've reached the location where she was found by floating in the water. The coroner states that Jessica died by drowning ninety minutes before she was found.

Summary

The Azzopardi and Burton cases bring facts to this research that we have not had in the past. Jessica Azzopardi was not floating in the river the entire time she was missing, she was obviously somewhere else. Hypothermia would've probably taken Jessica's life if she had been in the river during the entire event .If Jessica had survived hypothermia, she certainly would've succumbed to drowning, as she did. Jason Burton was not floating alone in the river just before he landed on the sand bar, he was either somewhere else or being assisted in some manner. I would like readers of my past books to remember the multitude of times I've documented very young children hiking to phenomenal heights and distances. All of these cases indicate there is some type of third element to the disappearances that is not clear. Many of the cases I've documented have searchers claiming that they don't find tracks and canines cannot find a scent. I have been contacted by dozens of readers and advised that maybe the reason there are no tracks and there is no scent is because the missing are not leaving the area or arriving back on the scene under conventional means.

The case of the woman in France who describes an invisible force taking her is the first time someone has come forward to describe the abduction in detail. Could this description of the event give us insight into what may be occurring in many of these

incidents? Could this event shed light on some type of force taking people what we don't understand and are unwilling to study?

Many of the missing are unaccounted for during the initial 12-24 hours and then they are sometimes found. What is happening to them during this initial disappearance time that has searchers, canines and relatives baffled?

In June 2012, I was invited to speak at the North America Search and Rescue Association (NASAR) conference in South Lake Tahoe. Certain members of their association had read my previous two "Missing 411" books and asked if I would present my findings. I presented our data to a packed room. Rescue personnel from Alaska were one of dozens of groups present. One of their members stood up at the end of my talk and stated that I was presenting information that many of them knew and didn't talk about. He stated that the experiences they had in Alaska were frustrating, as many times they never found the missing. They stated that they appreciated the openness and awareness I was giving others to disappearances that bother rescuers on a regular basis. I was approached by dozens of researchers after the talk, and they expressed similar sentiments.

The goal of these books is not to change anyone's behavior. The goal of the "Missing 411" books is to increase your awareness to an issue that has been here for hundreds of years. Many of these cases are not in the press, are not in any databases, and are not listed as missing. Many of these cases have been categorized by federal authorities as "lost and presumed dead" or certified by a court as legally dead and thus not on any missing-persons database.

There needs to be congressional hearings on this matter, and federal agencies need to be held accountable for ensuring that our forests are safe. If our forests are not safe, we need to be told why.

The cases in our books have affected every researcher in a deep and personal way. My prayers for a calming peace go out to each and every friend and relative of the missing.

Please feel free to contact me with your thoughts and ideas about the cases I've presented. I can be contacted at missing411@yahoo.com. Our website: www.canammissing.com.

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